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THE

WHISTLING BUOY.

BY

CHARLES BARNARD,

AUTHOR OF "THE TONE-MASTERS," "THE SOPRANO," ETC.

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THE WHISTLING BUOY.

I.

EVERY time it moved it moaned. On calm summer days when the sea was smooth it seemed to rest in peace, as if meditating in silence on its griefs. When gales swept over the water from the southwest it rocked in restless, uncertain motions and mingled its dismal voice with the roar of the surf, the tolling of the fog-bell, and the cries of the sea-birds as it moaned and moaned in perpetual reiteration as if it had a tale to tell, but could only mourn over it in fitful inarticulate sighs meaning much and saying little. On calmer days and nights, when there was only a gentle swell moving in from the Atlantic, it spoke slowly at intervals, like a child who sobs over some little grief that is past, but not forgotten.

To the fishermen it was a commonplace affair. An iron buoy anchored in mid-channel just at the entrance of the little port,—at once a guide and warning. Within the buoy was a curious arrangement of valves, air- and water-chambers, and pipes. On top was a steam whistle. When the buoy swayed on the waves the water enclosed in its hollow chambers flowed to one side, and the valves opened to admit air to fill the vacuum caused by the moving water. When the wave passed and the buoy keeled over in the opposite direction the air-valve closed, and the water within, rushing back to its first position, forced out the imprisoned air through the whistle, and it spoke, in a harsh and mournful note. The sound began as a murmur, swelled out to a discordant forte, and then died away in a despairing sigh. At the next roll of the huge iron mass it moaned again in the same manner. If it rolled one way the right-hand valve opened and admitted a supply of air; when it rolled the other way the left-hand valve opened; and thus it kept up its dismal crying at every wave that swept beneath it. The note could be heard for more than a mile, and sailing-masters bound into the little harbor

listened for it through the darkness, through fog and storm, as a guide to port and a home.

To the under side of the great iron buoy was secured a chain that extended down through the green water to a massive rock below, a rock whereon the hopes of a lifetime were wrecked and lost long years ago. On yachting-parties sailing out the port the moaning buoy had a depressing effect. Its unending moan seemed to be for the young life whose fate was bound up in some strange secret lost in the sea. They listened to its note, floating faint and sad over the blue water, and wondered if any would solve the riddle of that life, if ever knight would come to redress a grievous wrong.

It is said the buoy knew all about it, and would tell everything, if it could speak. Being merely a buoy, it could only moan.

Two miles to the west by north stood the harbor light. It was a short round tower of brick and painted white. At the top was the black lantern, its shining windows decked in yellow curtains by day and opening a lurid eye on sea and land by night. The light-house, too, was said to be familiar with the lost secret under the sea, and every night appeared to look furtively all around the horizon as if revolving something in its mind and yet not daring to speak of it. It could only look askance at the world and wait. There was behind the light-house a small white house with a little garden, grass-plot and picket fence. Everything was orderly, neat, and comfortable, as befitted the residence of an official of the United States government. There was also beside the house a wooden structure, half trestle, half tower, in which hung a bell. Beneath the wooden cage where hung the bell was a long pendulum and a chain and heavy weight, these being parts of the clock-work whereby the bell was rung when gray fogs crept up from the misty Atlantic.

The light-house stood at the extreme point of a miniature Cape Cod at the southeast end of the island, and in the bay formed by the curving arm of the cape was an anchoring-ground for the fishing-boats and yachts that used it for a summer harbor. Along the shore of this bay were the few scattered houses of the little village. On the south side towards the sea stood the big yellowish-green hotel and the fantastic cottages of the transient guests who made the cape their summer pleasure-ground.

By some oversight on the part of the officers of the United States Coast Survey, the exact position, latitude and longitude of the light-house and the port were not put on any of the official maps. Neither were there any sailing directions printed giving the right course to take to enter the port or find the moaning buoy. It is really not important, because he who steers by "the light that never was on sea or land" can find any port where life and love have found an anchorage.

The buoy was known to the fishermen and visitors at Wilson's Holl as "the two-fathom buoy." It was painted in alternate horizontal stripes of black and red; and every one knows that the Light-House Board by these marks meant to say that the buoy marked an obstruction in mid-channel, and that the navigator in entering port might pass on either side of it in safety. It also stood as the mark of a terrible ob-

struction at the entrance of a fair young life. He who would come to the knowledge of all she was and all she did and said must steer carefully and pass by on either side the moaning memento of a mystery and heavy sorrow. Two fathoms deep in her young heart lay the unspoken secret of her life and the sea.

Could there be any connection between that prosy buoy and a young girl's life and love? Wait. Everything comes ashore at last.

People wondered why old Captain Breeze Johnson gave his daughter such a strange name. Captain Johnson, retired Sandy Hook pilot, and now keeper of the light-house, best knew what the three letters that made his daughter's name meant,—if they meant anything. She had never been baptized; the name had simply been given to her by the old captain, and apparently for no reason whatever. There were those in the village who said it was an "outlandish heathen name anyway, and not fit for a sweet young thing like old Captain Johnson's darter."

Merely three letters,—MAI. Mai Johnson. The old man, her father, pronounced it as if spelled "May:" so, for those who never saw it written out, it seemed a proper and rather pretty name for a young girl just touching seventeen.

As for Mai herself, she thought its curious spelling merely some pretty conceit of her father's fancy, and wore her name with becoming pride and dignity. It was her name, and it never entered her young heart to ask what it meant. The old man knew in part, and so did the moaning buoy, but one would not tell, and the other spoke only in moans no man could understand.

II.

The season had fairly opened. The white steamboats had already begun to make their daily trips to Wilson's Holl from New London, Connecticut. The procession of vessels continually drifting along the horizon to the northeast, bound east or west between Long Island Sound and the Vineyard, or turning southeast past the cape and making for the open sea, had largely increased. Already a yacht or two had anchored at the Holl, and the yellowish-green hotel and fantastic cottages were open and expectant of summer boarders. There was a broad piazza at the front of the hotel, where the guests sat to view the sea spread out before them; and here, on a bright morning early in July, sat two ladies,—mothers of grown-up daughters, and women prepared to look at the world in a certain calm expectation of anything that might happen to the advantage of their blooming girls.

"Did you see the arrival last night?"

"No. I understood the barge came over from the steamboat-landing with only a man. I was not interested."

"You would have been, had you seen him."

"Have you learned his name, my dear?"

"I examined the hotel register after breakfast, because he sat next to our table. Rather good-looking,—fine eyes,—and very gentlemanly,

of course. A man that many girls would like, though I must confess I did not."

"What is his name?"

"Tell you soon as I come to it. It's a little singular, because I hear his mother, who was a widow for many years, has married again, —married very well, too, for her, and for the young man too, for I hear he has nothing and spent it all in Paris."

"And who was she?"

"His mother? Oh, I don't know; but she first married some person by the name of Yardstickie."

"Yardstickie?"

"Yes. Curious name,—pronounced Yedstick, with the accent on the first syllable, and spelled with an ie. Royal Yardstickie is his name."

Then she added, in a lower voice,—

"Here he comes now."

A young man about twenty-eight years of age walked slowly out of the open door of the hotel. He was dressed in white flannel, and seemed very much at ease with himself and the world. He gazed round with an air of calm assurance on the few ladies and children scattered over the piazza, and then looked out over the garden, the path along the bluff, and the blue sea beyond. The view did not seem to interest him in the least, and he looked a trifle bored, as if he wondered why he should be cast upon such a charming and uneventful shore. Seeing the top of the light-house, he sauntered down the steps and took a leisurely pace along the path that followed the shore on top of the sandy dunes that bordered the broad beach.

"I do not like him."

"Why not, dear? I'm sure he's very handsome."

"Dissipated,—or has been. Comes down here for rest-cure. I shall tell my Milly to decline an introduction."

"It may not be asked, dear."

"Well, I must say I don't see why not. Milly is not as handsome as your Clara, my dear, but she's very bright, you must admit."

"Milly can take care of herself."

"Perfectly; but I shall decline any advances,—if made; and I hope they will not be."

"Why not?"

"I do not know. I do not like him: that's all."

The young man wandered aimlessly along the path on the bluff, as if in no haste. Well might he linger, for at his feet lay the broad beach, now creamy with breaking surf, and, beyond, the blue sea sparkling in the sun and stirred by a salt and fragrant breeze. To the left the sandy dunes, here and there dotted with patches of bronze-colored grass and dark waxberry-bushes, stretched off towards a fringe of small pines and oaks. Before him stood the quaint tower of the light-house. With all this charming scene and beautiful day, he was gloomy and silent. Why had his mother insisted on his coming down to this dreary place? He had not needed rest: he wanted money. If he had that he would leave this stupid country and once more cross the water

to charming Paris. He looked over the sea that he had crossed only three days before with a little sigh of regret,—regret for past pleasures, regret for things done that could never be undone.

"And here I must stay for two weeks or more, till they come down here for the summer,—or till she lets me have some money."

Just then he reached the neat wooden fence that stretched across the end of the cape and enclosed the plot of land belonging to the government and on which the light-house stood. Just where the path met the fence there was a stile or low place in the fence, with a big yellow boulder for a step over the gap. He paused here a moment, debating whether he would enter the government grounds or return to the hotel, when the door of the little white house opened, and a young girl stepped out on the flat blue boulder that served as a door-stone and came briskly towards the stile. She was neatly and plainly dressed, and wore a large white sun-bonnet that half hid her face. She seemed preoccupied, and did not observe the stranger by the fence till she was close to the stile.

"Allow me to help you over, miss."

She paused abruptly to see who spoke, and found young Mr. Royal Yardstickie at the stile with one hand offered as if to help her over. The next instant she stepped easily and gracefully over the stile, and said,—

"Thank you, I can help myself."

"Beg pardon, miss. I'm a stranger here. Can you tell me the name of this light-house?"

"I can. I live here,—with my father."

He was not accustomed to this particular phase of the Massachusetts female mind, and was vexed, though he took care not to show it.

"What is it called?"

"Hedgefence Light. Good-morning, sir."

With that she moved away towards the hotel with a free and vigorous step, as if quite able to take care of herself.

Mr. Royal Yardstickie had a new sensation. Never before had he met with quite this kind of rebuff. Women commonly bowed down to him, or he thought they did. And those who he imagined declined his acquaintance had always left an impression that they had been pleased to meet him—once.

"She has gone to the hotel on some errand. From the lay of the land, she must come back on this path. I may as well look about here for a little while and see what happens. I'll go into the light-house,—I always did enjoy light-houses,—and see what sort of a creature the father may be."

The young man watched the retreating figure as it followed the path on the bluff. Here was a girl of character and with a mind of her own. How different from one he knew in Paris!

"If Julie had been like that, I shouldn't be in this hole,—figuratively speaking,—and I might never have seen Wilson's Holl, which would be a blessing."

By this time he had crossed the little yard, and, mounting the great door-step, he knocked at the green door of the house.

"I wonder what the father is like?"

To his surprise, the wooden door with green panels promptly opened wide, and a blond curly-haired giant in brown overalls stood before him.

"Ah! Beg pardon. Do you allow visitors to the light? I'm greatly interested in such things."

"Visitors admitted to the tower only from twelve till one. Read the notice on the tower."

With that the door was quietly closed in his face.

"Hum! Official, I suppose. Can't be her father: too young for that. Can't be her brother; for she's a brunette. I'll go back to the path and wait. Wonder if he observed my gallant attentions to the girl from the window?"

He knew very well what he intended to do. He would wait till she returned home, and thus see her again. Not the chivalrous thing to do. He also knew that, and said to himself,—

"A fellow must be amused; and in such a stupid place anything is allowable if it is only amusing."

He went back to the stile, and then, seeing a log of drift-wood on the beach below, he slid down the sandy bluff to the beach, lit a cigarette, and made himself comfortable on the sand with the log for a low-backed chair. Left alone on the shore, he fell into a revery of the past, and chewed the end of a scrap of bitter reflection. He could see the edge of the bluff for some distance towards the hotel, and felt sure he would see any one who approached along the path. Should he see any one coming, he could saunter along in that direction and meet them—quite by accident.

Presently he heard voices, and, rising, he began to climb the bluff. It was not very easy climbing, and when he reached the top he saw the young woman, her of the sun-bonnet, arm in arm with the young blond giant, the couple laughing and talking together in the most familiar manner. They came towards him along the path and passed by and over the stile and through the garden to the house, absorbed in each other and paying no more attention to him than if he had not existed.

He looked after them till they entered the house, and then turned towards his hotel with only one word of comment:

"Engaged."

III.

The waiter at the hotel lunch-table assigned to Mr. Royal Yardstickie found the young man almost unbearable, and was thoroughly glad when he took himself off to the piazza for a smoke. The young gentleman was plainly out of sorts, for he quite forgot the chief duty of man—from the waiter's point of view. What could he do in such a stupid place? There were pleasant people all about him, but, though very near, they were practically very far away from him. The truth was, Mr. Royal Yardstickie had never learned that "there are pleasant people everywhere,—if you are only pleasant yourself."

Thinking there might be something to be seen in the little village where he had landed the night before, he started out to find the port, or, as it was commonly called, "the Holl." There were two ways in

which he might reach the Holl. There was the foot-path along the bluff, through the light-house yard, and then along the inner beach and following the line of the curving cape till it ended in the little village. This was the longest and the most popular route, because of the sea-view to the south till the light was reached, then the pleasant view of the sheltered bay, with its fleet of fishing-boats, and the picturesque steamboat-landing, and the irregular row of low white houses. The woods that covered the cape back of the hotel formed a green wall or hedge cutting off the view of the Holl, and the shore-path was the most desirable, as it avoided the sandy road that made the shorter and more direct route between the hotel and the landing. The settlements on the bluff were comparatively new, and a road had been cut through the woods connecting the village and the hotel. Mr. Royal Yardstickie took the road through the woods, though the road-way was soft with sand and dusty from passing teams.

As the young man came out on the north side of the woods and in view of the port, he saw a large schooner yacht at anchor in the little harbor.

"There's one man knows how to enjoy life. No bothers or worries about money. You just sail away and let the world take care of itself. I wonder who it can be?"

He walked slowly on through the single village street, past the singular one-story wooden houses with long roofs sloping down close to the ground at the back, past the village store and post-office, to the old wooden pier that extended far out over the shallow water. Seeing a number of people at the end of the wharf, he sauntered down to find out what was going on. To his surprise and pleasure, he thought he saw some one he knew. Yes: he was not mistaken.

"Jack Manning! This *is* a surprise! How are you, old man? Haven't seen you since I went abroad."

"Oh! It's Yardstickie! Glad to see you. What brings you to the Holl?"

"Just back from Paris. Been studying there,—worn out,—quite used up. Old lady sent me down here for rest-cure. What brought you here?"

"My yacht. Been at anchor here for a couple of days."

"Got a yacht? You're in luck."

"Yes. Just going on board. Won't you come out and see her?"

"See her! Not married?"

"Oh, dear, no! The yacht. She's a beauty. Here's my skipper. He's going off to the boat. Come on."

With that Mr. Manning led the way to a ladder fastened to the upright piles of the wharf, and nimbly climbed down into a boat below. Mr. Royal Yardstickie saw a man in the boat, but paid no attention to him till he had descended the ladder and had taken a seat at the stern of the boat.

"Shove off, captain. Let's go aboard. Oh, excuse me. Captain Johnson: my friend Mr. Yardstickie, of New York. Captain Johnson is my skipper, and a man that it will pay you to know."

Mr. Royal Yardstickie was for an instant surprised, but recovered

his self-possession and bowed to the blond giant who sat before them, oars in hand.

"Morning, sir. Glad to meet you. Come down in the boat last night, didn't ye? Thought I'd seen you before. Guess it was at the landing last night."

With this he bent his immense strength to the oars, and the little boat seemed to surge suddenly through the water.

"Easy, captain. Don't perform your great steamboat act just now. We are not spearing sharks to-day."

The young man at once began to paddle as quietly as could be desired, and kept looking ahead, as if to find the way to the yacht.

"Dare say the brute is vexed about something. Well, it does not concern me."

This Mr. Royal Yardstickie said to himself, talking absently meanwhile with the young owner of the yacht on things indifferent. Presently the boat reached the yacht, and by the help of a sailor on deck the two friends scrambled aboard.

"Come below, Royal. The ladies must be at lunch."

Mr. Manning led the way to the cabin, and there they found a merry party at the little table that circled the big mast that came through the deck.

"Here we are again, and I've brought company. Let me present my friend, Royal Yardstickie. Mr. and Mrs. Van Cliff, Mr. Boylston, Miss Boylston, and Miss Johnson."

The young man bowed to each in turn. Mr. and Mrs. Van Cliff seemed to be middle-aged people, well-to-do in the world. Mr. Boylston seemed a young professional man, and his sister was a charming girl about nineteen. Miss Johnson was Mai, the brunette he had met at the stile, and the light-house keeper's daughter. They all received him cordially as guest of the owner of the yacht, for they also were his guests. Mai Johnson received him with gracious dignity, and gave not the slightest hint that she had ever seen him before.

Conversation fell into sundry nautical channels, and then after a little they went on deck and sat in comfortable ease as if all were quite at home. Through the conversation the young man began to wonder why it was this beautiful girl, daughter, as he guessed, of the light-house keeper, should be on this yacht and apparently one of its most honored guests. Could it be possible she was engaged to Manning? He would be a lucky man indeed if it were true; and yet this Miss Boylston seemed to be in some vague manner the mistress of the boat. Both Mrs. Van Cliff and Miss Boylston treated Miss Johnson with marked attention, and even affection, as if they had known and loved her for a long time.

The time flew so pleasantly that they hardly noticed the westering sun till the skipper came aft and said,—

"Guess we'll have to up anchor if we want to get out before the tide falls."

"All right, captain. Have a man ready with the boat to take Miss Johnson ashore."

Then, turning to Mr. Yardstickie, Mr. Manning added, "Sorry we

can't take you with us this trip. We are going to run up to Providence, and then shall come back; and if you are here I should like you to spend a few days with us."

Royal Yardstickie was profuse in his thanks, and said he should await the return of the party with pleasure.

"Here's Captain Glass coming in. I'll hail him, and mebby he'll put Mr. Yardstickie and Mai ashore."

A fishing-boat was beating up the channel, and would on the next tack cross under the yacht's stern. The skipper hailed it, and with ready good nature the boatman ran up alongside, and a sailor stepped on the boat's deck and had the boat fast in a moment. There were pleasant hand-shakings and partings, and then Royal Yardstickie found himself in the boat, flying over the water under the care of a venerable fisherman, and Miss Mai Johnson by his side. He called it "his luck."

It was something else,—perhaps a test put upon him to see what manner of man he might be.

The sun was sinking behind the sombre woods as they sauntered along the beach towards the light-house and watched the sails of the yacht as they turned from gray to pink and from pink to gold as it dropped down on the tide towards the murmuring buoy rocking idly on the purple sea. The young man determined to remove any unpleasant impression that might linger on the young girl's mind, and, now that they were properly introduced and he was walking with her towards her home, he exerted himself to be as agreeable as possible. He succeeded fairly well, for he had a fund of pleasant talk and agreeable manners, and Mai Johnson had not seen much of the world. She had never been away from the Holl but once, and then only to Providence for a day. All she had seen of life lay in the village and in one or two families among the summer visitors at the hotel. Among these were the Van Cliffs and the Boylstons, whom she had just left on the yacht. She had attended in her youth the village school, and in the abundant leisure of the light-house she had read a great deal, so that she was practically as well educated as the majority of girls of her age living in retired communities. She was naturally bright and observing, though, like all people who live by the sea, she was rather silent and reserved.

Royal Yardstickie found her charming, more so than he had thought any one could be who lived in such retirement; and the walk ended for him much too soon at the green door of the little house behind Hedgefence Light.

Mai paused a moment, standing on the blue door-stone, and gazing far out on the darkening sea, as if looking for the yacht. She made an enchanting picture in the half light, with the quaint white tower and homely house for a background, and there came to the heart of Royal Yardstickie a wish to have and to be always near this lovely girl just entering upon a charming womanhood. That it might not be he did not care. The selfish wish was all that he regarded.

Just at that moment there came a faint low moan, distant, strange, awesome. It seemed like the ghost of a dead voice on the quiet even-

ing air, half heard, half understood. She, too, seemed to hear it, for she stood with dilated nostrils, looking far out over the water towards the yacht fading from sight in the purple horizon.

"What is that, Miss Johnson?"

"What?"

"That sound."

"Oh! that? We often hear it when the evenings are calm and there is a slight swell on. It's the two-fathom buoy."

IV.

In spite of himself, Royal Yardstickie felt a certain vague fear in his heart as he followed the bluff-path in the gloaming. In some curious fashion that he could not explain, he felt glad to reach the lighted piazza of the hotel and to escape from the loneliness and darkness of the shore.

"A man would be justified in suicide if he were obliged to hear that thing moaning in his ears all night. There's one consolation in staying in this dismal hole: I've obtained an introduction to the local belle, and while that brute of a brother keeps away I shall do very well."

This to himself in the seclusion of his room as he dressed for dinner. His day had not been wholly without amusement, and after dinner he became more agreeable, and, just as happens in small summer hotels, he found no difficulty in making an acquaintance or two among the men in the bar-room. This he hoped would lead in time to something that might prove amusing.

The steamboat that night brought quite a large party to Wilson's Holl, and the little hotel began to fill up. Among the new arrivals were one or two who, while they did not personally know Mr. Royal Yardstickie, at least knew something about him. By noon the next day the piazza gossips had it all.

"Just as I told you, my dear."

"Told me what?"

"Why, about this young man. He's gone over to the light-house now. They do say that he is the adopted son of Judge Gearing."

"Why, the judge, you said, was only recently married."

"Well, if he is not adopted he may be, and meanwhile he is treated as a son. You see, Judge Gearing married the young man's mother—a Mrs. Yardstickie—while the young man was abroad, studying medicine or something. So he will come in for a share of the judge's property."

"I thought you said the judge was a widower."

"Yes: so I am told. He married when very young, and his wife died abroad, or at sea, or somewhere. It's a curious story, and I've forgotten it, perhaps. At any rate, he is now married to this young man's mother, and of course will make him his heir. He is to be presented to us after dinner by the Saunders, who say they know him."

"My Clara thinks he's very handsome and distinguished-looking."

"Well, I don't know. Milly is very young; but if the young man

is in the judge's family he must be a very nice sort of person. He may have been a little wild in Paris, though of course he has got over anything like that by this time."

In the bright sunshine and pleasant weather of the next day the young man quite forgot the unpleasant thoughts of the night before. Having nothing whatever to do, and not caring to read, for he did not know how to read, he decided to take a little walk. It need not be supposed he did not know his letters. He could read a newspaper with ease, particularly journals resembling *Puck*, of New York, or even some French newspapers of a certain kind. For all that, it could not be truthfully said that he knew how to read. His mother and a few others fondly cherished a notion that he was a student. This, too, like his reading, was open to qualification. However, this is an aside.

He was not sure that Miss Johnson had invited him to call. That was, in his opinion, only a formality that she must have intended, but overlooked. There was nothing better to do. He would visit the light again. As he came near the white fence he saw Miss Johnson at work in the little garden beside the house.

"I'm in luck again," he remarked to himself, as he reached the big yellow boulder at the stile.

"Good-morning, Miss Johnson."

She looked up to see who spoke, and said,—

"Fine day for blue-fishing. I suppose you will go out with some of the boats?"

"Well, no; hadn't thought of it. Is it the thing to do?"

"All the gentlemen at the hotel go. Any of the fishermen will take you for half the catch."

She had not asked him to enter the garden, and when, without waiting for an invitation, he mounted the stile and came towards her, he said to himself,—

"She's trying to be coy. It only means, 'Come in.'"

Whatever she meant, she paid no further attention to him till he was close by her side; and when he again spoke she stood up and began to take off the old gloves she had evidently worn for the work in the garden, as if intending to go into the house.

"I enjoyed our walk so much last night, Miss Johnson, and it is so desperately lonely at the hotel,—you see, I don't know a soul there,—that I ventured to call on you again and renew the acquaintance so pleasantly begun."

She could not in politeness resist any longer, and said, with a faint smile,—

"There is little that would interest you here, sir. We are very quiet folks. Hedgefence Light is not exactly an inspiriting place."

"Oh, yes, it is. I like it immensely. You have such a wide view of the sea and the surf dashing on the rocks all day just at your parlor window, as you might say. It's all very interesting, I assure you. It must be grand here in storms."

The girl made no reply, and turned and looked out over the water with a peculiar grave and far-away look in her eyes.

"The sea is always sad—to those who know it best."

"Come! you're a trifle low-spirited owing to your brother's absence on the yacht. Why not take a little walk along the beach and let me cheer you up?"

She stared at him in open-eyed wonder, and for a moment he was slightly abashed, as if he had gone too far.

"Captain Johnson is not my brother."

"Oh! Beg pardon. Natural mistake——"

"Mai!"

This word was spoken as it were out of the sky.

"What is it, father?"

To the young man's amazement, the voice that had seemed to drop out of the upper air came from the light-house tower over their heads. There on the iron balcony around the lantern stood an elderly party, in blue overalls and a straw hat both much the worse for oil, and looking calmly down on them both. The young man glanced up at the sturdy figure overhead, and then looked off over the water, remarking to himself,—

"I suppose the old chap has been observing us all the time."

Miss Johnson, as soon as the voice came, had promptly replied, and now stood looking up to see what was wanted.

"Fetch me up my screw-driver. Some stupid bird flew ag'in' the light last night and smashed one of the windies. Guess if you look round you will find him somewhere."

"One minute, father." Then, turning to her visitor, she said, "You must excuse me for a few moments. Father wants me."

"All right. I'll wait for you."

With that she entered the house, and the young man began to walk slowly about the garden and little grass-plot. He would wait till she returned. Once in a while he glanced furtively up at the tower.

"Confound the man! He may have been watching us ever since I arrived."

Presently he heard footsteps coming round the white tower. It was Mai, and in her hand she held the dead body of a beautiful sea-bird.

"Here it is. I found it on the grass."

"Dear me, Miss Johnson! I was not aware you were a sportsman. When did you kill it?"

"*I* kill it! I could not do such a cruel thing as that. The bird was killed by flying against the light in the night."

"How very singular! Does it often happen?"

"Yes. The poor creatures see the light, and, thinking it some beautiful object, they fly towards it and dash out their poor little lives against the glass. Sometimes they even break the glass of the lantern in flying towards the light."

"Queer, isn't it?"

"Yes. So strange that any creature should meet harm in seeking what it thinks desirable or lovely."

"Mai."

Again the big voice out of the air.

"Well, father, what do you want?"

"Have to trouble you to come up here and help me a bit."

A few moments later Mr. Royal Yardstickie was walking slowly along the bluff towards his hotel. His interview had been short and not wholly satisfactory. However, it was a beginning, and he would do better next time. Just then a gull wheeling overhead threw its flying shadow across his path.

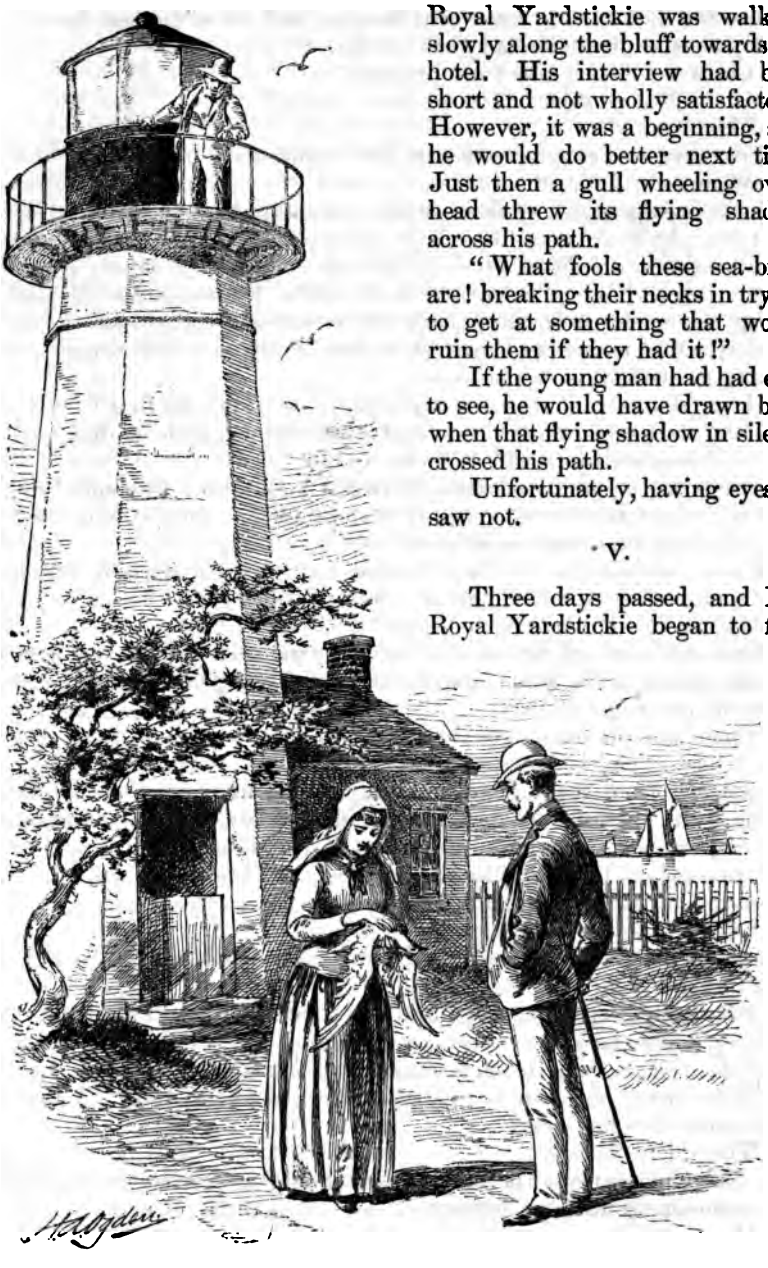
"What fools these sea-birds are! breaking their necks in trying to get at something that would ruin them if they had it!"

If the young man had had eyes to see, he would have drawn back when that flying shadow in silence crossed his path.

Unfortunately, having eyes he saw not.

V.

Three days passed, and Mr. Royal Yardstickie began to find



"I WAS NOT AWARE YOU WERE A SPORTSMAN!"

the Holl quite an entertaining place. He had called every day on Mai Johnson, and had even walked to the village with her and visited the little post-office and store and carried a bundle (a very small one) for her on the way home. He observed sundry blinds drawn back and curtains raised as if inquiring minds were looking out to see who passed the white houses, but he paid no heed to this or to the glances of the young people and others from the hotel passing on the village street.

The piazza gossips knew all about it. They said it was scandalous that a young man who came to the place quite alone, and whose mother was to join him here in a few days, should pay such marked attentions to a girl in the village while so many charming and, of course, superior girls were to be found in the little colony at the beach. His mother would certainly not approve of his conduct were she to hear of it. The chorus might have continued with increasing power, just as a motive among the violins may spread through an orchestra, had not the whole band come to an abrupt finale in a little burst of excitement over an unexpected arrival at the hotel.

Jack Manning's yacht was reported off the Holl about two o'clock one afternoon, and naturally the news came to the hotel. The moment Royal Yardstickie heard of it he walked by the short road through the woods to the landing. He was having a very good time, but if Jack Manning kept his word there was promise of still greater amusement. Besides, his progress at the light had not been so rapid as he had wished. Miss Johnson was reserved, more so than any other young woman he had ever met, and though her fresh and natural beauty won his admiration he felt that in some fashion she kept him at arm's length. As he came in sight of the wharf he saw the yacht at anchor in the bay, and a boat putting off, as if to come ashore. By quickening his pace he could meet the party at the dock.

There was the usual crowd at the end of the wharf,—fishing people and village girls, fashionable misses in nautical costumes, and plenty of children from the village and the colony, and, child-like, fraternizing with cheerful freedom. He was just too late to see the boat land, and met the party coming up the wharf, Jack Manning hearty and cordial as ever, and behind him the skipper, and beside the skipper Mai Johnson and Miss Boylston.

"Glad to see you, old man. We ran in here for some fresh water. Sail again in a couple of hours. Have a spare berth now. Won't you join us for a few days?"

"Delighted, my boy, delighted. Let me run back to the hotel and pack up a few traps."

"All right. Meet us on the dock at five o'clock."

With merely a nod to the ladies, Royal excused himself and started back to his hotel.

The others also parted at the head of the wharf, Miss Boylston and Mr. Manning going to the little post-office to look for letters, and Mai and the skipper taking the beach-path towards the light-house.

For a little space they walked on in silence, as if content and happy to be in each other's company, he thinking of a happy day to come, and she troubled with a vague distrust that had sprung up in her

heart. When they passed the last house she put her arm in his, and said,—

"Couldn't you stay at home, deary, this trip?"

"How could it be, Mai? I should be obliged to hire some one in my place or give up the position; and we can hardly afford that while the fishing is so bad. You know we are trying to save up money for a certain day that is to come."

"I know that, deary, and yet it is so lonely when you are away. Father is always busy about the light, and—well—how can I tell you? —I'm lonely, deary, very sad and lonely, when you are away. Get Captain Withrow to take your place for this trip, just this once. It will only be for a few days."

"Why, what's the trouble, Mai? You know I must be away more or less all summer. What troubles you?"

"Oh, nothing."

"Yes, there is; and you must tell me what it is."

"I will, deary. It is best I should. You saw that Mr. Yardstickie?"

"The black-eyed chap who tried to help you over the stile that morning?"

"Yes. You know Mr. Manning introduced him to me with the others on the yacht, and then we came ashore together in Captain Glass's boat. He offered to escort me home, and I couldn't very well refuse; and since then he has called at the light every day."

"Without invitation?"

"Yes. Father did not seem to like him at first,—for of course I had to present him to father; you wouldn't have me rude even to a stranger,—and now father seems to like to see him, and makes him feel quite at home."

"And does he mean to stay here long?"

"I think not. He says he is waiting here for his mother, a Mrs. Judge Gearing, of New York, and then they may go to Newport or Narragansett Pier."

"I hope they will. Now, deary, excuse me a moment. You go on to the house, and I'll run back to the village for a moment."

"You won't be long? You know you sail in two hours."

"I may not sail at all. I'll return soon, dear."

With that the blond giant turned and strode away towards the village. Mai stood in the path, looking after him.

"Perhaps I ought not to have told him. How much he loves me! Dear Sam! He's born almost without a tongue, but he often says, 'The sarmon thru, then comes the do.'"

It did not take the skipper long to find his employer.

"Oh, certainly, Captain Johnson. If the man who is to take your place is a safe man, all right. I've no objections. Perhaps it will do you good to be ashore for a few days. Mai seems a little low-spirited. Stay at home with her till we return, and cheer her up. Don't bother about Captain Withrow's pay in your absence. I'll fix that all right."

The two men shook hands and parted in the little street. Mr.

Manning went over to the hotel with Miss Boylston, and, leaving her there, returned to the wharf. Mr. Royal Yardstickie soon after put in an appearance, arrayed in a truly nautical suit of blue, as befitted the occasion. As for the skipper, he went home with a light heart. If any city visitors came now to the light they would find it indeed a Hedgefence.

There was some little delay in getting the new skipper and in introducing him to his new command, and it was nearly dusk when the schooner steered away for Martha's Vineyard under all sail, for the night promised to be calm, and the party on board were in no haste. In fact, if they did not reach Cottage City till daylight it would be just as well.

As the yacht crept out of the harbor the white steamboat from New London came in. There were many people on board, for the summer visitors were flocking to the beaches. She passed quite close to the yacht, and a few people on the upper deck came to the side and waved friendly handkerchiefs at the passing schooner. Among them stood a young and handsome woman in fashionable attire. She seemed a stranger, and the friendly fluttering of handkerchiefs amused her.

"These Americans are so strange. It is not at all like *la belle France.*"

The steamer pulled up at the wharf, and there was a murmur of voices as the crowd on deck mingled with the throng on the landing, friends, relations, lovers, meeting again in the pleasant summer weather, care and the city left behind, every one in good spirits and struggling to get ashore and to find their trunks and get a seat in the long open wagons called "barges," and all in that quiet good humor that marks an American crowd on pleasure bent. The gayly-painted barges were soon filled, and drove rapidly away into the village and out through the woods to the cottages and hotel. At the hotel all the guests were out to greet fathers, lovers, and husbands, and to see the new arrivals.

Then from the barge Fairy Queen descended a young and handsome woman, arrayed in a costume that seemed to fit her marvellously. Behind her came a little maid carrying the hand-bags and looking every inch a French peasant-girl. With the delightful freedom of American sea-side hotels, the young woman, followed by her maid, went directly to the office. There were young girls waiting near to receive their letters from the mail-bag that had just been handed to the clerk. There were men and boys in negligent sea-shore suits standing and sitting about in the breezy office much as if it were some big and pleasant family room. That the stranger should ask for a room and prepare to enter her name in the register did not excite the least comment. The clerk opened the book for her, and she wrote, in a bold hand, "M'lle Louise Rochet and maid, New York." As she did so, a couple of young girls with the usual hotel manners of American children calmly took the register, as if to read her name, and then turned back the pages in idle curiosity. She observed them carefully, and as they turned the pages ran her eye swiftly over the list of names. Suddenly there was a bright look in her eyes, as if she had made a discovery, a peculiar glance such as might be seen in the eyes of some animal at

sight of its expected prey. Only for an instant, and then the black lashes swept her cheek, and a faint flush spread over her face.

The stupid clerk saw only a remarkably pretty woman, and noticed nothing more. Had he had eyes to see, he might have been less at ease in loftily bidding the hall-boy take the lady's bag to the parlor and call a maid to show her to a room. The maid found some difficulty in pleasing her ladyship, and it was not till several rooms had been examined that she was satisfied and took two front rooms near the stairs, the most expensive suite in the hotel. The housemaid disappeared to direct the porter where to bring the trunks, and M'lle Rochet was left with her own maid in her new quarters. She bade her maid open the bags, and then sat down to observe the situation.

"So. It is well. From the windows I can observe all who pass on the shore, and from the door I can see all who enter the dining-room. Since my uncle Louis died I have great good fortune. I find business in America, I find his mother and the man she marry, the judge, and where they go, and I follow and find him in the house. I knew his signature the moment I saw it. I will dress and proceed to business. He must dine. I dine too. We shall meet again."

Half an hour later a young woman of a singularly brilliant and fascinating beauty, arrayed and set forth in a marvellous costume, entered the dining-room, and instantly won the admiration of all the people there. Half were pleased at her peculiar beauty,—the men. Half were absorbed in contemplating her robe, and thought not to be jealous.

She behaved with entire self-possession, and, while not appearing to have a thought beyond her soup, saw every one who entered the room or who even passed the door. At last it was over, and she returned to her own room.

"He was away, perhaps, at a walk or other pleasure. I shall see him at breakfast."

While the world is on pleasure bent, household rules and hours are liberal, and the dining-room was kept open till eight o'clock to accommodate late fishing- and boating-parties. It was a warm night, tempered by a fresh breeze from the sea. What more natural than that the door of a certain apartment near the landing and opposite the dining-room should be ajar? The guests often left their doors open to let the sea-breeze blow through the house, placing a screen just within the door to partially protect the room.

There was a small hand-mirror carelessly hung over the screen. Neither this nor the open door attracted the slightest attention. There was nothing unusual. Any one might hang a glass on a screen or leave the door ajar. Within, the room was dark, and the mirror reflected nothing. To one inside the room the effect was just the reverse. The mirror pictured all that passed in the hall. It showed who entered or left the dining-room and who passed up or down the stairs. One sat in the partial gloom of the room behind the door, tired, perhaps, with the long journey; perhaps so; yet watching, sleepless,—waiting for one who came not.

The world at the beach is easily wearied by its out-of-door pleasures,

and the public piano in the parlor was mercifully closed at eleven, and the hotel fell asleep. The door was closed softly, the mirror restored to its place.

"It is possible he has gone. There is no excuse to be out late at night, as at Paris. I learn more to-morrow."

VI.

Captain Breeze Johnson had seen much of life alongshore. Born in Nantucket, he had early in life taken to the sea out of pure love for it. He had been twice on whaling-voyages, had been fisherman on his own account for several years, had been captain of a coasting-schooner, and knew every light and beacon from Execution Light to Pollock Rip, from Montauk to Sandy Hook. He had crowned his life-work by becoming a pilot in New York harbor, and had taken many a big steamer into Sandy Hook in safety. Lastly he had settled down to the retired and comfortable position of light-keeper at Hedgefence Light. He had married early in life, and had now one son only out of four,—children and mother long since dead. Though now nearly sixty years of age, he was still strong, hale, and hearty. His hair was scant and gray, but his blue eyes were undimmed, and his heart belied his years. Cheerful, though, like all sea-folks, rather silent, he accepted the quiet outcome of an eventful and laborious life as "a great marcy it was no wuss." The pay was small, but it had a sustaining regularity in pleasing contrast with the uncertain income of fishing-life. The work was rather monotonous, yet its very steadiness and regularity suited him, and he was cheerfully serene, as a man might well be in such a quiet and solitary place.

To many minds it is very comforting to have certain fixed duties to be performed at certain fixed hours. It saves mental strain. The clock strikes, and there is so much to be done. No hurry, because it will take about so long to do it, and when done the clock will kindly announce the time for another duty. A clock in such work saves the trouble of keeping the mind fixed on anything beyond the mere work to be done. In fact, it becomes a kind of mental spring to ease the rough places in the path of duties. Half the world would be worried to death if it had to think to go to work every morning. The factory-whistle is a great mercy to many people. So with Breeze Johnson the tall wooden clock in the kitchen, relic of his former housekeeping days, was a duty-marker that saved all bother of thinking. He could sit in his big wooden arm-chair at the door and look out on the little harbor and town at ease with all the world. When the clock struck six it would be supper-time, and, that duty done, came "lighting-up time." As he sat there resting and musing in his silent fashion, he saw the white steamboat come in, and observed Mr. Manning's yacht drop down the channel and steer away for Martha's Vineyard.

"Cur'us how some folks look at the sea. There's my son Sam gone off with that party. Sailin' for pleasure, they call it. It ain't exactly whalin', or pilotin', or fishin'. That's work; and I'm glad I'm well quit of the water. Sam's young, and he can stand that kind o'

'musement. Dare say bein' skipper to a yacht is better'n tradin' on a schooner. Pays more regular, and the city folks on the yachts call it pleasurin'. Seems to do 'em good. They allus start out lookin' peaked, and come back lookin' powerful smart for such slim folks. Here's Mai. Must be 'most supper-time."

The young girl came along the path looking bright and handsome as if pleased with herself and all the world. When she reached the door she quietly stooped and kissed the old man on his bronzed and wrinkled forehead.

"Sam has decided to stay at home this trip, father."

"That's why you're so smilin' round the mouth."

"Yes. I'm very glad. It's so pleasant to have him at home."

"Who's took Sam's place?"

"I do not know. I'm not exactly sure that he has not sailed; yet I feel sure from what he said that he meant to stay at home this trip, if he could find a substitute."

"Haven't seen anything of that Mister Yedstick to-day. Seemed to be powerful interested in whalin' and things. Kinder clever sort o' man, and seems to want to know 'bout things."

"It must be nearly supper-time, father. Are you ready for it?"

"Oh, I'm ready. Suppose it's gettin' 'long to'rds six o'clock."

She entered the house, and in a few moments returned and found the old man still seated in his big chair and the blond giant his son standing before him, apparently wrapped in deep thought.

"Oh, Sam! I thought you would stay at home. I set a plate for you. Come; supper's ready."

The young man looked at her and smiled, and then said to his father,—

"I can afford it by that time, and it is better to fix a day than to drift along not knowing exactly the bearings o' things."

"Mebby you're right, Sam. Mebby you're right."

What if the Cape Cod turkey, cooked in one of the most charming styles in which that gracious bird ever appears, formed the staple of the simple meal? What if the tea was green and the bread yellow with saleratus? When love's around the board the plainest fare's a feast. For the old man there was the peace and contentment of a secure and quiet home with his two children beside him. There was the son, a man worthy of him. There was the late-come daughter, as dear as any child of his heart. For the young people it was enough that they were together at home and all the world shut out.

The simple meal finished, the captain went off up the tower to trim and light his magnificent lamp, that its light might enlighten the home-comer and all that went down to the sea in ships in those waters. As for the lovers, it was enough that it was the gloaming. He, with curious skill born of a fishing-schooner's cabin, helped her put away the supper-things, and she, with homely tact, made the housewifely task a bit of lovers' sport. Then they sat in the cool of the evening and watched the twinkling lights in the town and the summer village along the beach. There was a faint sound of music from the hotel, and the sleepy waves that broke in a tinkling murmur on the rocks

behind the house seemed to make a solemn obligato to their vows. Together since childhood their love in a quiet, happy way had grown up like a plant in summer weather, knowing nothing of storms or the strength that comes from them. The sea, save for the slow smooth rollers, was quiet, and the two-fathom buoy was asleep. True, there was an area of depression at the hotel, but, unfortunately, there is no signal-service in lovers' skies.

Captain Breeze Johnson found much to do in the light-house tower, and did not disturb them till nearly eight o'clock. As he observed to himself, "Sparkin's generally most comfortable if old folks keep away. It ain't often that Sam's at home with Mai, and, as he says, 'it's 'bout time we got the bearin's o' things.'"

As for other interruptions, there were none. Nobody from the hotel came near the light, to the lovers' great satisfaction.

"I guess, Mai, he got wind o' my being at home."

Half an hour later Breeze Johnson sat before a smouldering fire of drift-wood, that in its curious fashion had sent long green and yellow flames up the big chimney. He had lighted the fire himself, though it was hardly needed.

"I like it, Mai. It sets me a-thinkin' to see those old sticks from some wreck a-burnin'. Where's Sam?"

"He said he would go down and see Captain Glass about painting his boat. Sam's been so busy with Mr. Manning his boat hasn't been put in the water yet, and he may want to go for blue-fish by and by."

"It's strange, Mai, how that drift-wood always comes ashore."

"Everything comes ashore, father,—at some time."

"It does, Mai. I've noticed it often. Even the wrecks that is abandoned and left adrift comes to land at last."

"I suppose the land attracts them."

"Mebby it does. Shouldn't wonder. I've seen wrecks that didn't seem to be proper wrecks anyway,—ships that just come ashore and went to pieces of their own accord——"

He paused, and sat thoughtfully looking into the dying fire, as if hesitating on the brink of some secret. He shook his head thoughtfully, but said nothing.

It may have been the silence in the room, the thought-compelling fire, and the suggestion of wrecks and storms it held out in its livid green flames. It may have been the secret love and gratitude in her heart. Something drew her to the old man, and with her arms about his neck she kissed his thin gray hair.

"What is it, girl? Sam been scoldin' ye?"

"No: Sam loves me. It is those green fires. Why do they always blaze from the old drift-wood?"

"It's wreck-wood. I suspect it's the old copper in it that burns that way, or the salt from the sea."

"The salt burns yellow, father, but those green fires seem to cry out, if flames ever speak except to hiss, about some memory they would keep green. Tell me about it, father. Tell me about it again."

"Tell you what, Mai?"

"About the wreck."

"You've heard it more'n forty times."

"I know it. You see, Sam—Sam loves me, and if I only knew I could love him more. No, I don't mean that——"

"You mean you wish you knew who you was?"

"Yes. It is that. That's the only thing that ever makes me unhappy; and it seems so unfair to Sam to come to him without a name."

"It ain't much to tell. Lemme see. It's sixteen, no——"

"Seventeen years, father."

"Yes. Seventeen years come this September—the 10th it was—when we had that southeast gale. It had blowed hard all night, and the morning broke wild with the surf breakin' all over the point. Luke Somers was light-keeper at the time, and he's often told me how the salt spray drove in that windy and sp'iled a new carpet his wife just paid seventy cents a yard for. I was livin' with mother in the same house Captain Glass has now, and 'bout noon we got the news of the wreck on the beach. Anyway, we all stood on the shore and did what we could. It was 'fore the days of the Life-Savin' Service, and all we had was a whale-boat Deacon Smith brought over on his hay-riggin'. It was awful to see those poor critters swept away before we could get at 'em. All we saved was four of the passengers, and the colored stewardess, and two colored girls, children 'bout six and seven years old."

"That was the Savannah steamer, bound for Providence?"

"Yes. It never got there, nor the folks either. All those that were saved went away to New London on the steamer the week after, except those two girls, and they settled here. It was just as well, for they hadn't a cent o' money, nothing but the wet clothes on their backs, and some one took 'em in, and they stayed here for a long time, and then kinder drifted off to some hotel on the mainland."

"But the wreck, father?"

"I'm comin' to that. Well, after the people got ashore, and those that was drowned laid out in Seth Glass's fish-house, some of us come along the shore to see how Luke was gettin' on at the light. The sea-wall was broke up considerable by the seas in the night, and we were standin' lookin' at it, when some one see the wreck driftin' in. It was a bark, and she was waterlogged and staggerin' in the seas as if they couldn't keep her head to the wind. Then she seemed to keel over broadside to the seas, and she struck on the shoals, for it was 'most low tide. We give word to Luke, and he hung out a red table-cloth from top of the light to rouse the folks, and we ran back to get a boat. I was among the first to reach the wharf and help launch a whale-boat, but, Lor'! it wasn't any use. It seemed to blow harder than ever, and 'tween the squalls we see that the folks on board had got out a boat and was tryin' to come ashore. They didn't get far; for, when a big wave hid the boat from sight, we never saw it again. Then, just as we were debatin' whether we'd better risk it to get out to the ship, another boat was put off from under her lee. It wasn't no use. It never come ashore."

"Not a soul escaped?"

"Just one. The seas were a-flyin' in clouds over her, and it was almost dark. That night it shifted to the west'ard and blew a gale, and the next day was as calm and pretty a day as ever you see. We didn't go to bed that night, and 'bout daylight me and Tom Larkin and Jack Hathaway and one or two others rowed out to the wreck. It was 'most gone to pieces. Only the aft part was standin' anyway whole, and we climbed up into it. I was the first on the deck, though it was fast fallin' in. The cabin door was shut, but I kicked it open, and there in a berth in the cabin was you,—alone,—a little girl not big enough to speak. It was me found you, and the boys agreed you naturally belonged to me."

The girl came nearer to him and kissed him again.

"Dear father!"

"It was strange you lived through that night. Mebby you were too young to be frightened. It made a great time bringin' a strange baby ashore from a wreck. Mother had lost her last boy, 'cept Sam, more'n six months, and when I put you in her arms she hearted right up and said you should be her baby."

"And you never learned the name of the ship, nor where she came from?"

"No. The boats came ashore completely smashed to pieces, and not a soul was left to tell a thing except you, and you were a baby. The excitement o' findin' you made us forget everything. We rowed right ashore, lest you should die before we could get you to mother. Nobody thought of anything 'cept the girl baby found in the cabin. Folks came for miles to see you and to see the place where the ship sunk. It wasn't more than an hour after we took you away when the wreck just quietly broke up and sunk. Not a trace of a paper or a name was found."

"Except the broken name-board."

"Yes. That was all. It was found by Caleb Bates's boys more'n a month after, wedged in the rocks on the shore. Just a piece of broken board with three letters carved on it. I've got it now somewhere. Nothing on it but three letters, M and a A and a I,—Mai: the name I gave you."

For a few moments not a word was said. She had heard the story many times before. Never before had it made such an impression on her. But for this old man she was without a name or parents. Who was she? where was she born? And where was her father?—her mother? Were they living? She could not think that her mother could have been in the ship. She would not have abandoned her. She would have stayed on the wreck to die with her. Then the ship's captain,—dead and silent forever,—was he her father? She could not think that. He would not have left her on the wreck to die alone, even if only an infant. At least he must have known her mother or something about her. And he was dead,—like the poor unknown ship with the broken name,—silent forever.

Now she was to take with love a new name. Could she take it? Yes. Love accepts love unasking, unthinking. Yet——

The old man seemed to guess her thoughts.

"Haven't I been a good father to you, Mai?"

"The best,—the best that could be. But, father, did you never make search for any ship with a name having those three letters?"

She had never thought of this question before in all her life. Her girlhood had been so peaceful and happy it had never come into her heart to think of it. She was his daughter by the adoption of love and care. She had never thought to ask more.

"No, Mai; I never did. We didn't think of it. You were only a baby, mother was took sick and died, and there were so many things to think of I took you as a little girl just sent out o' heaven for me to love, and I didn't do anything. I s'pose we ought to have done something 'bout it, but we were plain folks, and we didn't think. It wasn't just right."

"It's no matter now, father. Sam does not care."

"No, Sam does not care. He loves you, and I guess he's contented. I be, so long as you stay near me."

Then they fell into silence for a few moments. The old man was twice tempted to speak, but did not. There was more to tell,—something he had never mentioned to any one, except to his dead wife, and she had asked him to keep it always a secret, and he had promised her.

"Mother was right," he said in his heart. "It would break the girl's heart if she knew it. It's best she should never know."

"And the buoy marks the spot, father?"

"Yes, deary. Governm't put the two-fathom buoy just six fathoms east by south of the place where the ship went down."

That night there came in from the sea one of those series of long mysterious rollers that hint of storms far off on the open ocean. The stars sparkled and quivered as if anxious to speak, and the vast shaft of light from the tower searched round and round the horizon, but found nothing. And the buoy moaned and moaned to itself in the dark,—moaned for the dead secret of the sea.

VII.

Mademoiselle Louise Rochet burst upon the hotel at breakfast the next morning in a new and more bewildering costume. Breakfast-cakes were neglected and coffee grew cold that feminine eyes might mark, examine, and mentally digest its minutest details. The breakfast-room had not been closed an hour before the natural result appeared. There was a timid knock at Mademoiselle's door, and the maid opened to a young girl.

"Could I see Mademoiselle Rochet?"

Mademoiselle would see the young miss. With some diffidence the girl made her errand known. Was this the Mademoiselle Louise Rochet of Fifth Avenue,—late of Paris? Yes. Was there any service Mademoiselle could offer? Yes. Mother, that is, Mrs. Van Houton, had a robe. There was to be a hop that night at the hotel. Could Mademoiselle examine it with perhaps a view to its improvement?

Mademoiselle seemed to think for an instant. Should she continue her character of fashionable New York dress-maker or play the lady of

leisure? Which would be the best character in which to appear when she met him? She thought of his pride, but only to smile in a curious way at the thought. He had cared nothing for her feelings: why should she consider his? Besides, business brought money, and brought it more easily and abundantly than she had ever dreamed in the days of her poverty in Paris.

With scarcely a perceptible hesitation she said, sweetly, "I shall attend Madame Van Houton with pleasure."

"Our room is No. 65, this floor, and thank you kindly, mademoiselle. Mother will be greatly pleased, I'm sure."

No man has yet been able to understand the process of reasoning by which the feminine mind reaches certain results. M'lle Rochet had not been seen except at supper and breakfast, and yet it was known to more than half the people in the house that a certain valuable order of mind had arrived. The born dress-maker had appeared. The genius for draping had shed its beneficent light upon them. The masculine mind falls back on the safe proposition that as the waist is gored so is the skirt inclined—and stops. The feminine mind knows better and goes farther. Draping is a mystery, a matter only for superior minds. Within another hour the peasant-maid at M'lle Rochet's door had four times informed anxious inquirers that M'lle Rochet was engaged at room 65. Thither the pilgrims went, to see, admire, and discuss. Mrs. Van Houton had secured the prize, but was willing that friends should witness her success.

Mademoiselle gazed thoughtfully at robes, suggested, lightly touched the fabrics here and there, and it was done. Genius when really great rarely works with its hands in this fine art. It suggests, and other and perhaps lower minds buy materials, direct the hands in needle-work, and wear the result with conscious pride. In twenty minutes Mrs. Van Houton's robes had been passed upon, and Mademoiselle, with a mental note of the value of her services, was led away to see other robes. As she examined and commented on dresses, she measured women. She soon found just what she wanted,—a society woman with an unruly member. In this lady's dresses M'lle Rochet found much to admire. She politely declined further orders. She would be obliged to stay with the madame in No. 206 till certain very important changes were made. She might even be obliged to do a little stitching herself, as there was no one present with sufficient skill to do the work. This was, indeed, unexpected condescension, and my lady of No. 206 was proud, flattered, happy, and talkative. The door was closed to all visitors, and genius and its patron sat down together over the momentous affair. Seven distinct headaches at once developed in the hotel, and their poor owners declared they would not be well enough to attend the hop that night.

"Mademoiselle had many patrons among society ladies in New York?"

"Yes, very many, the wives of senators, judges, and others."

"Indeed! Not the wife of Judge Danellia or Judge Chote?"

"No. There was one, perhaps Madame may know her: Madame Gearing."

"Oh! you mean Judge Gearing, of the Superior Court. She was a Rochelle, married a Mr. Yardstickie, and he died. She must be past forty now, but well preserved."

"I designed two habits for her."

"And I dare say they were not bad."

"I assure Madame they were magnificent. Madame the judge's wife, Mrs. Gearing you call her, was greatly pleased,—charmed. Madame may have observed her habits."

"Well, no. I'm not very well acquainted with Mrs. Gearing. My Milly has met her son."

"Has she a son? He must still be an infant."

"No. It was by her first husband. Milly admires him very much. He's lived abroad some time, studied in Paris, was rather wild there, but of course is quite reformed now."

"Will Mademoiselle the daughter permit me to examine her robes? It is possible I suggest something."

"Milly? Oh, Milly's young. She only came out this spring, and her things don't matter down here. There's nobody here of any consequence. We shall receive this fall for her, and then, if Mademoiselle can design a dress for her, we shall be glad."

"Americans are so strange. What is it to come out?"

"Milly's a *débutante*. She is now a young lady, and can receive calls from young gentlemen."

"The judge's son call on her and she so young!"

"Well, no: I couldn't permit that. Of course here at the beach young people must meet in a social way."

"Then the son of the judge is not what you call attentive to the daughter?"

"You're mistaken about that. Young Mr. Royal Yardstickie is not the son of Judge Gearing. He is the son of the judge's wife. She hasn't anything, but of course the young man will come in for a share of the judge's wealth. As for his attentions to Milly, we couldn't allow it,—at any rate, not till Milly is older, and not unless she was very anxious to marry him."

Mademoiselle seemed to find something deeply interesting in the robe she held upon her lap. There were hard lines about her handsome mouth, and a momentary flash in her black eyes, which the voluble patron mistook for the light of genius or the sign of deep thought.

"I think, on the whole, you had better look at one of Milly's dresses. I want her to look well at the hop to-night. As it is Saturday, there will be a good many of the younger men down to spend Sunday."

Mademoiselle, with the sweetest smile imaginable, continued her search for information.

"It will also please young Mr. Yardstickie. All young girls wish to appear well before those who admire them."

"Oh, it's not at all for him. If I thought he was seriously attentive, Milly should not leave her room to-night. We could hardly approve of any attentions just now, after the young man has lost his heart over some commonplace creature at the light."

"The light! What is the light?"

"Hedgefence Light-House."

"Oh, the maritime light. I understand. Do women trim such lamps in this country?"

"Dear, no. There's a light-house keeper,—a man. Every one is remarking on Mr. Yardstickie's very great interest in such things. He goes over to the light every day, and twice he has been seen in the village with her. I'm sure it's a blessing he went off yesterday on Mr. Manning's yacht, as he will not be at the hop to-night. I haven't a doubt he would disgrace himself by bringing the girl with him. We should never recognize her, if he did."

"Was that a yacht,—the beautiful vessel we passed in the steamboat last evening?"

"I dare say. Mr. Manning's yacht sailed yesterday. I think Milly said it was only for a few days. She knows somebody who knows the Boylstons, and they are friends of the Mannings."

After a pause, as if in deep thought, Mademoiselle came to the conclusion that nothing more need be done to the robe. A few stitches here and there, and the work would be complete. Could she see the daughter's dress? It was brought out, and Milly was sent for to try it on. The fresh young girl just in from a dip in the sea seemed a vision of girlish loveliness, and Mademoiselle was charmed to meet her. She suggested this and that, and said the robe was already nearly perfect. Just a touch, and it would be magnificent. Mother and daughter were overflowing with voluble gratitude. Milly would be the best-dressed girl at the hop.

On Mademoiselle's return to her room the peasant-maid had a most unhappy quarter of an hour. Mademoiselle was unlovely. Some characters are like certain apples,—a little tart. Mademoiselle was more than sub-acid, she was sharp and bitter, and the reason therefor was not plain to the poor little maid. All she could do was to assist her mistress into still another ravishing robe, that she might go to dinner in a becoming costume.

To the people in the big dining-room Mademoiselle was the picture of sweetness and light. Two gentle young things who caressed their tender moustaches after soup declared she was a brunette angel.

"Rich? I should say!"

"Dress-maker?"

"Ah, yes. Pity. With all that money feller might do very well. See?"

"Yes. Social rules forbid it. Hang rules!"

"Hop to-night?"

"Nothing better to do. Know feller knows her?"

"Sister does."

"Might ask her to present me at hop. Lots fun."

"Sister wouldn't. Girls so strange."

"Mean to get it."

"What? Introduction to La Rochet?"

"Horrid audacious, but must have fun. If Yardstickie were here, be all right."

"Why? Does he know her?"

"Guess not. But he'd bring it round. Royal can do anything like that. Great man."

"Sister says she worked for his mother. Must know her. Oh!"

"What's matter? Burn mouth?"

"No. Idea. Recollect funny thing. Paris last winter. Met Royal with lady. Girl like that, tall, brunette,—very French. Everywhere with him. Can't tell what reminds me of her."

"Can't be same?"

"Ah! Awful idea! It does look like her."

"Foolish idea. Dress-maker. Royal knows too much."

"No. Can't be. That girl was poor. Royal paid bills like little man."

"Great folly. Got over it?"

"Yes. Royal's cured. No money now. Very sad, you know."

"Hop to-night?"

"Yes. Smoke now."

The half-holiday had brought a great company to the hotel, and the little world on the sand gave itself up to out-door pleasure. Mademoiselle would also go out and take the air by the water, for the day had become sultry. Besides, she must think. The unexpected had happened. She had hoped to find him, to confront him in the hotel, and openly to demand recognition. Months and months had passed since she had seen him, and she felt a certain melancholy pity for herself in finding in her disappointment how much she had wished to meet him publicly and to humiliate him in some striking and dramatic scene that would satisfy her sense of justice—and the picturesque. He would fall on his knees, and she would pour out her wrath—no, he wouldn't do that. He would wince, perhaps, but would hold his head erect through it all. What folly to think of what might be! She had learned much since she had reached America. She had learned more at this place. He had already strayed into some net. She must examine the net. Perhaps it might prove another weapon in her hands.

Mademoiselle's appearance on the beach did not attract special attention. She was dressed with what might be called elegant plainness. Her manners were ladylike and reserved, and, while many bestowed a passing glance upon her costume, none heeded the woman. The bathers were noisy and numerous, and she passed along the rear of the throngs gathered on the beach and took the path towards the light-house without exciting comment. Lovers there were at intervals along the way, and now and then she met a party of children paddling and wading with white and shining legs in the creamy surf. Love and play are too absorbing to notice grief, particularly if it passes with serene face and robed in the latest style. She saw the lovers with a feeling of envy. She watched the children with a sigh.

She came to the big yellow boulder and sat down to look over the sea, and think. The white tower, the little house planted almost in the surf, the wide sea, the soft warm sky, and the white mountainous clouds in the west, all appealed to her to rest,—to rest and think. There was only a slight ripple on the water, yet the surf slowly thundered and boomed at her feet, the dying waves of some distant

storm. So it seemed to her that her life had become,—serene and fair, yet moved by slow heart-beats of far-off sorrow.

There was a shadow on the water. She looked to the west. The sun had disappeared behind one of the alpine heights of cumulus, leaving a faint glow of red on the sky beyond the irregular line of vivid silver that touched the edge of the cloud. Could it be forebodings of a storm? Was it a vague hint of more rain—more tears, perhaps lightning—in her stormy life?

The surf was most irregular in its pulsations. Three closely successive waves would advance, and, booming, break, and rush up the shingly slope, and then the beach would scream as the white water ran back. Then all would be quiet for a little space. It was in one of these pauses that there came to her ear a dreary cry like a moan. The color left her handsome face, and she looked far and wide over the sea. There was nothing, and the surf roared and screamed again. Once more she heard it. It made her heart beat fast, she knew not why. She had read of the mysterious sounds of the sea, of the moan heard on the ocean before great storms. What did it mean? Why did she hear it? It was almost human in its faint sighing,—fitful, half heard,—yet felt, like a pain in the heart. She wrapped her light cloak about her and shivered. The sea was purple under the western clouds, blue in the east, with splendid splashes of green over the shoals. There was a faint murmur of music and laughter from the hotel. At her feet rose the chirp of a cricket. Peace everywhere, save for that moaning from the sea.

"Oh, if it would only speak plainly! It means so much and says so little. Ah! there is a man coming."

The approach of any human being seemed a comfort, and she sat still, looking towards the hotel to where a tall, plainly-dressed man came slowly along the path. She was at a loss to understand why her pulse had raced with such speed. Could this strange unearthly voice be a cry from the Unknown bidding her pause? Was it a real voice? Did she hear it at all? Was it only a cry picked out by her heart from the mass of the sonorous thunder on the beach, as a sea-shell picks out a tone from the roar of the sea? She would ask this man if he too heard the sound. As he came nearer she felt in a sense safe. His face bespoke a man of simple, unaffected life and honest heart. His blue eyes looked into hers for an instant only, and in that quick glance she felt she could trust him. With this thought there came also a regretful instant of pity for herself that she must look at any one to see if he be indeed a man.

"Good-evening, miss."

He spoke pleasantly and naturally, much as a man at home might welcome a stranger. She guessed at once that he was the keeper of the light-house. She rose from the yellow stone on which she sat, and then saw that it was the stepping-stone to the stile and that she blocked the way.

"Beg pardon. I did not see I was in your path."

"All right, marm. No consequence. I'd rather hopped over the fence than had a lady rise."

Here was a politeness unknown in France. She saw from his unaffected manner that it was the genuine courtesy of kindliness and respect, and not a pretended gallantry. For an instant the novelty of such a remark confused her, precisely as she had been confused in New York the day she landed there when a stranger rose and silently gave her a seat in a street-car. At that instant the faint moan from the sea came again.

"I beg pardon, sir, for detaining you, but could you explain that strange sound from the sea? I do not understand why it should be."

"It's the two-fathom buoy."

"Buoy?"

"Yes. Whistling buoy. Beacon, you know. Always makes that noise when there is any sea on. Warning for boats making this port."

"Ah! I comprehend. Maritime signal for vessels,—to warn against wreck."

"Yes, marm. Sounds kinder dismal in pleasant weather, but it's powerful pretty music if you're steering by dead reckoning and a thick fog coming up or driving snow hiding the light."

"Have many lives been saved from wreck by that sound?"

"Can't tell, marm. Mebby a great many, mebby none at all. Anyway, it may yet save some life from going to smash; and so it is kept there, because if one life is saved by hearing the thing whistling in the dark it will pay to let it whistle all the time, even if it does sound kinder forlorn to folks safe on shore."

"The sea is so sad. So many wrecks are here. Oh, pardon me: I should not detain you."

"'Tain't no matter. I've just been to the hotel with Mai. Nothing particular to do. Glad to show strangers over the light."

With an instinctive grasp at the fact that through this simple and transparent nature she might obtain some information of value, she smiled sweetly, and said,—

"I am a stranger in America."

"So I see, marm."

"I have heard much of American politeness. I am quite alone; yet, if it be possible, I shall greatly admire to see the light-house. My home is Paris, where we have not such things."

"Come right in. Guess father's round somewhere."

"Are not the ladies of your house at home?"

"No: Mai's gone to the hotel. It's no matter. Ladies often come over from the hotel alone. I've shown hundreds of 'em round the place."

She had the wit to see that while from a Parisian stand-point she could not possibly accept the invitation, yet in America it might be allowable. The situation would give her a wholly novel experience,—that of unembarrassed and unaffected talk with a man of sense whose natural politeness was as delightful as it was sincere. She laughed to herself as if it were a kind of child-like pleasure she had not had since she played with Mignon and Pierre in the streets of Rouen. She would give herself up for the moment to an innocent enjoyment.

More than an hour passed in inspecting the light. The old captain

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took her in charge, and seemed pleased with her beauty and gayety. After all had been seen, the younger man escorted her to the stile, that she might take the path back to the hotel. She seemed to linger a moment, and, in the delightful disregard of the value of time that sea-shore people often show, the young man appeared perfectly willing to wait and talk with the handsome and vivacious stranger.

"And all this is to prevent people from being lost in wrecks?"

"'Bout the size of it, marm. For all that, there's been many a wreck along this shore in my day. Why, some years ago there was a wreck right opposite the place where the hotel stands now. More'n twenty people were lost just about where those people are bathing on the beach."

"And they are laughing and playing just where men and women have died! How dreadful it all is!"

"Lor'! that was nearly twenty years ago. I was only a small chap, but I remember the storm, and how father and the men all went down to the beach to help the few that were saved."

"Then some were saved? Tell me about it. Such things are so strange to me. I never saw the sea till last winter. It fascinates me. It is so beautiful—and cruel."

"'Tain't much to tell. The steamer struck 'bout a hundred yards from the beach. Some of her people tried to get ashore in their boats, but they were soon swamped and lost. Then the men on the beach put out a whale-boat and saved four passengers and the stewardess and two colored girls, mites of things not more'n four year old. I remember seeing the girls, for they lost all their friends, and some of our folks took 'em in and brought 'em up, and they grew up here."

"Colored children! what are they?"

"People of color,—negroes. I guess they were slaves in Savannah, where they came from. You'd never know it, though, for they were 'most white, and quite pretty girls. They went to school with the other children, and I remember we boys were quite well 'quainted with them."

"Then not all that you call people of color are black?"

"No, marm. There's some is no darker than any dark-complected white folks; no darker than you be."

Mademoiselle showed a brilliant set of teeth in a merry laugh.

"No offence, marm. They grew up to quite likely girls, and were treated just like other folks. There's some as think they are different, but I kinder guess humans is humans."

In a sense her mission to the light had failed. Yet she had obtained some information that might prove of value in the future. The snowy cumulus in the west had begun to change color and assume a threatening aspect. She had best return to the hotel. With a few pleasant words of thanks, she walked away along the path over the sand-hills, leaving the blond giant gazing after her.

"Well, that ain't Mai's style; and I'm glad of it. Pretty as a picture, but I don't believe that kind will wash."

Mademoiselle had barely time to reach the hotel before the sudden darkness of the storm spread over the sea. People were hurrying to-

wards the house from every direction, and the broad piazza was crowded with pleasure-seekers driven in like a fleet of little boats making port in stress of weather. Just at the top of the broad stairs leading to the piazza Mademoiselle met two ladies coming slowly down, as if hesitating about facing the storm.

"Mai, dear, you must stay. Wait till the storm is over. See, it will rain presently."

Mademoiselle's dress unaccountably met with some mishap just there, and she paused to adjust the difficulty.

"No, deary; father will miss me. Besides, you know I'm afraid of storms since I was a child; and somehow the light seems safer than the hotel."

"That's because you're such a child of the sea."

"I know it. I came from the sea, and storms always frighten me. I have my water-proof. I'll not need your umbrella. Good-by."

At that instant a vivid flash of lightning seemed to make an illuminated photograph of sea and sky, and a deafening crash shook the whole building. There was a moment's confusion among the people, and then some one cried out,—

"The music-stand has been struck."

"Beg pardon, mademoiselle, your friend has fainted."

Mademoiselle Rochet seemed the only one who retained presence of mind. The young girl by her side had fainted at the terrific crash, and would have fallen had not she caught her. A moment later she was laid on a sofa in the hotel parlor. Mademoiselle, among others, offered such help as she could.

"Thank you, Mademoiselle Rochet. My friend will soon recover. It has happened before. It is a constitutional dread of lightning. She had some strange experience in a storm when an infant. You are very kind. I know what to do for her. Thank you kindly."

Half an hour later Mai Johnson slowly opened her eyes in a quiet room in the hotel.

"Do you feel better, dear?"

"Has the storm passed?"

"Yes. It was very short. It's clearing away, and the sun is going down behind deep-red clouds."

"Who was she, dear?"

"Who?"

"That person. I felt her come near me, and my heart grew so cold. And then I seemed to hear the sea roar just as I sometimes do in my dreams,—an awful sound, as if everything I loved and cared for was breaking to pieces."

"Say no more, dear. I've sent for Sam. You'll be all right after a little supper, and then you can go home and dress for the hop to-night. You remember you promised to go with us?"

"Yes, I remember. I cannot go."

"Why not?"

"I hardly know. She might be there."

"How strange you are, Mai! Who might be there?"

"I do not know. That woman. The lightning lit up her face,

and I saw it as plain as day. Forgive me, deary: I couldn't go; I couldn't meet her again."

"Why, you never saw her before?"

"No, never. I don't even know her name."

"Why, it's only a fashionable dress-maker who arrived here last night. Everybody in the house is talking about her wonderful dresses. She was pointed out to me. Her name is Louise Rochet."

"It's very silly in me, I know, but somehow I cannot help it. Let me get up now. I must go home. You'll forgive me, deary: I could not come to the hop to-night. She—that Frenchwoman would be there."

Mademoiselle Rochet, being a guest of the house, was invited to the hop. There was much interest excited over the affair, for there were many who looked for some new dress that would charm, astonish, and instruct.

Mademoiselle Louise Rochet did not attend.

The hop was not a success.

VIII.

The advancing season brought more people to Wilson's Holl, and the hotel was full. A few days after the hop the afternoon boat brought a gentleman and lady to the Holl, and from the landing they drove rapidly in a light wagon to the hotel. He was a man about sixty years of age, of massive frame and fine large head with abundant hair already white. She was much younger,—a woman of soft and feminine beauty, though well past middle life. In dress the man was severely plain, the woman rich, almost ostentatious. Dress to her was a matter of profound importance, to him only a convenience.

"Very sorry, judge: every room is taken. Can give you half of one of the cottages."

"We shall want four rooms,—one for my wife, one for myself, one for my son, and a parlor. By the way, I suppose my son is here?"

"No, sir, not just now. Mr. Royal Yardstickie still keeps a room here, but he's away on Mr. Manning's yacht."

The judge seemed to be somewhat disturbed at the information given to him by the hotel clerk, though he calmly signed the register in silence, thus:

"J. H. Gearing and wife, New York."

"Will you go to the cottage at once, judge?"

The judge merely nodded in silence. He seemed to be disturbed about something, and the clerk wisely held his peace and turned to welcome other guests.

The judge and his wife walked along the planked path to the last cottage at the west of the hotel, and took possession of their new quarters. Hardly had the servant opened the rooms and left them in peace when Mrs. Judge Gearing, after carefully laying aside her extra garments, said, with just a shade of impatience,—

"I'm surprised that Royal did not come down to the landing to meet us."

"He is not here, Maria. He is away on a yacht with some friend."

"Poor boy! I'm glad of it. He's so delicate. The sea-air and the rest and quiet on the yacht will do him good."

"That's all right, Maria, and I haven't the least objection to his going; but it would have been wiser if he had given up his room at the hotel. I do wish he could be a little more thoughtful about such matters."

"Judge, Royal is an invalid. You must excuse him in some things. What could he do if he returned and found every room taken in the hotel? He might die of exposure while trying to find some place to lay his head. Poor Royal is such a sufferer after his terrible studies at Paris."

"Nonsense! When I was at Wilbraham I was assistant janitor, and made nine fires before breakfast, and was at prayers at eight every morning, and taught an evening school two miles from college five nights in the week, and was organ-blower at three services and choir-rehearsal at the First Church in the next town,—walked a mile and back at that."

"Don't, judge! It makes my poor heart bleed to think of all you suffered in your youth."

"Didn't hurt me a bit. Did me good."

"Yes, perhaps it did; but it's a most unpleasant thing to remember."

"Not at all. I had a jolly time in the First Church organ-loft, and was as hearty a young fellow as you could find in my class."

"Well, at least, dear, do not talk of it now. It's not good style in your present position. It humiliates me every time you speak of it."

"I'll not mention it down here. Court has adjourned, and we are at the beach in search of—pleasure. Ready for dinner?"

"Why, no. I can't go till the trunks come. I've nothing to wear. You go, and I'll join you as soon as possible. I wish you'd see why the trunks do not come."

"All right. I will take a little walk on the beach and meet you at the hotel."

Judge Gearing left the fantastic cottage and crossed the level white sand towards the beach. There was no need to concern himself about the trunks, for a wagon was already unloading baggage at the hotel door. Like many men who have risen through a youth of labor to a position of dignity and comparative ease, he seldom complained of those who in any way labored for his profit or convenience. The porters would do their duty. He did it when he labored with his hands: why not they? Besides, every work had its hinderances. The trunks would arrive just as quickly by waiting for them as by needlessly hurrying those who were already, no doubt, doing their duty. The world was very pleasant to Judge Gearing. His life had been fortunate in that, as far as he could decide, at this its late afternoon it had left all its probable sorrows behind. There was no longer that frightful struggle for an education that had marked his youth. He had won a considerable amount of wealth. He had married a handsome and fashionable woman who did the honors of his house with grace and

dignity. His work was comparatively easy, and it was interesting. If there was any thorn in his side, it had only just begun to smart in a petty, irritating way that might be only temporary. His wife's son had come to his home for the first time. During the first five years of his married life the judge had hardly recognized Royal Yardstickie's existence, except as an added expense, and it was only recently that the young man had returned from his supposed studies in Paris, an idler and a semi-invalid at the very age when in the judge's youth he had worked the hardest and rejoiced in the most vigorous health.

He was awakened from these reveries by the cry of a sea-bird wheeling between blue sky and blue water. Instinctively he paused and looked about. Before him lay the sea,—calm, smooth, beautiful. There were gentle waves lapping the beach in a tinkling monotone. He stood with hands folded behind him, gazing thoughtfully at the water. There was a faint sound of childish laughter on the air, and he looked along the beach and saw some children playing on the sand. He turned away and walked slowly towards the hotel.

It had come back. For years he had kept away from the sea. He had purposely avoided hearing or seeing it. Every summer he had gone to the mountains,—never to the sea-shore. His wife had often complained and said that "everybody went to the beach." Her son, she said, needed sea-air, and had been sent to Wilson's Holl for rest-cure, and then, at her earnest solicitation, they had come also.

It had come back,—the memory of that one short year of youthful happiness. The sun of his early manhood's life and love had sunk in the sea. He had thought that time had cured the wound. This first hour in solitude by the sea had brought back the one terrible grief of his life. That gray bird with its plaintive cry had opened the closed chamber of his heart. It could not be treason to his present wife if he thought once more of the dead wife of his youth as he walked beside her mighty grave, the everlasting sea. Some day it might give up its dead. He would wait the day of her coming on some more heavenly shore. He wondered vaguely if heaven had any more beautiful scene than this margin of the sea. He took a melancholy pleasure in looking at it,—for her sake. He had thought the sight might be distressing, as the sight of a grave, but he forgot the soothing fingers of time and nature that can make even graves beautiful. She was not forgotten. He thought of her now with only a sweet and tender longing for the day when the sea would really give up its dead. She would come, but not here,—not now, not now.

An hour later Mrs. Judge Gearing found her husband seated on the hotel piazza, gazing absently at the sea, now touched with the glory of a brilliant sunset.

"I have been looking everywhere for you, judge. The dining-room is open. We are most fortunate: Mademoiselle Rochet is staying here."

"Then I suppose you are entirely happy."

"I'm certainly glad, for that last piece of Surah really ought to be put in her hands. I brought it with me, thinking it was just possible she might be here. Come, shall we go to dinner?"

"Not now, Maria. Let me stay here a little while. I wish to rest and think."

"I thought you said you would leave your cases behind you."

"So I have. I was thinking—of something else. You dine with Mademoiselle. I'll join you presently."

The meeting of artist and patron could not be more charming and cordial. Both had much to say, new plans to discuss,—the one to consider robes, the other to evolve new schemes of extravagance and—revenge.

The making up of that piece of Surah absorbed all Mrs. Judge Gearing's attention the next day. Several ladies in the hotel were greatly disturbed that Mademoiselle Rochet should give all her time to the judge's wife; and Mademoiselle, with the sweetest smile possible, answered them that Madame the judge's wife was an old patron, the first, indeed, she had found in America.

The judge, left thus to himself, found time to wander alone along the shore. Naturally enough, the quaint tower of the light-house attracted his attention, and, after visiting the little village to get letters and to see if any one knew when Mr. Manning's yacht would return, he set out along the shore-path towards the light. On the way he met a sturdy young fellow in fishing-costume. His blue eyes seemed intelligent and open, and he ventured to stop and ask him if there was any one about there who might know the whereabouts of the yacht.

"Yes, sir: I'm her skipper. She's expected back here to-day. I think I sighted her 'bout half an hour ago from the light. I'm going to the village now to wait till she comes in."

The judge thanked the young man, and then went on, not wholly pleased with the news of the return of his son. He always called him that. He paid the young man's bills, and in a grim spirit of humor he called him his dear son. The young man would perhaps interrupt the half-sad, half-pleasing hours of meditation he had spent by the water. He walked slowly on towards the light, dreamily thinking of the dead past. In a certain dim way the sea seemed to speak with her voice. She was asleep somewhere in the sea, perhaps near this coast. She might be even now waiting on some other coast, looking over another everlasting sea, looking for some one to come to her. It was thus he slowly drew near to the light.

Captain Breeze Johnson had finished one duty, and sat in his wooden arm-chair on the grass by his door, waiting for the clock to tell him what to do next. By his side on the big blue boulder that formed the door-step sat Mai, sewing.

"Here's another visitor, father. You talk to him while I go in and get dinner."

With that she rose and went within-doors scarcely a moment before Judge Gearing entered the little grass-plot before the house. Who can tell why trifles stay the march of impending events? Had she remained by her father's side she would have met—what? She never knew till after months had passed and tears had unsealed her eyes.

The judge seemed to be greatly pleased with the good-natured old

pilot who sat in such homely dignity in his shirt-sleeves under the shadow of his own roof-tree, beside his own door-stone.

"Yes, sir, visitors allowed at this hour. Guess, though, it would be all right any hour o' the day. Make yourself to hum."

It was with a certain sense of long-forgotten homeliness that the judge sat down on the flat stone and made himself comfortable with the house for a back to his seat and the open door beside him. There was a feeling of getting close to nature. Perhaps he could hear her heart beat, seated thus almost on the sweet and honest ground.

"You have a charming location here."

"So I've heard tell. It's some lonesome, though, specially in winter."

"I didn't think of that. You see, we city folks think it is always summer at the beach."

"Lor'! the summer's not more'n two afternoons to us. It's gettin' ready for winter, or it's just leavin' off, 'most the year round."

"Yes, I suppose so. The sea looks calm and beautiful now, but I dare say it's wild enough at times. Even now it seems to be very sad and melancholy to me."

"Depends. If you're fishin' for mackerel you don't bother much how it looks."

"So many lives are lost in the sea. So many are buried in it."

"Sight more buried in the ground. Medders look just as pretty, for all that."

"You are right. Pardon me for speaking of such matters."

Just at this instant the judge was made aware that some one was stirring in the house behind him. There was a light, quick step, as of some young woman, within. This hint of quiet domestic life on this lonely cape thrust out into the Atlantic gave him a curious sensation, —such as one might feel in meeting lovers walking in a quiet graveyard. His love was lost long years ago in the sea, and yet here by its edge love and domestic happiness made a simple home beautiful.

As the two men sat thus in silence, each absorbed in his own thought, there was a faint, vanishing moan on the air, a cry that seemed to come from the sea.

"What is that?"

Breeze Johnson looked down at the stranger beside him in mingled surprise and wonder. The voice plainly trembled.

"I don't wonder you're scar't. Some swell come in and tilted her over, and she whistled."

"Why, what can it be?"

"Lor'! it's nothing. It's the whistling buoy. Sometimes a swell makes it speak even in a calm day like this. It's whistlin' all the time in heavy weather."

It had come back. He was surprised at the effect of this plaintive sound, like some lost soul crying in the wilderness of waters. It had shaken him to the centre of his being. He knew he was not superstitious. He did not know that even this purely mechanical sound could waken such vivid memories of the dead past.

"There are many strange sounds by the sea."

"Well, yes, tolerable variety of 'em. When I was pilotin' I knew every fog-horn from Montauk to Sandy Hook. Governm't's put to it sometimes to invent new sounds; though, I must say, one of these new bellerin' sirens is enough to make a feller's hair turn white, if he didn't know what it was, and he was to hear one a-hollerin' in the night."

In spite of the old man's quaint humor, the judge felt oppressed and ill at ease. He rose as if to go, and the captain, with ready hospitality, invited him to inspect the light-house.

"Thank you, no; not now. Another time I shall be glad to visit the light-house. If it is allowable, I should like to bring my wife to see the place."

"Glad to see you; glad to see folks any time. It's powerful lonesome here at times; and mebby if you had any papers you didn't want ——Don't get much good readin' here, generally."

"NEVER SAW A MAN GET SO PEAKED ALL OF A SUDDENT."

"With the greatest pleasure. I'll bring some books to-morrow, Captain——"

"Capt'n Johnson,—Breeze Johnson."

"Glad to know you, captain. My name is Gearing,—Judge Gearing, of New York."

"Sho! Come over any time, judge. We are allus to hum——"

"Father, dinner's ready."

This from within the house in a vigorous young voice. To Judge Gearing it came in its homely speech like a tone from his youth.

"What's the matter, judge? Feelin' unwell?"

"No. It's nothing. Perhaps I'm a little tired. I'll go back to the hotel."

"My daughter's just inside. Shan't she bring you a glass o' water, or anything?"

"Thank you, no. I'll go now. Good-afternoon, captain, and thank you for your information."

The captain stood by his door, gazing after the retreating form of his visitor. It seemed bent and aged before its time, and feeble and uncertain of step.

"Never saw a man get so peaked all of a suddent. Stroke of the heart, I guess. Comin', Mai."

It had come back. The voice of that strange girl, uncultivated, unmusical though it seemed, had "the sound of a voice that was still."

He would return to the town, to the courts, to society,—and forget.

IX.

Young Mr. Royal Yardstickie reached the hotel feeling quite at ease with himself and the world. He had enjoyed the yacht-trip hugely. The idleness, good living, personal comfort, and, above all, the entire absence of responsibility, had pleased him greatly. One little incident at the end of the voyage particularly gratified him. The blond giant of the light-house, he knew, was Jack Manning's skipper. He had seen him at the landing and heard Mr. Manning tell him to prepare to sail at once. If the "big brute," as Mr. Royal Yardstickie chose to call him, were to sail in the yacht, the coast would be clear for him at the light.

"I've captured the silly old father; and now for the girl herself."

He entered the hotel in quite a contented frame of mind. His luck had not deserted him. At the door he met a city friend.

"Ah, Yardstickie! How do? Lots fun here."

"Halloo, Beamish! What's up?"

"Hop."

"Bother hops!"

"Hop was no good. It's La Rochet."

"La Rochet! What's she? Actress?"

"No. Lamkid's gone on her. Says you know her."

"Know who? What you talkin' 'bout, old man?"

"La Rochet."

"Never heard of her. Excuse me now. Must go to room."

"Governor's here, Royal. Guess he's got room for you at one of the cottages. Come to dinner early, if you want to see Lamkid's brunette angel. Ha! ha!"

The ripple of weak laughter at the end of the tender young thing's speech seemed in some manner to irritate Mr. Royal Yardstickie, and it was in no pleasant mood that he demanded the key of his room of the hotel clerk.

"Lady taken your room, sir. Judge Gearing told me to dispose of it. Porter took your things over to cottage yesterday."

"I ordered that room, and I shall pay for it. Let the woman be turned out."

"Judge paid your bill yesterday. Porter will take your bag to the cottage, sir. Room there for you."

Knowing it would be both useless and foolish to say more, he un-

graciously tossed his hand-bag to a hall-boy and stalked moodily along the plank walk towards the fantastic cottage. His fun was over. Never mind: the judge had paid his bill at the hotel, and there was just so much money saved for other pleasures. He would see this La Rochet at dinner. Some Frenchwoman, perhaps.

"Says you know her."

The words came back to him like a sudden dash of cold water thrown in his face.

"Pshaw! what folly! That fool of a Lamkid's mistaken."

All this to himself. Seeing the judge at the door, he assumed as pleasant an air as possible, and really seemed glad to meet his respected step-father.

"Good-afternoon, sir."

"Eh, Royal! Glad to see you at home again. Your mother has missed you greatly. Come in. We have a room for you here."

"Thank you: I had a room at the hotel."

"That's all right, my son. I found you were being charged three dollars a day for it and not using it, and I had your things moved over here, that you might be near your mother."

"Thank you, sir, but I could pay for that room myself."

"We will not say any more about it. It was a useless expense till we came, and still more extravagant to have two rooms both unused."

Mr. Royal Yardstickie was not accustomed to any criticism. He had never been criticised by his mother,—more's the pity,—and his father had not lived long enough to bestow much praise or blame. To be criticised now at his time of life seemed to be especially cruel and unwarranted. He sat down on the step of the piazza, angry and sullen under the implied rebuke.

He would not stand this sort of thing any longer. He would go back to New York and do as he pleased. Then he looked moodily along the shore towards the light. That white beacon-tower seemed to lead him to other thoughts. If he could have met that strong, self-reliant nature, that woman to win and command him, before, how different his life would have been! Well, why not win her? She was poor. His mother would never forgive that. Why should he care? He had made mistakes in the past. He would love that good and sensible girl and begin life anew. New York would be very dull just now. He would put up with the judge, his father, and remain at the beach. These reflections passed very quickly, yet he took pride in them, much as a child may be proud on New Year's Day of a new set of good resolutions. "That big brute of a lover will be away for a week. She likes my style." By this he meant to say to himself that he, being the gentleman, of course would win. "Governor can't live forever, and when she knows what my share of the pile will be she'll off with me to town some fine night."

"Where's mother?"

"I'm glad your meditations have brought you to think of her."

"I was estimating how much the bill for the room will be. Of course I'll pay it."

"Oh, never mind that. I paid it. I'll deduct the amount from

your next month's allowance. Your mother has Mademoiselle Rochet with her. I haven't seen her since noon. Mademoiselle is her dress-maker."

The young man managed for the moment to conceal his anger, and then rose and entered the house. He was furious at what he fancied an insult.

"Am I a child, to be treated in this way? I'll make mother give me some money and go back to the hotel. Beamish and Lamkid are better company than the governor. Gad! I wonder who La Rochet can be. Dare say the boys have found something amusing."

He found the little house consisted of two small parlors on the lower floor, with chambers above. Opening the door into the first parlor, he discovered the room was empty.

"Busy with dress-maker. Next room, I suppose. Mademoiselle Rochet. Can't be the Rochet Beamish spoke of. He wouldn't find any fun with a dress-maker."

With that he went up-stairs and found a room where his bag and his trunk had been placed.

"Suppose this is my den. I'll make myself presentable and go down and see the creature. Lamkid says I know her. What nonsense! I couldn't know a dress-maker,—not in this country."

Just then he heard a door open below, and voices in the little hall. Every word spoken was perfectly clear in such a thin shell of a house.

"I am so much obliged to you, mademoiselle. Will you not wait and go over to the hotel with us?"

"No, I'll not wait, thank you, madame."

Then he heard another voice, and knew that the judge had spoken to his mother.

"Royal here? My son has returned, mademoiselle. You will excuse me."

"Certainly, madame. Ah! now I think of it, let me see the robe once more."

The voices died away, and he knew that the two women below had returned to the parlor. He went to the toilet-stand and threw some cold water in his face, then hastily opened his bag and took out a small flask.

"My nerves are torn to bits. Steady! It's come. There! I feel stronger."

No need to wonder who La Rochet might be. With an effort he tried to steady his nerves and to check the profuse perspiration that had broken out on his hands and face. Then the door below opened again, and he heard his mother's step.

"Are you up there, Royal?"

He managed to say, "Yes."

"Aren't you well, dear?"

"Certainly I am. I'll be down presently."

"Your voice seemed so changed, I was afraid you were unwell. Shall I come up?"

"No, mother. I'll come down at once."

It was best so. Best learn the worst at once, and put a bold face on the matter. He had often thought this meeting might some day

come. It had come in a way that was more cruel than the most relentless fate could invent. Somehow, the idleness, the irresponsibility, the sense of safety and comfort he had enjoyed on the yacht seemed already far away in the past.

The young man came slowly down the stairs, and, in a nerveless way, kissed his fond and foolish mother.

"Come into the parlor, Royal, and rest. You look dreadfully tired, Yachting is a terrible strain on the nerves."

"Let me go out of doors, mother."

"No. Come in here where it is cool and quiet. Come, I insist. Ah, mademoiselle, just going? My son has returned. Let me present him. Mademoiselle Rochet, my son, Royal Yardstickie."

The woman drew herself up and then bowed very low in silence. Not a sign on her handsome face that she cared in the slightest degree for the young man. He, on his part, hardly raised his eyes, and merely shuffled his feet in an attempt at a bow.

"Glad—meet Mademoiselle. Afternoon."

"Thank you for the honor. I must go, madame. I will return very soon and finish all there is to do to make everything just right."

"Oh, thank you, mademoiselle. You are very kind, I'm sure."

"Not at all, madame. I only desire to do what is right by you—and by myself."

"You're too conscientious, my dear mademoiselle. I'm sure we are all under great obligations to you."

"Do not speak of it, madame. I must go now, but I shall come back,—to finish my work."

The young man heard everything with startling distinctness, and clothed each word with a meaning that was known only to him—and to this woman. Mademoiselle spoke lightly and with a bright and innocent smile, that seemed to Mrs. Gearing to match the pretty shower of compliments that fell from her lips.

"Royal, dear, see Mademoiselle to the hotel, and ask the head-waiter to reserve a chair at our table for you. Of course, mademoiselle, we shall expect you at our table also."

"Thanks, madame. I shall be so honored. You tell me your son has been in Paris. I shall be glad to discuss with him the life in *la belle Paris.*"

The young man managed to keep his wits about him, and, while not daring to trust himself to speak, escorted Mademoiselle to the door. The judge eyed him sharply as they came out on the piazza, and the young man turned his face away. Mademoiselle was profuse in her parting politeness, and then said calmly to the young man,—

"You are very kind to go with me. I thank you. I am often timid. Some men one meets are so rude."

He knew this was a command to accompany her and a veiled insinuation he dared not resent. He would have laughed at any other time at her wit, did it not sting, were it not so bitter.

Mrs. Gearing stood gazing after them as they went along the walk.

"Poor boy! He's far from well. I'm afraid the sea-air does not agree with him."

"Oh, he's all right, Maria. I've been talking with him about money-matters, and I'm glad to see he shows a repentant spirit."

"Yes, dear boy. He means to do right. It's a great pity he couldn't find some good sensible girl who would take care of him. If he were safely married he would be very happy."

The declining sun touched with gold the fleecy sky, deepened the purple on the sea, and lit up the olive-green pines behind the hotel with dull fire. The day was declining in peace. There was a sound of music and the laughter of children on the air. To the young man it was all a mockery. He could not find words to express his anger and helplessness.

"It is a pleasant evening, sir."

"How did you follow me, Julie? How did you dare to come here?"

"Sir! Whom do you address?"

"What folly, Julie! I could not recognize you before my mother."

"Did I recognize you? No. I am not ready for that. It come later. Listen. After tea I walk on the beach towards that light-house. There will be few there, except the lovers, and they not mind us."

"Meet you alone, Julie,—on the beach, after dark?"

"Why not? If any silly creatures of the hotel meet us I take your arm, and you say, 'Gentlemen, my wife.' We come now to the hotel. You shall escort me to the mother's table in the supper-room. You shall entertain me. I am Mademoiselle Louise Rochet,—robes and habits,—of New York, late of Paris."

X.

"Told you Yardstickie knew La Rochet."

"Looks like it."

"Yes. Came in with her. Escorted her to seat. See him?"

"Yes. Talking friendly enough."

"Beamish, my boy, we'll have lots fun yet."

Just as she had said, he held his head high through it all. He entered the hotel talking lightly and pleasantly as to any handsome woman it was his duty to attend. He left her for a space, and then when she appeared in a ravishing and most expensive costume he led her to the dining-room without a tremor or sign of aught save perfect self-possession. As for La Rochet, she was all life, graciousness, and good-humor. He laughed at her wit, and in a certain way felt once more the charm of her presence. She was most cordial, and he felt it the wisest plan to accept the little pleasure of the moment and forget the night that was to come.

"Beamish, boy! lost!"

"Yes. Gone."

"Poor boy! Yardstickie's good enough fellow—weak, though."

"What do after supper?"

"Beach."

"No good. Going to stay here. Make Royal present me."

"He won't do it. Selfish 'bout such things."

"Pretty face. What will girl at light say?"

"What girl?"

"Haven't you heard?"

"No. Royal gone again?"

"Yes. Come out after supper. Tell you 'bout her."

"Done. Beach now?"

"Might's well."

Mrs. Judge Gearing was greatly pleased, on reaching the supper-room with her husband, to find that her son looked so much better. He seemed to have made good progress in making the acquaintance of Mademoiselle Rochet, and was more amiable and talkative than usual. As for the judge, he had no special liking for Mademoiselle, and, while always attentive to his wife's guest, held her somewhat aloof, as if he either felt no interest in her or in some way did not approve of her. Finding on this particular occasion that the younger man was quite able to entertain her, he fell to speculating on what sort of woman she might be. She had come to their home purely on business, and had been taken up by his wife as a "discovery." He had often heard his wife say that she "discovered Mademoiselle Rochet." Precisely what this meant he did not know. He did know, however, that the woman had spent weeks at a time in their house, and that the cost of clothing for his wife had in four months increased over fivefold. Now that they had come to the beach she had turned up again, and was living with them almost as one of the family. Who was she? Was she married or single? And who were her parents? He had very little confidence in the fact that she called herself Mademoiselle. It might be assumed for effect, just as a worthy matron of six children may be Miss Smith or Miss Brown on the stage. Twice at the table he glanced at her and wondered if she was purposely putting forth all her powers of fascination on his son. She was certainly handsome, dangerously handsome, and the young man was evidently greatly pleased with his new acquaintance.

As for the fond and foolish mother, she was charmed to find her son so much interested and entertained.

"Poor boy! He sadly needs to be cheered by some bright and pleasant woman,—though, of course, it would never do. I must warn poor Royal against thinking that a mere dress-maker, however well off or brilliant, would ever be a suitable person."

This to herself, knowing nothing of all that passed between these two young people idly talking together in a hotel dining-room.

For the young man the meeting was like walking on thin ice, all sparkle and glitter on the surface and with black cold water beneath. At any moment he might find himself sinking into unknown depths of despair, and yet he must go gayly on, over whatever dangers she might lead him.

Three hours passed, and Mr. Royal Yardstickie pleaded a desire to smoke, and left the cottage and went out into the night. His mother remonstrated, and begged him to stay with her at home: she had not seen him for three weeks, and now on this first night he must go out to wander alone on the beach. He promised to return very soon, and

then went out towards the hotel. As he approached the brightly-lighted building he left the plank walk and struck across the beach in the shadow of the music-stand.

Would she be there? No use to ask the question. He knew too well that she would keep her word. Should he meet her? Why not go back home and ignore her, refuse ever to meet her again? Why not turn aside and go another way down to the light-house? He could see its rays slowly sweeping the vast horizon with a pencil of light. If it could only be a beacon to guide him to peace and safety! There was a good woman. If he had met her first how different it might have been! Not knowing precisely what he would do, he again turned away from the water-side, and took another and more distant path towards the light-house. He did not actually think of calling on Mai Johnson, yet he felt a certain instinct to be near her, just as a bird seeks a light in the night.

Suddenly a soft voice spoke behind him.

"Royal—husband."

"What do you want?"

"Why do you walk so fast? I saw you turn aside. That is not your road. Come, let us go down by the water. It is quiet there."

"Great heavens, Julie! what do you mean to do? What do you want of me?"

"Very little, Royal. Only justice—and your love, unless it is dead."

"Don't you see this is very imprudent? How did you manage to get to this country? How did you fasten yourself on my mother?"

"I fasten to the mother? No. It was she took me up. She discover me, she say."

"How did you get away from Paris?"

"My uncle die, Royal, soon after you left me,—oh, it was so cruel in you!—my uncle in Rouen die, and leave me twenty thousand francs."

"Twenty thousand francs?"

"Yes, in good money. I follow you, of course, with that. I set up a shop in the Fifth Avenue, and charge high. Oh! these American women so foolish."

"You always were a good dress-maker, Julie. It's all you are fit for."

"So! It pleases you to say that. I shall remember it."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean you marry me,—you leave me,—I follow you. I quite rich now, for a dress-maker. You acknowledge me, and I give it all up. You refuse, and I go on making dresses, but I change my sign on the Fifth Avenue,—Mrs. Royal Yardstickie: Modes. The judge he dislike me. He will be so proud when he see my card. Ha! ha! I make no more dresses for the mother then. She discover me no more."

"For heaven's sake, Julie, don't speak so loud! There are people coming along the path now."

"Your arm, Royal. I wrap my veil about me. None know me."

She had taken his arm, and, observing two persons approaching in the darkness, he did not dare to withdraw it.

"It is some silly creatures from the hotel. Let us move on and pass them."

"Evening, Royal."

"Oh! How are you, Beamish?"

"Evening, Yardstickie."

"That you, Lamkid? Fine night."

Most unaccountably Mademoiselle's veil slipped just at this instant, and fell to the ground. She stooped to pick it up, but Mr. Beamish was too quickly gallant, and caught it and offered it to her.

"Thank you. You are very kind."

Instead of taking it and moving on, she withdrew her arm from Mr. Yardstickie's and calmly stood still and readjusted the truant veil over her head.

"How very awkward! Have you a pin, Mr. Yardstickie?"

Mr. Lamkid offered her a tiny cushion filled with pins.

"Thank you, Mr.—Mr.——"

"Mr. Lamkid, mademoiselle. Mademoiselle Rochet, Mr. Lamkid; Mr. Beamish, mademoiselle."

She bowed most gracefully to both, and the gentle young things bowed too, and mentally cursed the darkness that prevented a clearer view of La Rochet.

"You go to the music, I presume?" said Mademoiselle, sweetly.

"Ah, yes, we thought of it."

"So sorry! we are going to the light-house."

A moment later they had parted, the tender young things greatly pleased at what they called an adventure, Mr. Royal Yardstickie incensed beyond measure.

"That stupid Lamkid! He's just enough of a Molly to carry a pincushion."

"I'm sure he was more polite than my husband."

"The idiots will tell every one in the hotel that they met us."

"They will say they met Mademoiselle Rochet and Mr. Yardstickie."

"I believe, Julie, you dropped your veil on purpose."

"I did. I wanted to see what you would do. You are not so pleasant as in Paris. Once you would spring to pick it up and tie it on with such ardor that you would disarrange my hair. It is well. I know now what I shall do."

"What will you do?"

"My friend, it depends on you. Acknowledge me as your wife, and all will be well. I shall drop the shop and be a good wife,—as good as an American wife. And the twenty thousand francs,—I have more than that now, for I do very well on the Fifth Avenue,—I keep them for you."

"I can't, Julie. I cannot and will not."

"You will not?"

"No."

"Oh, Royal! You cannot mean it? After all you said in Paris!"

"I don't care what I said. It's all over now. We were never really married."

"Not married! Can you prove it?"

"Can you prove that we were?"

To his amazement, she sank upon the sand at his feet with a cry as of one who is grievously hurt.

"I did not tell you. The ship I crossed in was wrecked. I escaped with only my life and one robe. My marriage-paper—what you call it—was in my trunk,—lost."

"And the money too?"

"Oh, to think you say that now! No: the money was sewed in my robe. I save that."

He offered his hand as if to assist her.

"Can I help you, Mademoiselle Rochet?"

"No," she cried. "I can help myself." She rose quickly, shook the sand from her dress, and said, in a hard, constrained voice,—

"Mademoiselle Rochet. I understand now."

Without another word she turned and walked slowly away in the darkness.

For a moment the young man stood hesitating between two ways. Then he turned and walked slowly towards the light-house.

He had chosen his path.

Far out at sea a cold gray mist swept swiftly and silently towards the shore.

The young man went on, not thinking of what was before him. Behind him in the darkness, stifling a sob of mingled grief and indignation, came another figure, closely veiled, and—following him.

XI.

The little path where they had parted wandered with many a curve over the sand towards the light-house. It was nearer the road and the woods than the more direct path along the shore, and it led through tall rank beach-grass and past clumps of wild vines and stunted shrubs. As it was seldom used, except by wandering lovers and children, it was not easily traced in the night.

The young man had not gone many steps before he found he had strayed from the right path. As the light was in plain sight across the sands, he thought it easy to walk directly towards it and not mind the path. An instant later he tripped over some wild vine and fell heavily, tearing his hand on some hidden thorns. By the fragrance he knew he had touched some wild rose that had found a foothold in a little hollow in the sand.

A wiser man would have looked about for the path. An imaginative man might have thought it an ill omen and turned back. Possessed of little wisdom, and having more superstition than fancy, he doggedly got up and went on directly towards the light. There was a slight swell in the sand just ahead, and as he mounted it he was surprised at the change that had come over the scene. A damp cold fog had suddenly come in from the sea. There was a yellow nimbus round the light-house tower. The level beam of light travelling slowly round the horizon seemed to be a gigantic sword turning every way against all who came near. The appearance of the light was so strange that

he paused to look at it. The silence was profound. He was wrapped in drifting mist, alone with that flaming sword of light wheeling in vast circles round the sky.

Suddenly his nerves shook with absolute fear. Somewhere off to the left a dismal hooting came through the fog. A screech-owl in the woods gave its opinion of life and the world. To the young man it seemed like the cry of a lost soul. Not enough of a woodsman to know what it might be, he thought it a human cry; and it was only when he turned aside towards the shore that he began to think it might be some unknown wild creature in the forest.

At that moment a solitary wave burst upon the shore with startling distinctness. He must be very near the beach. He must move cautiously, lest he fall over the low bluff by the shore. The water ran screaming back, and then he heard again the harsh hooting behind him. He paused to listen. It seemed more distant, as if the bird had moved away. He would waste no more time in foolish fears. It was only some wild creature straying down to the shore from the deeper woods in the centre of the island.

The next instant he stepped upon something that moved, and instantly he sprang back in a little tremor of alarm. Something rustled in the grass. Drops of cold perspiration started on his face and hands. The unknown was terrible, and, though he had never seen a rattlesnake, his guilty heart proclaimed one in the grass. He could not reason with himself how unlikely this was, or that it was some harmless snake innocently asleep in the beach-grass, or perhaps some still more innocent toad.

Before he fairly recovered from this weak fright he was stunned with a deafening, roaring clang. It was the fog-bell at the light. Its murmurous note rose and fell in tremulous waves of sound that seemed to chill his heart. To his surprise, he found he was close up to the white fence of the light-house grounds. The immense fog-bell had been started, and would boom and roar at intervals through the night. Again the surf roared in the darkness off to the right.

The young man steadied himself against the damp picket fence and tried to laugh away his fears, but at that instant there was a hoarse cry in the air overhead. A wild goose sailed "honking" through the darkness. To Royal Yardstickie it was an unearthly cry,—a frantic yell of despair. An instant later there was a crash of falling glass, and a bright light close beside him.

A girlish voice, brave and confident, spoke:

"Who's there?"

"It's me. It's only me."

The light came nearer, shedding a little globe of yellow light on the mist and half revealing a youthful figure in black.

"Who is it? What do you want here?"

"It's only Mr. Yardstickie, Miss Johnson."

"Oh! I thought it might be some tramp, or some one lost in the fog. I have just wound up the——"

A roaring clang from the bell cut short her speech. As the wavy humming sound died away, she finished:

"—the fog-bell. Some bird must have dashed into the light. I heard the glass break. Won't you come in?"

"Well, no, thank you,—not now. Fact is, I lost my way in the fog. I'll find the right path and go home."

"Take the lantern. You'll need it."

She drew near and held the lantern up to him over the fence. The light shone on her face, but behind her there stood a gigantic shadow on the mist,—fantastic and threatening.

"Why, how cold you look!"

"I am a little chilly. It's all right. Thank you for the lantern. I'll go back now."

"You'll excuse me, because I must go in and help father about the poor bird that tried to get at the light."

"That you, Mai?" said a voice in the darkness.

"Yes, father. What is it?"

"Got a fat goose. Killed itself ag'in' the light. Come help me fix the windy. Hulloo! that you, Mr. Yardstickie? Come and dine with us to-morrow,—wild goose and apple-sass. Come in, Mai, and help me. Good-night, Mr. Yardstickie."

The lantern in his hand seemed to rattle. It was strange how his hand shook. By the aid of the tiny circle of light he followed the white fence towards the water. As he turned that way a cold wind blew in his face, and over the invisible water came a faint, blood-chilling moan. His very heart stood still with terror. Then he remembered the buoy, and tried to reassure himself and follow the fence till he should meet the path. Again the moan,—this time at his very feet. He started forward, and there, fallen on the wet grass beside the yellow boulder that he knew so well, lay a form in black. He held the lantern with a trembling hand over the prostrate figure. It moaned slightly, and he stooped and drew aside the black lace veil. It was Julie,—Julie La Favre,—his wife.

Her face was wet with mist or tears. Her hair lay in dark disordered strands over her neck and shoulders, and her cloak had burst apart at her white throat. She opened her eyes and looked at him, and then closed them slowly and tried to turn away. Putting the lantern on the ground, he lifted her gently and placed her on the big yellow stone. She seemed to revive a little, and once more opened her eyes and tried to speak, but at that instant came the awful clang of the great bell over their heads. She closed her eyes and shivered. As the murmurous sound died away in ripples of tone, she put out her hand to him.

"Help me, husband. Take me home. That bell is killing me. I was sitting here, waiting for you, when the fog came up, and then I didn't dare to move, till that awful bell struck. I heard that—that girl—come out and wind it up with horrid clankings. Why don't you help me? Give me your arm. Take me home, husband; take me home."

"I shall be glad to help you back to the hotel——"

"No,—to your home. It's safer there."

"We can't now. Come, mademoiselle. You are cold and tired——"

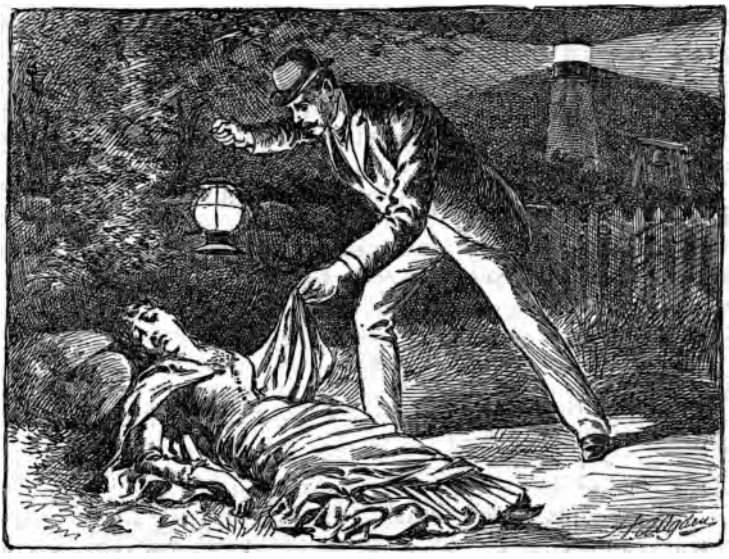
"Oh, I remember now. Yes, I saw you,—I saw you talking with her. She knew you were coming to see her, and came out to meet you with the lantern. I hate her!"

"It is false, Julie."

"Oh, I know; I know. I have heard it all from those silly women while I fix their habits. She is stealing you from me. I've seen her pretty black eyes and her curly hair. I know her. I know what she is and where she came from."

"Take my arm, mademoiselle. Let us return to the hotel."

She rose in silence and took his arm, and they both walked along the path through the darkness in a little moving circle of light like an island in a sea of gloom.



"IT WAS JULIE LA FAVRE,—HIS WIFE."

"You are right to move away. She might hear me. Ah! she will hear me—some day."

"You must be very careful what you do. You might compromise us both. If my father knew, not a cent would I ever get. I'd starve in the street."

"And if the mother knew, she would discover me no more."

Again the great bell clanged behind them. He felt her arm tremble at the sound.

"Oh, Royal, husband, why must it be? Take me home. I will love you again,—better than she can. We were so happy—in Paris."

She seemed quite cowed and broken in spirit, and for a moment or two he went on in silence, thinking bitterly of Paris and the past.

"We make a home in New York. I grow rich very fast. None shall ever know. We have a little flat, as in Paris. I to my business go every day, you to your business, and we have our home, and—oh, Royal, I send for him."

"Send for whom?"

"You do not know? Oh, husband! it came—your son."

She clung to him and weighed heavily on his arm.

"It is in Paris,—with my sister; you remember?—Jeannette. It is like you. It has your mother's eyes. I weep at night that it does not sleep on my breast. Tell me to send for it. Why do you not speak? Ah! you have let fall the lantern. It has gone out. Look! What is that?"

"It's nothing. Don't cling to me so. It's the light of the hotel shining through the mist. Hush! you can hear the music. There must be a dance to-night."

"You speak of music and dance to me! It is well! I now understand. Come not with me. I go back to the hotel alone."

She moved away, hesitated, came back and stood before him, pleading mutely. He turned away from her towards the sea. The drifting fog seemed to lift, and for an instant the sword of light from the tower swept over the wet grass between them.

"I say no more. The tears are dried out of my eyes. I see what to do."

And she was gone,—lost in the damp cold mist that again swept in from the sea and covered him as with a shroud.

XII.

Young Mr. Royal Yardstickie had very little appetite for breakfast the next morning. He had come over to the hotel with the judge and his mother, with a feeling of apprehension. What would she do, how conduct herself, after the meeting of the night before? A chair had been placed at the table for Mademoiselle Rochet, but she was unaccountably late. As soon as the meal was finished, Mrs. Gearing suggested that Royal ascertain why she had not appeared.

"I hope she is not unwell. The work is in just such a state that I can do nothing more to the dress without her aid. Ask at the office, Royal, if she has been to breakfast."

"Maria! Why not let one of the servants do this? Why should Royal be hunting up a stray dress-maker?"

"I'm going past the office. I can inquire."

He did. The result was somewhat unexpected.

"Mademoiselle Rochet and her maid had breakfast at six o'clock, and took the first boat for New London."

"Not gone to New York?"

"Yes, sir. Said she wished her trunks sent on by express to New York."

"I should think she would have taken them with her."

"Guess she's going abroad by to-morrow's steamer. She was asking

last night about the sailings. Quite welcome, sir. Sorry we can't give you more information."

Seeing his mother coming from the dining-room, he decided to wait till she reached the cottage before telling her the news. The poor lady was dreadfully upset at the loss of her dress-maker. The unfinished Surah was put away in a trunk with lavender, and she put herself in bed with a headache.

As for the young man, the experience of the night was like a bad dream. Just as the fog had melted before the sunshine, so his fears had faded away. Julie, whom he regarded only as a burden and hinderance, had taken herself off, perhaps forever. The blond giant had sailed away, and would be gone a week or more. His luck had not deserted him. He would have a little amusement for a few days in peace.

In an hour or two Mrs. Judge Gearing felt more resigned. She thought perhaps a walk would do her good, and, after carefully selecting a suitable robe, she accepted her husband's invitation to visit the light-house. As they reached the yellow boulder at the stile, she seemed to take pleasure in the nearness of the water and the peace and beauty of the spot.

"Let us go down there and sit on the rocks close to the water."

There seemed to be no reason why they might not do this, and presently they had descended to the beach and were walking over the polished rocks below the sea-wall. The tide was low, and the wet rocks next the water were festooned with olive-green rock-weed. At one place there was a little hollow in the rocks filled with limpid sea-water and lined with white barnacles,—a microcosm of sea-life. The barnacles opened their double doors and thrust out white feathery fingers. A hermit crab tumbled over the limpets, and a rose-colored sea-anemone bloomed like a living pink chrysanthemum under the water.

Mrs. Gearing was charmed, and would sit down on the rocks and gaze into this magic mirror of life.

"I suppose it's safe?"

"Oh, perfectly,—if you sit still."

"It's the most wonderful thing I ever saw. And the air is so delicious here. See how pure and what a beautiful green the water is."

"Yes. It must be pretty deep just there."

For half an hour they sat in silence on the rocks, looking at the limpid pool beside them, and studying the drama of its life, for two hermit crabs, scarce an inch long, sidled about over the barnacles, touching the anemone and making its pink petals shrink, and finally indulging in a fierce combat, that lasted at least two minutes. As time thus pleasantly passed, the moon drew all the sea after it, and lifted the whole mass of the water nearer to their feet.

The judge seemed silent and oppressed. The "sound of a voice that was still" seemed to linger round the place. There were restless movings in the sea, and once there was a splash of white foam on the rocks below.

"The tide is rising. We cannot stay here much longer."

"Oh, no! Let me stay as long as possible. This delicious air and the smell of the sea is doing me good."

"Very well. You sit here a few minutes, while I go up and see the old fellow at the light."

"You will not go far?"

"No: just a step or two. You sit perfectly still till I return. I shall not be gone long."

Seeing that his wife was comfortable and safe, he went back over the rocks to the end of the sea-wall. It was only instinct,—he felt it could be no more,—and yet it drew him by some strange attraction to the light-house. He would see to whom that voice with its touch of memory belonged.

Captain Breeze Johnson was at home, at leisure, and ready to talk.

Hardly had the judge disappeared when his wife heard light, firm footsteps behind her. She turned her head and saw a young girl standing on the rocks not far away. Her dark, oval face, piercing black eyes, and wavy hair suggested some Southern blood,—Spanish, perhaps. She was plainly dressed, and seemed strong and vigorous. Some native girl from the village, apparently.

"It's hardly safe to sit there, ma'am, with the tide rising."

"Not safe! Mercy! Where is my husband?"

"Don't rise. There! If you must get up, stand still till I come to you."

The lady, somewhat startled at the girl's appearance and her warning words, tried to rise, and, after some trouble with her voluminous skirts, managed to gain her feet. At that instant the green water rose swelling close beside her, and the olive rock-weed floated and swayed with a dizzy motion.

"Stand still—— Oh!"

How it happened she did not know. The first sensation she felt was of intense cold, and then of vivid green light, and then darkness. Some one seized her, and then she forgot everything—till she awoke on a strange bed.

A shout and a plunge startled the two men, and they ran round the little house towards the water. Breeze Johnson took a flying leap from the sea-wall and landed like a cat on the rocks below.

"Hold her up, Mai! I'm comin'. Here! give me your hand. Let her go. I've got her. Scrabble out and lend a hand."

Judge Gearing could not tell how he got down to the wet and slippery rocks. He was there in time to help the captain lift his wife from the water, and then they took her gently to the little house and laid her on a bed. Behind them came a young girl calmly wringing the water from her clinging clothing. As they reached the chamber she said,—

"She's all right, father. She's fainted,—out of fright. She wasn't in the water a quarter of a minute 'fore I had her head up and was striking out for the rocks. You telephone to the village for a wagon, and I'll fix her dress, and——"

"She is not dead, miss?"

"Of course not. She'll revive presently. Don't worry, sir. I'll take care of her. You go with father and hurry up the wagon while I change some of her clothes. Guess one of my dresses will fit her."

Judge Gearing recognized the truth of what the girl said. Her homely speech and evident skill and confidence reassured him. He could see that it was only a faint, due to fright or the sudden fall, and he slowly left the room, closing the door behind him. In the little hall he heard the voice of the old man calling through the telephone for "a team to the light quicker nor lightnin'."

He stepped out the open door and bared his head to the soft sweet air.

Again! Again the sea had nearly claimed another offering! His wife—the beloved of his youth—had long been asleep in the sea. What fate had tried to snatch again at his heart? He heard voices through the open window of the little chamber. His wife had revived,—had come back. His wife! Was she speaking again? It was that voice, still all these years. It seemed as if the two wives spoke face to face. For a moment it seemed as if his heart would never move again. It had died in his breast. What irony of fate had given two voices, separated by years and by death, tones as like as those of two violins made by the same hand?

"It's all right, judge. Mai says the lady's revived and wants to go hum."

"How can I ever thank you for all she did?"

"Mai? Lor'! That wasn't much. She can swim like a duck and dive like a flounder. I taught her to swim 'fore she was five years old. Sakes alive! if there ain't two barges comin' 'long the road and racin' to see which 'll get here first. I telephoned I'd give a half-dollar to the team that got here first. Mai! Oh, I guess she ain't lookin' for any thanks. She only done her duty,—just as she done it before. Mai's a good girl, though she is my darter and I say it as shouldn't."

The two barges drove up to the entrance of the light-house grounds in frantic haste. The Fairy Queen was clearly ahead, and won the captain's half-dollar. Judge Gearing put a bill in each driver's hand, and then they went in to bring the poor lady out. She did not seem to require much help, and soon appeared at the door, clad in one of Mai Johnson's dresses. She was pale and nervous, but otherwise quite herself, and the judge, too thankful and happy to think of anything but her safety, assisted her into the big barge, and it was driven rapidly away towards the hotel.

The news of the accident and rescue quickly spread, and when that evening the judge and his wife appeared in the hotel supper-room they were overwhelmed with congratulations. Young Mr. Royal Yardstickie heard of it also, and was extremely happy over his mother's rescue. It had done no harm beyond a fright and a wetting, and he thought he saw in the event something that would greatly contribute to his advantage. He knew that, of course, the judge would go over to the light with some kind of reward. If it could be arranged so that he could deliver the reward or convey to the girl some hint that he had assisted in getting it for her, she would receive him more kindly and be more friendly with him. That she would refuse any reward, particularly if it took the form of money, never entered his mind.

He would find out first what the judge intended to do. On reach-

ing the cottage after supper he found the judge and his mother in the little parlor. A lamp had been lighted, and on the table were writing-materials. Just as he had guessed. The judge had been making out a check.

"The girl was very brave, my dear, and I want very much she should be suitably rewarded. If I hadn't cut that piece of Surah I should give it to her. Of course it's out of the question to give her any of my dresses; they would not fit her; and I'm very glad you mean to take a check over to her. It ought to be as much as a hundred dollars."

"I've made it a thousand, Maria."

"Oh! I'm not sure I'd do that. A thousand dollars is a good deal of money."

Royal Yardstickie thought it was,—a good deal of money.

"I'd make it five thousand, my dear, if I thought the girl would take it."

"Oh, she'll take it; I know she will, mother."

"Why," said the judge, turning sharply on the young man, "how do you know? You're acquainted with the family?"

"Well, yes. I've called there once or twice."

"Oh, I'm so glad, Royal! You can go over with us and introduce the girl to me. What kind of a girl is she, my son?"

"Oh, very pleasant sort of person,—quite unaffected and natural. Lived here all her life. She's the old man's only daughter, I hear."

"We might as well go to-night, Maria. It is not a long walk, and I want to give the reward to the girl with my own hands and to thank her personally for all she did for us."

"Royal, you must go with us. I'm very anxious that the girl be presented to me. Come, let us go at once. Royal, dear, can I trouble you to carry a little bundle? It's the girl's dress; and I dare say she will want to wear it to-morrow."

Royal Yardstickie seldom carried bundles,—it was not good form, he said,—yet, under the circumstances, he would do it. The judge and his wife walked before, and the young man followed after at a little distance. His luck had returned. Julie had taken herself out of his way. He had shaken her off, and she had given up all claim to him almost without a struggle. Now he was to appear before the other girl in a new and more amiable light. The prospect seemed very pleasant, for he felt sure that the acquaintance about to be put on a recognized footing might be made to grow up to something better. In any event, he would be sure of a very pleasant time while he remained at the beach.

Captain Breeze Johnson came to the door, candle in hand, and seemed somewhat surprised to see the party.

"Come right in. Glad to see you. Evenin', Mr. Yardstickie. Come right in and make yourselves to hum. Sorry Mai's not to hum. Went to the village not more'n five minutes ago. Guess she'll be back 'fore long."

The young man presented his mother to the captain, and she held out two fingers to him, but he took her two hands in his big brown fist and shook them warmly.

"Powerful glad to see you, marm. Lor'! 'twarn't nothin'. Mai'd done it for anybody. Don't speak of thanks. It wasn't a thing worth speakin' of. Glad she was round to help you. Mai's handy in the water. I taught her to swim 'fore she was five years old."

The judge began to regret the check in his pocket. It was plain that the old man would be deeply hurt at any suggestion of reward. More than likely the daughter would decidedly refuse any money reward. If she was to be rewarded at all, it must be done in some more delicate and more acceptable way.

"We are very sorry your daughter is not at home. We brought something for her that I trust she will accept. Judge, perhaps, as the girl is not here, you can give it, with my respects, to her father."

"Now, marm, excuse me. Mai's not wantin' for anything. If it's a piece of calicker you have in that bundle, Mai couldn't take it."

"Oh, that bundle is only her dress, Captain Johnson. It's your daughter's frock she loaned to me to wear home. What the judge brought to her is a piece of paper."

This last she said with great meaning, but the old man either did not understand or pretended not to understand, for he said,—

"Piece o' paper? Oh! mebby you mean a bill. Well, no; Mai ain't wantin' anything just now."

"My dear," said the judge, "the captain will, of course, excuse us if we ever thought of such a thing as offering a reward to his daughter. Still, we feel very grateful to her, and to you too, captain, and if there is any way in which we can show our gratitude we shall be glad to know it."

Mr. Royal Yardstickie had been lost in thought for a moment or two, and he now went to his mother and spoke quietly to her. She seemed greatly pleased at what he said.

"Excellent idea, my son. We'll do it."

"What is it, Maria? What do you wish to do?"

"Why, it seemed to me that, as we shall return to New York soon, it would be a very pleasant thing if we took Miss Johnson back with us for a little visit."

"Capital! Don't say a word, captain. We will not take no for an answer. Your daughter must travel with us for a week or two and then make us a visit in New York. I confess I'm tired of the beach. Suppose we take Miss Johnson to Saratoga with us to-morrow."

XIII.

Mai Johnson came slowly back from the village along the shore-path. The night was calm and pleasant, and the tide was low. The level sands left bare by the retreating waters lay black under the quiet night, silent and expectant. The sea would come back, and the abundant life that dwelt there waited patiently for the waters that would bring food and shelter. In some vague fashion the night, the bare stretches of sand and piles of rocks festooned in rock-weed dimly seen under the stars, oppressed her. There seemed to be a shadow spreading,

half seen, half felt, over her young life,—a something advancing from the Unknown.

A languid breeze stirred the salt grass by her path, and the air was fragrant with the breath of the sea. A wave broke over the low rocks somewhere on the edge of the shoals. The tide had turned. The waters were again advancing to cover the land. By some odd connection of ideas she remembered how the young flood crept over the wet sands on the shoals. She had many a time, as a child, stood perhaps with bare little legs at the very verge of low tide and seen the first advancings of the flood, seen the water run with tiny fits and starts over the sand, gaining a little here and a little there, submerging a blanched shell and brimming a little pool where the green sea-lettuce waved its beautiful leaves in the limpid water. So it might be in her young life. It had been fair and calm, with youthful pleasures slowly melting into womanly joys without a thought of stress or trial. She had grown up with Sam. He had been as a brother to her, and now he was to be more than a brother. Even now she held in her hand a letter from him. She must hasten home and read it, and forget these dull forebodings born of the night and the tide.

At the door she met her father.

"Come in, Mai. More'n ordinary goin's on since you went away. That lady and the judge, her husband, have been here, and they are goin' home to New York and want you to go with them for a visit. The lady's quite set on it; and as for the judge, he wouldn't hear a word but you must go."

"Go to New York, father! How can I? What would Sam say should he come home and find I had gone away?"

"I guess you could get back 'most as soon as he does. It would do you good, Mai. They are real nice folks, and were so set on your goin' that I said I guessed you'd go; and they seemed real pleased about it."

"I've a letter from Sam. Let me read it and see when he is coming back. Why, he sent this ashore at Wood's Holl! They are going as far east as Mount Desert, and then—yes, then they sail direct for New York."

"I declare, Mai, it's comin' out just right. You go with the judge's folks, and when Sam gets to New York he can call and bring you hum."

"Sam says it will be in about three weeks, if the wind is fair and there's not much fog."

"Just 'bout the time you'd be thinkin' of comin' back. Never seen things work so slick. I'm real glad I told the judge you would go. He says they would like to start to-morrow afternoon."

"I've never been to New York, father."

"Do you good, Mai, to see something of the world. I can get along first-rate till you come home. Mrs. Glass will run over every day and look after the house while you're away."

The young girl sat for some time gazing intently at the little lamp on the table. It seemed as if something new had appeared in her life. A rising tide of curiosity, pleasure, and anticipation had crept into her

heart, stirring new thoughts and new desires, awakening new ambitions. Was this lonely spot of land all in the world to her? Were there not other things besides the homely duties of the light, the simple interests of the little village? Why should she not accept this chance to see the greater world of towns? Why should she not have something of the experience that other girls she had met had passed through? She had one short glimpse of city life years ago when she visited Providence. She saw and appreciated the advantages that women like Miss Boylston had enjoyed. Why were not such things for her? To her surprise, she found a new awakening in her own heart and mind, as if in some vague way she guessed she herself might be fitted for a wider and nobler life than that behind her. Why should she not accept this sudden chance to see and do what other and more fortunate girls saw and did? Why not accept this gracious and well-meant kindness, this delicately-offered reward for the saving of this woman's life? Why not—except for love?

The old man urged her to go. Her young nature prompted her to accept this unexpected pleasure. She would write a long letter to Sam and tell him to meet her in New York and bring her home. It was nearly midnight before she finished the letter, and then she left it unsealed on the little table in her chamber.

"I must ask them to-morrow where they live in New York, and then add it to the letter."

She fell asleep happy with expectation, and in silence round the lonely house rose the resistless tide, covering again all the bared secrets of the sea. Not a ripple disturbed the water, and, save when a languid wave broke on the rocks, not a sound disturbed her dreams of the pleasures before her.

Judge Gearing was very silent on his way back to the cottage. At the door he bade his wife and her son go in: he would take a little walk along the shore and do some thinking. He had had only a momentary glance at the face of this young girl who in some curious fashion spoke with his dead wife's voice. What strange repetition of nature was it that caused two voices to be so alike? The face suggested nothing. He had only seen the girl in the excitement of the rescue, and there was nothing in it to suggest the least relation, except perhaps the color of the hair and eyes, between features and voice,—between the living and the dead.

Would it be treason to his present wife to take this girl, whose every tone was such an echo "of a voice that was still," to his house, even for a visit? Would not the child continually remind him of the wound in his heart? No. She was a stranger, to whom they were all deeply indebted, and the mere accident of her voice would not draw him from the love and respect of the woman who was his wedded wife.

As for young Mr. Royal Yardstickie, he was entirely contented with the events of the night. The girl was to go home with them for a visit of two or three weeks. In her presence he would every day find amusement, and perhaps an incentive to a better life.

"If I could marry a girl like that I'd be all right. Sorry the old man at the light wouldn't let her stay more than three weeks. It don't

matter much. I can do a good deal in that time, if I lay myself out to do it. Curse that Julie! I'm glad she's taken herself off. It was all the little fool could do; and I don't want to see her again as long as I live."

Then he slept the sleep of the unjust, and was content—for the time. About the cottage also rose in stealth and silence the tide, hiding the black, blank spaces where crawl low, strange things born among dank weeds and the bones of dead creatures. So in the young man's life rose the tide of selfishness, hiding the past. He was content, forgetting that planets turn and that there is an ebb to every flood.

And the morrow was fair and calm, beautiful on sea and land.

At two o'clock there was the usual gathering to see the afternoon boat for New London depart. Breeze Johnson was there with his daughter, surrounded by friends and neighbors offering congratulations on Mai's heroic rescue and loud in praise of the judge for inviting her to visit his city home. Village rumor had it that Judge Gearing's city house was a palace on Fifth Avenue, rivalling in splendor the Stewart mansion. The barge Fairy Queen drove down with much wooden thunder over the planks of the wharf, and the judge and wife and son appeared. There were pleasant greetings, hurried hand-shakings as the bell of the boat rang for departure, and then Mai Johnson found herself alone with her new friends on the boat, with her father on the dock, surrounded by the friends of her youth, slowly moving as it were away from her. There were fluttering handkerchiefs, even a parting cheer, and then, it seemed scarcely a moment later, the boat swept past the two-fathom buoy, black and silent on the sea.

She saw the light, the olive-green woods, the white sand-hills, fading in the distance. She saw the water widening between the boat and the shore. If there was a tinge of regret it was dispelled by hope of speedy return. The judge had found comfortable seats for his wife and visitor on the upper deck, and the trip seemed to open most pleasantly. The judge was quietly attentive to her every wish, and seemed to like being with her. His manner was respectful and yet cordial; and his wife, in a different way, was even more gracious and pleasant. In a certain way Mai Johnson recognized that the judge was a gentleman and treated her as a lady, and that she could and did accept the implied compliment. It seemed, and she felt it with a little pang of remorse, as if in some way she were more like these new friends than like her father. She felt it would not be difficult to be a lady among ladies,—that she was a lady,—quite as much a lady as this judge's wife, —and that she could hold her own in the society to which she was going.

An hour passed quickly and pleasantly, and they began to approach Fisher's Island. The Connecticut shore came into plainer view. Her new life of travel and pleasure was about to begin. They would probably go direct to New York, and would reach there late that night or early the next morning. She had even begun to wonder whether they would go by rail or by boat, when she was somewhat startled at the approach of young Mr. Royal Yardstickie. Mrs. Gearing seemed to have quite forgotten what her dutiful son had said to her only the night before, and at once said to him,—

"Where have you been, my son? You have quite neglected our guest, Miss Johnson. Let me present you to her. Miss Johnson, this is my son Royal. Miss Mai Johnson, Royal. I shall expect you to be very attentive to her, for I owe my life to the brave girl."

Mai hardly knew what to say, but had sufficient self-possession to greet the young man with formal politeness, very much as if she had seen him before and was pleased to renew the acquaintance.

"Why, you have met before?"

"Yes, mother. Before you came I used to call occasionally at the light-house. I am deeply interested in such things, and, naturally enough, I saw Miss Johnson several times, and learned to respect her greatly."

"Dear me! How very fortunate that was! You must do everything you can to make Miss Johnson's visit pleasant for her."

Just here the judge said that, as they were approaching New London, he would go down and look after the baggage. It did not seem to enter the younger man's head that he might have offered to attend to this duty. He seldom did offer any assistance to the man whose bread he ate. His nature was not of that kind, for selfishness was its only guide. It would be pleasanter to stay with Mai Johnson; and stay he did.

"Oh," said Miss Johnson, abruptly, "I forgot my letter. I intended to have mailed it before we started."

"Royal will attend to it when we land."

"Certainly I will. Give it to me now, and I will see that it is put in the box before our train starts."

"It's not sealed yet. I wanted to add your address in New York."

"You can add it now. Here's a pencil. No. 69 West Thirty-Ninth Street. Sixty-nine—thirty-nine. Easy to remember, you see."

Without a thought she added a few pencilled words to her love-letter, sealed it, and gave it to the young man. He took it, put it in his pocket, and assured her it should be deposited in a mail-box the moment they landed.

Life turns on trifles. As the boat drew up to the dock at New London the young man went below, to be near the gangway and go ashore with the letter. He would show this girl every attention, and begin by doing this little duty for her. There were many people crowded about the edge of the boat, waiting for the gang-plank to be put out, and as he stood by the rail, looking at the men busy preparing for the landing, he took out the letter.

"Just as I thought. It's for the blond giant. Love-letter, I dare say. What arrant nonsense! He's her brother. No. Can't be. Cousin, perhaps. The very first day I saw her they behaved more like lovers than like brother and sister. I said at the time they were engaged. Well, I suppose I must deposit the letter and trust to luck. I'm on the ground, and that's something in such an affair."

The gang-plank was put in place, and with the crowd he pushed over it on his way to the station. Just as he stepped upon the bridge a man behind him fixing a rope struck his arm, and the letter slipped from his hand and fell into the water. To his dismay, it floated for an

instant, and then went wavering down, fading into the dark-green water. The people behind pushed him gently forward, and he was forced to move on towards the wharf.

What should he do about it? Go back and tell the girl? That was the proper thing to do. There were many people coming ashore, and he was detained for a moment on the dock.

He hesitated. Why do anything about it? Letters were sometimes lost in the mails. It was so easy, so easy, and so much more pleasant, to do nothing.

XIV.

Mr. Manning's yacht touched at Provincetown, and then struck across Massachusetts Bay for Portland, Maine. The wind had been fair and the weather pleasant so far, and Mr. Manning was anxious to reach Mount Desert, and the boat cleared from Portland for Bar Harbor. Arrived here, fogs began to be frequent, and there was a decided change in the weather.

At every port Skipper Johnson had gone ashore to the local post-office for letters, but had found none.

At last the company on the yacht, becoming tired of the continued stormy weather, took advantage of the first pleasant day and started for New York by the way of Vineyard and Long Island Sounds. The skipper, anxious and troubled at the absence of news from home, decided to steer straight away for Cape Cod, and the company were more than pleased at the prospect of a run across open water. At night, when about thirty miles from the island, the barometer began to be despondent and low-spirited,—which, considering its mercurial temperament, seemed to suggest something ill-natured in the way of weather. The wind shifted to the northeast, and there were white-caps visible now and then through the darkness. The sun had gone down hiding its face behind a fan of gray clouds that stretched long feathery fingers across the sky from the southeast. The skipper and his men were not at all alarmed. The yacht was a good sea-boat, and, while it might be wet and uncomfortable before morning, there was little to fear. By morning the boat was staggering along under jib and mainsail both pretty closely reefed, and they were in the grip of a northeast storm. The wind was fair astern, and all was safe till they began to haul up to the land. The bent elbow of Cape Cod was a dangerous shore thrust far out into the open Atlantic, and beyond the cape, to the southwest, lay the shoals and intricate passage-ways into the Vineyard. They must either make Provincetown, or find their way into the Vineyard as best they could and make a port at Hyannis or Wood's Holl. They decided to adopt the latter course, and on the afternoon of the next day they made out Chatham Light through the driving mist and rain, and then cautiously felt their way round from light to light till Bishop and Clark's gray tower lay just ahead, and the laboring boat was turned to the north and ran in behind the breakwater at Hyannis Port and came to anchor among a fleet of schooners weather-bound by the storm.

The next morning Mr. Manning and his skipper went ashore, and,

landing in the little village, made their way to the telegraph-station. Mr. Manning telegraphed to New York, and Skipper Johnson to Wilson's Holl, asking if all were well there. Within an hour both received answers.

"My telegram tells me to come to New York as soon as convenient. How soon can we make it, Johnson?"

"Oh, twenty-five or thirty hours. They tell me Signal Service says it will come out strong from the nor'ard to-night."

"All right. We'll sail as soon as you think it's safe."

"Seems to be lightening up a little. I see some of the colliers are getting up anchor. Guess we can stand it if they can."

The young man held his telegram tightly in his hand. He would sail for New York without an instant's delay. If the yacht could sail, she should sail now.

His telegram perplexed him:

"Mai gone to New York. Will meet you there."

How and why should she go to New York? She could not go alone. She had no friends there. What did it all mean? He would make that boat do her best. Without stopping to think how he might find Mai in New York, he would do his best to get there at all speed. He was troubled and perplexed, and perhaps despondent. It was a relief to work; and work brought him nearer to her at every mile. By some mysterious instinct the crew seemed to understand that the skipper had some reason for wishing to urge the boat to her utmost. Usually they felt that there was no special reason for haste, and the best speed of the boat was seldom got out of her. Why take the trouble? They were not bound anywhere in particular, and the longer the voyage the better the net result in wages. The anchor came up quickly, sails ran up with wonderful speed, and, almost before the boat that had brought skipper and owner to the yacht could be made secure on board, the long black breakwater was astern. The sky was still overcast, but the wind had shifted to northerly, and there was a long streak of clear sky to the westward. In an hour Martha's Vineyard loomed to the southwest and the mainland stretched away towards Wood's Holl, and the wide portal between opened to the west. With a wreath of foam at the bow and a boiling, bubbling wake astern, the yacht flew through the water towards the splendid portal, with love at the helm and hope for a compass.

Unaccustomed to travel, and trusting entirely to her new friends, Mai Johnson paid no special attention to the direction they took. It was enough that she went with the party. A train was in waiting, and she was given a seat in a drawing-room car, and soon was upon the way, as she thought, to New York. The country was wholly new to her, and it soon grew dark, and she thought no more about it. The judge was attentive and seemed to like to talk with her. He was exceedingly well read, and it was a new delight to her to have such cordial relations with a mature and cultivated mind that opened to her such new and pleasant realms of thought. Even the younger man made himself agreeable, and she began to regret that she had treated him with such cool indifference when at the light. She had evidently been

greatly mistaken in her first estimate of him, and she would try to make amends by more kindness to him in the future. In a couple of hours the train pulled past brightly-lighted streets and stopped in a low, gloomy, and rather dirty station.

"What place is this?"

"Providence, I think."

"Providence?"

"Why, yes. You seem surprised."

"I thought we were going direct to New York."

"No: we will stay in Boston to-night, and in a day or two go on to the White Mountains, and then to Saratoga, and down the Hudson to New York. I want you to see a little of the country, and so I planned this trip for you. Would you not like to see the White Mountains?"

"Why, yes. I never saw a mountain."

"I'm very glad, as it will give me the pleasure of showing you some wonderful scenery and the added pleasure of seeing how much you will enjoy it."

"Then we shall not reach New York for several days?"

"No, not for a week or ten days. Ah! Royal has ordered a little supper for us. Let me arrange the table for you."

Already a shadow had come over her pleasure-trip. Sam would get her letter and go to New York—and miss her. She would write that very night and tell him of the change in their plans.

One step taken, the next is easy. That night at eleven o'clock young Mr. Royal Yardstickie called at his mother's room at their hotel in Boston.

"I'm glad you're up, mother. I've planned a little trip out to Cambridge for Miss Johnson to-morrow. They tell me it is the correct thing to do; and, as the judge wishes to visit some of the courts, you and I and Miss Johnson might take a little drive."

"Very good idea, my son. I'm glad you are so thoughtful for the dear child. She's a fresh and charming girl, and she entertains me. We will all go to ride right after breakfast. Oh, by the way, give these letters to the hall-boy. I've written to Mademoiselle Rochet to be ready to come to our house as soon as we return. The judge wishes her to make a complete set of robes for Miss Johnson. It's very thoughtful in the judge, because the girl's things are just a little, a very little, out of date."

The young man took the letters and said he would go himself to the office with them. On his way down in the elevator he turned them over. There were two in Miss Johnson's handwriting,—one to her father, one to her lover. He would not leave them at the office: he would put them in a street-box. He walked along the brightly-lighted streets, looking for a mail-box. He passed two without seeing them. He was hesitating again, but with weaker will this time.

Never before had the yacht made such a splendid run through the Sound. The wind held good, and they passed Execution Light and came through East River to the bay with a fair wind and a swift tide. The moment the yacht had come to anchor off the steamboat-landing

at Bay Ridge, Skipper Johnson had out a boat, and he and the yacht's passengers were rowed ashore just in time to catch the boat for New York. Arrived there, the skipper took car for the post-office.

"You are sure there is no letter for me?" he asked of the sleepy clerk.

"Sure. None here."

"There are no other places in town,—no branch offices?"

"Lots of 'em; but you wouldn't find it at any of them unless it was so directed. All letters directed 'city' would be here."

It was too late to do anything now. Mai had not written here. Why, of course not. His letters were at the light. He must telegraph. He found a telegraph-office, and with trembling fingers wrote a vague, uncertain message to his father. With rural ignorance and pride of heart, he would not let these heartless operators see how deeply he was hurt.

By eight o'clock the next morning he was back in town from the boat, where he had spent a sleepless night, asking at the telegraph-office for a reply, and there was none. For three hours he wandered about the streets, waiting for word that came not. To think Mai was in this very city and he could not find her! At noon he returned to the yacht, and found this message from his father:

"Don't know what you mean. Mai is in New York."

How strangely stupid he had been! He should have telegraphed for her New York address. Back again to the city, for he did not think it advisable to telegraph from Bay Ridge, lest further confusion should arise. He telegraphed this time careless of who might read, and found the message would cost nearly two dollars. He paid it; for he begrudged a single word. He would wait in town for the answer, and it came in about five hours,—a bitter commentary, he thought, on the speed of the telegraph:

"Mai is with a Judge Gearing. No letters here from her."

His pride was gone, and he boldly said to the young girl at the telegraph-office that he wished to find Judge Gearing's, for a friend of his was staying there.

"Directory on table, sir."

How stupid in him! He searched the big book with nervous haste, and then started up town by the elevated railroad. Never before had any railroad-train seemed so slow. He seemed to be hours in reaching Forty-Second Street, and then precious minutes were lost in finding the right number on Thirty-Ninth Street. It was so strange, almost heartless, that people did not put the numbers on their doors where they could be seen. At last, by dint of counting the doors, he found the right number, and rang the bell. The house seemed dark and deserted, and the maid who opened the door did not unfasten the chain.

"No, sir: no such person staying here. The family? No, they are not at home. Where are they? White Mountains. Won't be home for two weeks or more."

Discouraged, and alarmed at Mai's silence, he returned to the boat, only to find a note calling him back to the city. By three o'clock he was in his employer's office on Pearl Street.

"Fact is, Johnson, business is booming. Must lay the yacht off for the present."

It was all arranged in a few moments, checks drawn to pay off the crew and wind up the season afloat. Everything was done on a generous scale, wages paid for a month ahead, and tickets provided to take the men to their homes. Skipper Johnson was the last to leave, and it took two days to wind up all accounts and turn the boat and her stores over to a keeper. Every hour seemed a day; and only when he was, at last, on the New London boat bound east did he feel at ease. At least he was going home: that was something.

Recognizing that the delay in reaching New York would not be long, and that it had been kindly meant for her own pleasure, Mai Johnson put away all fears and gave herself up to the enjoyment of the hour. It was a new experience to have everything made so smooth and pleasant. All trouble was saved, it seemed to her. She did not have to think what should be prepared for breakfast, or even to look out of the window to see if it would be a good day for the wash to dry. The homely routine of her life seemed far behind her. Then, too, it was a new experience to receive such kindly attention at every step from one so much older and wiser than herself. She began to take great pleasure in the judge's society. His learning and wide experience stimulated her naturally active mind, and she found herself talking with him with a freedom and confidence that surprised herself. Everywhere they went they met people of distinction, to many of whom she was presented by the judge much as a father might present a daughter.

With new pleasures offered to her every hour, and constant change of scene, the days flew quickly, and a week had passed almost before she noted it. Still they were among the mountains, and another week passed before they reached Saratoga. Mrs. Gearing was an industrious letter-writer, and had every day one or more letters which she intrusted to her son to put in the mails. So it happened that, without attracting the slightest attention, young Mr. Yardstickie mailed Mai's letters also. She wrote frequently, directing all to Wilson's Holl, knowing that, if Sam had not yet returned, her father would send them to him. By the third week she began to be impatient to get to New York. There must be many letters waiting there for her, and yet she did not like to ask to be taken there. The judge seemed to be enjoying the trip greatly, and she was unwilling to ask him to shorten it on her account.

At last the day came for the trip down the Hudson. It was a beautiful day, and the voyage was a wonder and delight, and yet she envied Mr. Yardstickie, who went on in advance in one of the trains that flew along the shore. At last the boat reached town, and in half an hour the family were at home.

Not a letter there.

Skipper Johnson was a changed man. Every one in the village had remarked on his silence, his indifference to the ordinary interests of the sea and shore, since he had come home. The old light-keeper was also changed. He sat long in gloomy silence in his big chair by the door, and the clock called in vain to duty. He even forgot to light the lantern one night till ten minutes past the appointed time.

Far out on the horizon lay a light-ship. On this ship the light-keeper observed the delay at Hedgefence, and made a note of it in his log-book. Twice every day young Sam Johnson went to the little post-office for letters, and there were none. Day by day his spirit was bent with grief and indignation. At last it broke,—broke under four lines in a newspaper.

The newspaper had come by mail directed in a strange hand. He had opened it carelessly. It was one of those journals whose typography is a mosaic of little paragraphs. He had never seen a paper of its kind, and hardly knew what to make of it. Reading a few of the paragraphs, he found they were all personal in their character, describing the movements or doings of this or that more or less unknown person. While no single paragraph was marked to attract attention, he guessed that in some way it might give him a hint of Mai's absence and silence. He began to read it through systematically, reading every paragraph, beginning at the top of the first column on the first page. On the second page he found something:

"Judge Gearing and wife, with Miss Johnson, who is travelling with them, are at the Profile House. Miss Johnson is a *protégée* of Judge Gearing, and is very greatly admired. Mr. Royal Yardstickie is also of the party, and rumor has it that there may be congratulations in a certain direction soon."

Unfamiliar with the peculiar English of such journals, he saw nothing in this except the fact that the Miss Johnson must be Mai, and that she was still at this hotel, wherever it might be. He read two columns more, and then the paper suddenly fell from his nerveless grasp. His head bowed upon his breast in the silence of a broken heart. The little clock ticked loudly in the darkening room, for the night was drawing near. After a while the elder man came in, listless, sore at heart, and forgetful of all save of the one grief that had invaded the house. He paused in surprise at seeing his son, but, observing the newspaper on the floor, he picked it up. There were spots upon it as if wet, and near one stain he read these words:

"Among the engagements on the *tapis* is that of Mr. R. Yardstickie to Miss Johnson, late of Wilson's Holl."

"What shall you do, Sam?"

The young man with an effort roused himself, but did not look up.

"I shall do nothing,—except go to work. Work's the only cure. I go a-fishing—to-morrow."

Unconsciously this young soul in its trial repeated the saint's words, "I go a-fishing." He looked to labor and to the sea—he looked to duty—for the cure that work and nature alone can give.

"You're right, my boy. She ain't my darter,—never was nor never will be. Let her go."

Just at that instant the clock struck, and the old man with a start opened the door and ran up the iron stairs to his duty in the lantern.

The captain of the light-ship made another entry in his log-book. Being a man of narrow and selfish mind, he copied, that night, two items from the log-book, and the next day rowed ashore and sent a letter to the Light-House Board at Washington. Thus it is a trifle is

like a pebble thrown in calm water or a sudden note on still air: it spreads in a ring-like wave, widening and widening, till, lost to sight or ear, it breaks on distant shores in vast disaster.

XV.

The steamer was already six days from Queenstown. The Grand Banks were far behind, and the southern corner of Cape Cod lay beyond the horizon to the north of west. Four months had passed since Mai Johnson had left the shelter of Hedgefence Light. She sat in a steamer-chair on deck, wrapped in a seal-skin cloak,—a changed and yet an unhappy woman. Everything the world considered good had been bestowed upon her, all the advantages of wealth, travel, beautiful apparel, personal ease and comfort, and, more strange than all, the love of a man who wished to stand to her as a father. She had been to London and Paris, and was coming home. Coming home!—to a new home which she had already begun to love,—a home filled with all that heart could wish,—a home in New York, with this kind, wise, already dear old man who insisted on being her father. Why should he not be her father? Her real father was as completely unknown as her dead mother. Her other father, at the light, had abandoned her,—had never written to her since she went away.

The voyage had been delayed by storms, and this was the first pleasant morning on deck. Many faces she had not seen before appeared from below, and there were evident signs of approaching land. The brilliant sky, the soft warm air, and the smooth water told of the American coast,—dear land just under the rim of blue where that low strip of fog lay like a bar of soft silver on the horizon. It was a perfect Indian summer morning in young November.

Just then the captain of the steamer passed leisurely along the deck, bowed politely to her, and remarked pleasantly upon the weather. This was indeed an attention, and she sat up and asked him where the ship might be. He seemed quite willing to talk to this apparently rich and certainly handsome American, and, drawing a stray stool nearer her chair, sat down by her side.

"We are crossing the Georges Banks. It is the bank that gives this green color to the water."

"The Georges. Oh, I remember. My—my brother used to go fishing on the Georges."

He seemed somewhat surprised, and she added,—

"I once lived on this coast. I suppose we shall look for a Sandy Hook pilot to-morrow."

"We have been on the lookout for one since daylight."

"I remember—I've heard my—I mean I've heard that they are very enterprising in searching for European steamers, and go as far east as Montauk, or even farther."

"Yes, miss, I have picked them up four hundred miles east of Sandy Hook. I am in hopes we shall sight one soon, before we run into fog, for otherwise we may not find one till we are close up to the Highlands."

"It's rather unusual to have fogs this time of year, is it not?"

"Well, we look for clear and colder weather now, but still there are fogs at all times. They are the greatest trouble we have in approaching this coast."

"I suppose so. You have to run slow."

"No: we usually drive right ahead. It's too expensive to run slow, unless we are very near the coast or are doubtful of our position."

"Is not there great danger of collision?"

"Yes,—for the other boats: I mean the fishermen. We do not always hear their little horns, and are close upon them so quickly it is often too late to save them. The steamers we do not fear, as they can make themselves heard. It is the fishermen that are in danger."

The fishermen! And the man who was once her lover and who had so cruelly abandoned her was a fisherman, on these very banks. He might be even now, in some boat with other men whom she had known as boys and school-mates, just beyond that white bar of mist. Should the mist spread its gray veil wider over the sea they too might be in deadly peril from the very ship on which she sailed in such comfort and luxury.

The captain had the sense to see that in some way he had started a melancholy train of thought in the fair American's mind, and with a few commonplace remarks he withdrew to his duty and the bridge.

In spite of herself, a tear rolled down her cheek, and she drew her veil and lay back in the chair to think,—perhaps to mourn for the dead past. Home lay off there over the blue water. The very sea was home,—so near, and yet so far away,—so easy to reach in a good schooner across this very water, and yet so difficult. Was he still there —her father? And Sam? He did love her once. Did he love her now? No, it could not be. He had surrendered her to these friends without a word or a sign. And these new friends,—this new father,— were they not already dear to her? She knew not why, but she had come to love the judge as if he were indeed her own father.

Thinking much of these things, she sat there for some time bathed in the salt, familiar air, warmed by the old home-like sun of her youth. She recalled the warm yellow stone at the stile where, as a child, she had sat on April days in the warm sunshine, watching the restless sea. Thinking much of these things, she did not notice that many people were coming up from the stuffy, ill-smelling saloons to breathe the pure air on deck, till two women passed her whom she had not seen before. Both were closely veiled, and were talking in French. One, evidently the maid, helped the other to a steamer-chair and wrapped her snugly in abundant robes, then left her to rest or sleep in the open air.

"Some poor traveller who has been confined to her room so far. A stranger, too, going perhaps to America—dear America! how I love it now!—for the first time."

The lady had hardly been settled by her maid in the chair before Mai saw the judge approaching.

"He's coming to talk with me again. What can I say to him? what can I say?"

"It's a lovely morning, Mai, and our little pleasure-trip is coming

to an end. We shall be at home very soon, and can settle down for the winter."

He took everything for granted, seemed to think she would accept his home and be for years his guest. What could she say or do? She could not go home. They had cast her off there,—had let her go for weeks and months without a word or a sign, not even answering her letters appealing to them to tell her why they had so changed, so cruelly abandoned her. She knew of no way in which she could earn a living for herself, and, besides, if she could, this new father would never consent to it.

He let her rest in her chair in silence for a few moments, guessing, perhaps, something of what passed in her mind. He had already asked her to become his daughter, to accept his protection and care, and she had, while accepting his hospitality, held back her consent to become permanently a guest in his home. It was now a good time to have it settled, that they might fully understand each other before they returned to his home.

"I know of what you are thinking, my child. Naturally, your thoughts turn to your old home at the light. Only the fact that Captain Johnson was not really your father could possibly excuse his neglect of you."

"Who is my father?" she exclaimed, passionately.

"I do not know; but, if you will consent, I should like to have you for my daughter."

He had taken the seat by her side, and spoke quietly, yet she felt sure he was deeply in earnest.

"Why? You do not know who I am. Nobody knows. You forget that I am without name, parentage, or country."

"What do you mean? Captain Johnson said he adopted you. I supposed that he meant you were the child of some friend or neighbor."

"Oh, no, no! Did he never tell you?"

"Tell me what?"

"Where and how he found me."

"No. Tell me about it."

"I came from the sea."

"From the sea?"

"Yes, yes,—from a wreck,—from an unknown ship on which every soul was lost save an infant abandoned in the ship's cabin."

"And you were that child?"

"Yes. The men from the beach found me at the last moment, just as the ship was breaking to pieces. The captain was the first to find me, and I fell to him by right of discovery."

The judge had risen, and stood looking down upon her with a strange, half-anxious, half-hopeful expression on his face.

"Is this true?"

"Yes, sir: it is true."

"And did no one know where the ship came from or where she was bound?"

"No. The wreck lay with the stern to the sea, and was so broken up when I was rescued that it was not safe to row round it through

the surf and find its name. It was frightful weather, and the only wonder is that I survived that night. Even now I sometimes start in my sleep, dreaming of that dreadful roar of the sea that stormed round my cradle."

"That came so near being your grave."

"Yes, sir. That is the pity of it. If I only could have died with the others,—with my father, who was perhaps captain of the ship."

"No; that could not be. He would not have left you to perish. You must have been a passenger."

"I have thought of that. The ship's company tried to get ashore, and were all lost."

"Do you mean to say they left you on the ship to die?"

"So I was told. And do you wonder that I hesitate to accept all you offer? Who am I? Where is my native land? Some day—some day I shall know, I feel sure of it, and then some one—I know not whom—I sometimes dread to know—may claim me."

"And were there no women among the ship's people?"

"Not one. Nor were there any children found among the dead."

"Your mother may have died on the voyage."

"I have thought that must be so. There is no other explanation. She was a passenger, and died and was buried at sea, and I, being only an infant, was forgotten in the selfish haste of the others to save themselves."

"Mai, you should have told me of this before."

"I thought you knew."

And then a great fear seemed to enter her heart, and she sat up and motioned him to come nearer. He sat down again, and gently took one of her hands in both of his.

"What is it, my child?"

"You will not think ill of me? You will not send me away? I could never go back now,—after they have been so cruel. I remember now, there is something more."

"Something more?"

"Yes. He—the captain—never told me, but I remember hearing, when a girl in the village, that, as the village gossip said, 'Captain Johnson never did right not to let on all about that wreck.' I never asked him. If he thought best not to tell me, it was not for me, who owed him so much,—my home, my life,—to ask him."

"Do you think he knew the ship's name?"

"No. Nobody knew that."

"My child, let us think no more about it. There are certain reasons why I wish to have you near me as long as you live, to stay always in my home. I, too, have a sad memory of the sea."

He let fall her hands, and, rising, went to the ship's side and looked off over the water. She knew that he had lost the wife of his youth. Perhaps something that she had said had brought back some memory of her. Trying to recall all that she had said, she wondered if it would be right or proper to ask him more about his dead wife. He must have loved her dearly and have lost her under some distressing circumstances in some way connected with the sea. Thinking of these

things, she waited patiently till he should return. Then she would ask him what were the reasons that led him to offer so much.

At that moment she saw Mrs. Gearing approach from the door of the saloon and advance along the deck towards them. As she came nearer she passed the veiled lady, who had sat during all this time just where the maid had placed her. The strange lady seemed suddenly to be awake, for she rose abruptly and spoke to the judge's wife. That lady seemed to recognize her, and both shook hands and spoke cordially and then came nearer. Instinctively Mai threw aside her wraps and stood up.

"Judge," said Mrs. Gearing, "congratulate me! I have rediscovered Mademoiselle Rochet."

"Ah, mademoiselle, this is a surprise! Where did you come from? Glad to see you."

"Thank you, sir. I have been very ill. I come aboard at the last minute, and go to my room and stay there in great trouble till to-day. The voyage is terrible."

"Miss Johnson, Mademoiselle Rochet. Miss Johnson is travelling with us. Mademoiselle Rochet, Mai."

The woman had come nearer, and now stood regarding her with black, piercing eyes, and for some reason her heart seemed to beat fast and her knees trembled.

"What is the matter, Mai?" said the judge. "Are you ill?

"No, sir. It is the fog. I'm cold. Perhaps I'd better go to my room."

Almost unperceived, the silvery mist on the horizon had spread over the sea, blotting the sun from sight and changing the sea from blue to cold gray. At that instant the deep booming note of the ship's whistle startled her. The sound seemed to recall the sounds of her youth, to suggest danger near. It rang in her ears like a hoarse cry from a wreck. It was a warning to—to fishermen on the sea.

"Let me escort you down-stairs, Mai. Take my arm. Why, my child, you are trembling with the cold."

"Yes. Take me away. Take me away."

"It has grown very cold. It will be safer for you below."

"Thank you, sir. Yes,—much safer."

XVI.

"You must excuse the judge, mademoiselle. He has taken a great fancy to this Miss Johnson and invited her to travel with us. He looks upon her almost as his own daughter."

Mademoiselle Rochet lifted her eyebrows as if a trifle surprised, and Mrs. Gearing felt a touch of resentment. Why should this dressmaker be surprised at anything they, the Gearings, did? Was not her husband judge of the Supreme Court? Was not their social position in New York of the best? What was it to her that they had invited a young girl to travel with them?

Mademoiselle Rochet had the sense to see that she had gone a step too far, and hastened to make amends:

"My dear madame, I mean no offence. I remember seeing the young lady at the light-house at that place—last summer—what you call the place?"

"At Wilson's Holl?"

"Yes. It was there I saw her, at her father's house, at the light-house."

"Why, certainly. Didn't you hear? It is cold here. Come down to my state-room, and I'll tell you all about it."

Mademoiselle would be charmed to hear more, and for half an hour sat on a stool in Mrs. Gearing's state-room while that worthy lady, who had taken possession of the lounge, related in full detail the accident, and the rescue, and all that had happened since. Mademoiselle heard it with only appreciative comments, as if it were a tale of merely passing interest.

"And now the judge wish to make her his daughter?"

"Yes. The girl does not seem to care to go back to her friends, for she does not write to them, nor have they written to her for a long time. I don't understand why; and I am sometimes afraid she had some trouble at home that she is trying to forget."

"And your son, Mr. Yardstickie,—he is pleased at the prospect of so charming a lady in the family?"

She said this with a little laugh, in the most natural way possible.

"Oh, Royal! Yes, dear boy. He seems to like Miss Johnson greatly, and goes everywhere with her."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. They are, of course, very much thrown together, particularly on board ship. If the judge should decide to adopt her and make her his daughter it might be a good thing for Royal. I must say, she is a good girl, and under my guidance is rapidly becoming quite a lady. She has had a very good influence over the dear boy already; and then, too, he owes his mother's life to her, which, of course, makes him very grateful to her."

"He could not marry her?"

"Well, no, perhaps not,—not now."

"He certainly could not, madame. Do you not know her parentage?"

"Why, I think she is the adopted daughter of the light-house keeper. I have never asked who her parents really were. I think they are both dead."

"It will be very fortunate if they are."

"Why, what do you mean, mademoiselle?"

"Ah, well, in France it might not matter. In America it makes a great difference who they are. Americans are sometimes so strange."

"What can you mean? What do you know about the girl?"

"Nothing, madame; only what I hear in the little place—this Wilson's Holl where we were last summer. You should warn your son, madame, lest he be greatly disappointed some day. It would be a great misfortune if he marry her. You will believe me if I tell you as a friend your son cannot marry this Miss Johnson."

"Perhaps he never thought of it."

"They are much together."

The poor lady sat up on the lounge, terrified and yet thankful.

"I can never thank you enough, my dear mademoiselle. I do not know what it is, but I shall warn dear Royal at once. This comes of bestowing favors on unknown upstarts without parents or name. I hope the girl is innocent herself, whatever her father may have done."

"Oh, her parents were respectable: nothing that I hear is against their characters."

"What do you mean, then?"

"Listen. The child came from a wreck,—a ship on which there were—it was before your great civil war—some slaves from Savannah."

"And the girl was the daughter of one of these?"

"Yes. I'm sure of it. I had it from the young man who lived at the light-house."

"You astonish me, mademoiselle. It must be quite true. No doubt these people knew perfectly well to what race the girl belonged, and were quite willing to throw her off upon us. This comes of showing too much gratitude. We should have paid the girl a few dollars for saving my life and let her alone. I am deeply grateful to you for telling me in time. Dear Royal shall instantly break off all attentions to the wretched hussy, and the moment we land the judge shall dismiss her from our house. A colored girl, indeed! I wonder I didn't think of it before. She is certainly very dark, and shows her race plainly."

At that instant there was a knock at the door.

"Who is it?" said Mrs. Gearing.

"It is only me," replied her son, with refreshing disregard of grammar.

"Wait a moment, Royal, dear. I'm busy now. Mademoiselle Rochet is here."

"Mademoiselle Rochet!"

"Yes. Didn't you know she was on board? She's been confined to her room till to-day. And Royal, dear, please ask our steward to set a plate for Mademoiselle at our table at lunch. And Royal, dear, one thing more. Please find your father and send him to me."

It was fortunate for the young man that the door was closed between him and the two women. If they had seen the look of mingled surprise, anger, and alarm upon his face, they might not have gone on, as they did immediately after, chatting carelessly of robes and habits and the latest modes.

Fortunately for the young man, he was quite alone in the narrow passage-way outside the state-room. She had come back. She had been to Paris,—was on her way to New York,—with his own mother, —on the same ship. The voyage was nearly at an end. Something must be done at once to get rid of this woman who so completely blocked his way. She had come back, too, just when he had, after some fearful risks, nearly reached his prize. She had come back just as he had learned that the prize was of far greater value than he had ever dreamed. Only that morning, in a talk with his step-father on deck, the "Governor," as he called him, had said he intended to settle fifty thousand dollars on Mai Johnson when she came of age. He

wrenched open the round light at the end of the little passage and let the damp fog drift in and cool his hot face. He must recover himself before meeting people in the saloon or on deck. Presently he felt stronger, and went out to the saloon and found their steward. It would be useless to oppose his mother, and if Julie insisted on sitting at their table he must submit and say nothing.

His next step was to look about and find his step-father. Knowing that he sometimes sat in Mai's room, he knocked at her door. The judge himself opened the door.

"What is it, Royal?"

"Mother wishes to see you, sir, in her room."

"WHO IS IT?" SAID MRS. GEARING.

"Tell her, please, I am busy with Mai. I'll come presently."

The young man saw through the partly-opened door Mai seated by the berth and evidently in tears.

"What's up now?" said the young man, as he walked back towards his mother's room. "Governor closeted with Mai, and Mai crying. Wonder what she's been doing. She can't know anything about Julie. Cut her up, of course, if she did know. Dare say the girl's beginning to love me. I've run risks enough for her, anyway: however, nothing succeeds like success, and all's fair in love and war. I'll settle that Julie before we get ashore, and then for Mai."

The judge closed the door upon his unworthy son with a sigh. If only this young man to whom he had become a second father were like this strange girl to whom he would so gladly be a father!

As he turned again towards her and sat down by her side, she said, slowly,—

"I thank you, sir, for telling me. I'm sure I feel for your great loss. It must have been sad for you to have her die in a foreign land among strangers. I wish I had known where she was buried. I would have gone to the place with flowers."

"We do not know where she is buried. In her last sickness she tried to reach home, and sailed from Havre; but the ship was never heard of after it left port. You see, her father's illness called her home to Madrid, where they lived, and where my wife was born, and where I met her. He lingered on for weeks, and she stayed with him for six months. Then when he died she was taken ill, and it was then she tried to come back to me in New York. We were young then, and very poor, and it was for that reason she came by sailing-vessel. A friend of her father's—an English sea-captain—offered her a free passage home, and she accepted the offer—and never arrived."

"And was there no woman with her?"

"Only the captain's wife."

"And my voice is like hers?"

"Yes, my child; that is the reason I wish you to become my daughter. Your every tone, every syllable, is like my dead wife's voice. Sometimes, when I hear you speak in another room, I think my wife must be there, and I long to go to her, and do,—only to find you."

"It is strange,—very strange."

"Then, too, your singular discovery on this unknown ship seems to draw you nearer to me. The sea took my dead, and it gives me you. I do not know who your parents were. It does not matter——"

He paused abruptly.

The ship had stopped. The sound of the engine had ceased, and then came that strange, awesome silence that may mean so much at sea.

"Is there danger, sir?"

"No, I think not. It may be only a Sandy Hook pilot coming aboard."

It is one of the curious features of life at sea that whether in sickness or in health, in joy or in sorrow, all on board move on to new horizons. Unresting the ship sails on, regardless whether the expected land be a land of promise or a grave. So there is besides the idle life of the saloon another life on board, of work and business.

For hours those whose business it was to sail and guide the ship, and who regarded the expected port merely as a starting-place for another voyage, had been looking for a change in the monotony of their daily work. The pilot would bring a new face on board, or perhaps renew old friendships. He would bring news of the land,—of events at home or abroad. The drifting fog lifted occasionally and gave a wider outlook over the water, and eyes on deck and bridge were strained to catch sight of the familiar schooner showing great figures on her mainsail.

Silly and empty minds, not having thought enough of their own to keep them from mental fermentation, also kept a sharp lookout for the

pilot-schooner. With the weakness of vacant minds, certain creatures in the smoking-room had laid wagers on the number of the pilot-boat, and among these, naturally enough, was young Mr. Royal Yardstickie. Not being able to earn money, he tried to win it on haphazard chances, —thinking, like his kind, that money won on bets was rightfully his, and not, as it is, a theft under a politer name.

Suddenly there came over the smooth gray water a horn-like note. The steamer's big whistle spoke in reply, and then the horn spoke again. The few passengers on the wet decks peered through the mist, but could see nothing. The ship's people seemed to understand better what lay ahead, for the engine stopped, and the ship ploughed silently ahead, slower and slower, and then stopped. Again there was a curious conversation between horn and whistle, and then a long silence. At last it came,—the sound of oars through the mist,—and slowly a shadowy row-boat came out of the fog and presently lay beside the vast black mass of the steamer. A rope ladder rattled down the ship's side, and then an elderly man with bronzed hands clasping the rounds of the ladder came nimbly up to the deck, and the row-boat, with one man on board, drifted off into the fog. A number of young men crowded round the gangway to catch a sight of the pilot. The ship's captain stood by the ladder, and several sailors were near, so that the passengers were able to see the pilot, yet had no chance to speak to him. They wished very much to do so, as the mist had shut out the pilot-boat and hidden the black figures on her sails. The only way to get at the number of the schooner would be to ask the pilot. The captain knew this, and at once spoke to the pilot, bidding him welcome with mingled surprise and pleasure and at once leading him away to the bridge.

One among the passengers stood apart and saw the pilot arrive. The instant his brown and smiling face appeared above the rail the passenger turned quickly away, as if not wishing to be seen. The ship resumed its way, and the passenger felt in its movement the approach of fate. His luck had turned. He had trusted too much in it, and humiliation and disgrace were at hand. He did not know it positively, yet he felt sure of it. He took out a little note-book and counted up his bets. Fifty pounds,—twenty more than he could control. His faith in his luck had led him into this; and now Julie was on the same ship, and the man whom he had so deeply wronged, by some bewildering turn of the whirligig of time, was to guide the ship into port. Of course if luck had turned in one direction it had turned in all. He must pay his debts of honor—foolish twisting of words—before they landed, or be branded as a man without honor by the honorable denizens of the smoking-room. So far, none of them knew the number of the pilot-boat. If the number could not be obtained the debt would be declared off,—as if an honest debt could be declared "off" in any sense. He, for one, would certainly make no effort to find out the schooner's number, for he felt sure it would go against him.

There would be many hours before the services of the pilot would be needed, and, as the bridge was wet with mist, the captain of the steamer invited his pilot to his chart-room behind the wheel-room.

"Come right in, captain, and make yourself at home. I declare, I was never more surprised and delighted in my life. Must be six years since you used to take us in and out at Sandy Hook. Sit down and tell me all about it. What brought you back to piloting? All the family well at home? Let me see, you had a boy and a girl then. Quite grown up by this time, I suppose."

The elderly pilot seemed to be pleased at the hearty welcome accorded him, and, opening his big jacket, sat down in an arm-chair, put his feet against the radiator, and made himself comfortable in the native American manner.

"Cur'us, Captain Floyd,—most cur'us thing I ever seen. Very first trip out I make I run afoul o' you. Folks to hum well? Guess you had a girl 'n' a boy or two. Spect they're pretty spry by this time. Been well 'long back? Got first-rate ship, haven't you?"

"Yes, fine ship, but a powerful eater of coal. I'm senior captain of the fleet now. Captain Rutherford died, and Captain Perkins resigned."

"Sho! Some changes on the line. Youngsters comin' up."

"Yes, there have been a good many promotions lately. Good thing, too. Give the youngsters a chance. Tell me about yourself, captain. What brought you back to piloting? Thought you had a snug berth at some light."

"So I did. I was 'p'inted keeper o' Hedgefence Light. Things kinder went ag'in' me last summer, and I quit, and went back and got a place on my old boat at Sandy Hook. Couldn't live at the light any more after what happened: 'sides, some feller made a fuss at Washington 'cause I kinder forgot to light up just to a minute one night."

"Indeed! What was the matter?"

"Trouble with my girl."

The old man fell into a revery, and Captain Floyd wisely let him alone for a few minutes. At last the pilot seemed to think it best to tell this old seafaring friend all that was in his heart.

"I don't mind tellin' you 'bout it, captain. Cur'us case, anyway, and mebby I shall feel better and get at the rights o' things if I tell you. I ain't said a word to a soul since it happened."

"Out with it, old friend. I'll help you, if I can; and if I cannot, at least you shall have my sympathy. Has the girl done wrong?"

"Well, yes, and no. It warn't really her doin's. I don't know who was to blame, though I never could see why she didn't say a word since she went away. Can't be the folks she's with wouldn't let her. Guess they don't know anything about it. The hull thing is just a snarl, and I got upsot thinkin' 'bout it, and so lost my place, kinder forgettin' the light a-worryin' over the girl and my boy. Sam, too, was all broke up, and took to fishin'. Dare say he's on these banks now somewhere on a boat from the Holl."

The old pilot was, when "upon a yarn," as he expressed it, reckless of words, and more than an hour passed before he completed the tale of his broken home and ruined hopes. Meanwhile, below in the fetid atmosphere of the smoking-room Mr. Royal Yardstickie was meeting the first reverse in the change of his "luck." There had been a

vigorous discussion among the holders of the so-called debts of honor as to what should be done. They had met the pilot-boat, but no one knew her number. By the common consent of greedy minds, all who still had faith in their own personal "luck," an informal meeting had been called to consider the momentous question as to how the money in the several pockets should be redistributed in order to make some poorer and others richer according to the silly laws of "honor."

Young Mr. Royal Yardstickie attended the meeting, but took no part in the unseemly wrangle. He selfishly bided his time, hoping that some one would suggest that the wager be declared off. He would not make a motion to that effect himself, unless it seemed positively necessary. They wrangled thus over nothing for some time, and then he ventured to speak:

"Gentlemen, as we do not know the number of the boat, it seems to me the best way would be to declare all bets off."

A howl of indignation and derision greeted this speech, and instantly a dozen suggestions were made, which, as they were all made at once, were quite unheard. Finally a big fellow, evidently an American, settled matters in the usual manner by calling the unruly meeting to order and asking that a committee be elected to take the whole matter in charge and see if the number of the boat could not be ascertained from the pilot. This was received with enthusiasm, and in five minutes Mr. Royal Yardstickie found himself chairman of a committee of three appointed to interview the pilot.

In the chart-room overhead sat the two old seafaring friends. Captain Breeze Johnson sat with his head resting upon his hands and his thin gray hair streaming over his bronzed and knotted fingers. His friend Captain Floyd stood beside him, with one hand on his pilot's shoulder, expressing more sympathy by the touch of his hand than by his words. The story had made a deep impression on him, though he confessed he could not understand it all.

At that moment there was a knock, and a sailor put his head in the door to say that three passengers wished to see the pilot.

"They want to know if you have New York papers, I suppose. Shall I let them in?"

"In a minute. Wait till I get the bearin's o' things a bit. There! I feel better now. Let 'em come in."

The honorable committee from the smoking-room entered. The first, who seemed to be the leader, shrunk back abashed at sight of the pilot and had not a word to say. As for the pilot, he seemed to shake himself as a lion about to spring upon its prey. His blue eyes flashed, and his big hands were doubled up as if to strike. Captain Floyd, without in the least knowing what it meant, but quickly guessing the real errand of the honorable committee, stepped before them and said, quickly,—

"Gentlemen, I suppose you have come to ask the number of the pilot-boat."

One of the committee admitted that was their errand.

"Well, gentlemen, Captain Johnson is an officer on my ship, and as the captain I forbid you to speak to him. You may settle your gam-

bling debts as best you can, but you shall not use my officers in any such contemptible business. Jack, show those persons out."

The sailor, with a grin, held the door open, and they slunk away, one, at least, thankful to escape unharmed from the room. As the door closed upon them the pilot broke out in a terrible oath:

"That is the man! He tricked me out of my girl,—a-beggin' his folks to invite her to travel with 'em, and then keepin' her away from me. Keep me on the bridge, captain, keep me on the bridge, day and night, for I might 'danger my own soul if I had a chance to lay my hands on his mis'able carkis."

XVII.

Captain Floyd recognized that if the pilot's story were true—and the abject fear of the young man on the gamblers' committee seemed to corroborate it—it was quite possible the girl herself was on board the ship. Calling a steward, he ordered lunch to be served to Captain Johnson in the chart-room.

"I have ordered your lunch here, captain, because I do not suppose you care to meet that young person in the saloon."

"No, captain, I don't want to meet him again. I might do something I should regret 's long as I live. Much obliged to you, I'm sure. I'll take a bite here, and then go on the bridge awhile. Mebby the fog will lift by and by and we can get a notion where we be."

"Do you know where your boat was when the fog came on?"

"Exactly. 'Bout twenty miles south o' Nantucket."

"You are sure?"

"Sartin as if the light was in plain sight. If the fog lifts to'rds dark we ought to make Montauk; and then the course is easy to the Highlands."

The captain left his pilot contented over a generous lunch, and then went down to the saloon. The passengers were assembling for the mid-day lunch, and, taking his seat at the head of the long table in the centre, he called the head steward and asked him to bring the passenger-list. The man brought a printed slip of paper, and the captain began to examine it with some interest.

"Smith, Smiley, Telford, O'Connor, Madame Potard,—odd name: some Frenchwoman,—Gearing, Judge Gearing and wife, Miss Johnson——"

He read the name with a start. It was just as he expected; and yet the name gave him a sense of amazement mingled with exultation. If this should be his old friend's daughter he would restore her to him and make them both happy. No doubt there was some misunderstanding, and with a little tact he would clear it up and do both a good turn. There were twenty hours left,—ample time for such an affair. Calling the steward again, he asked him quietly who this person might be, at the same time pointing silently at Miss Johnson's name on the printed list.

"That person? Oh, she's sitting yonder, sir. Third table, next the old gentleman. I believe he's a judge, though you'd never know it, seeing these American judges don't wear no wigs."

"Judge Gearing, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir; that's the name. Perkins was telling me he's a liberal sort o' feller, and that girl ain't his daughter, but some potege a-travelling with him."

"Potege is good, Simpkins. That's all. Much obliged. Yes; give me a little soup first."

While waiting the steward's return, he glanced round the saloon to see if the young committee-man had appeared. He was not to be seen anywhere. Just as the soup arrived, a most singular scene took place at the third table. The girl and her elderly companion were quietly talking together in the pleasantest manner possible, when two ladies entered the saloon and came along the aisle as if to find seats. A steward offered two chairs directly opposite the old gentleman whom the captain began mentally to call "the judge." One of these ladies was evidently a young Frenchwoman, and was dressed with unusual splendor for shipboard.

"Madame Potard, I dare say," remarked the captain to himself. "Ah!"

Well might he be surprised; for the instant the young girl caught sight of the Frenchwoman she rose and left the table, going out at the door where the two ladies had entered. The girl's movements evidently created some excitement among the party, but it was instantly suppressed, and the two ladies sat down as if nothing had happened. The judge rose, as if to go out, but seemed to think better of it, and resumed his seat.

"There is more in this business than appears on the surface. I must look into the matter before I take any steps."

"Steward." This aloud to the servant.

"Yes, sir."

"Go up-stairs and tell Captain Johnson—he's the pilot—not to leave the room till I come up. Tell him I want to see him."

Just then he saw the committee-man enter by another door and calmly sit by the two ladies, speaking pleasantly to both of them as if on the best of terms. No further evidence was needed. By one of the strange meetings that are so common in travel, and that show how small the world really is, father and daughter were both on the same ship and quite unknown to each other. He would bring them together when he was sure of his ground. He would do it very soon, sending a servant for Miss Johnson and calling her to his own saloon on the hurricane-deck and then putting her in the old man's arms. All would be forgiven, with blessings on himself for playing the kindly Providence in the affair. It gave his salted old heart a glow of fresh satisfaction to think of the meeting. Let him first find out who this other woman was, and then for a happy meeting,—tears, blessings, and a little private supper in the chart-room.

The lunch was soon finished, and then Mrs. Gearing took her husband's arm and said,—

"My dear, come to my room for a little while. I want to talk to you."

"No: I wish to see Mai. I fear she is ill."

"It is of Miss Johnson I wish to speak. I have made a most alarming discovery. Come to my room. I must tell you all about it at once."

"All right, Maria. You can only speak good of her. There, I'll shut the door. Now, what is it?"

Though the door of the little room was closed, Mrs. Gearing seemed to be fearful lest some one hear her, and spoke in a tragic whisper.

"We have made a fearful mistake, my dear. We should have paid that girl a few dollars and let her go."

"She saved your life, Maria. It was your own suggestion that we take her with us; and a very good suggestion it was."

"You think so because you don't know what she is or where she came from."

"That is true; but I have great hopes that some day I shall find out. The only wonder is to me that her friends never took the trouble to find out the name of the ship on which she was found."

"Her friends, indeed! They were very glad to throw the girl off on us. They knew well enough what she was. I can easily understand why they never write to her. They are only too glad to be rid of her."

"What do you mean, Maria?"

"I mean she is the child of a former slave in Savannah,—white father, perhaps, but negro mother."

"It is simple nonsense, my dear."

"Look at her black hair, her black eyes and dark skin."

"May she not be Cuban—or Spanish?"

His wife turned upon him quickly. There was a peculiar expression of mingled hope and anxiety in his face, and she said, after a pause,—

"You can't think that?"

"No: I only begin to hope. That is all."

"It is wholly improbable, my dear. Besides, I have it from the best authority that the girl is of African descent, and therefore quite unfit to stay with us. She must be sent away the moment we land. I shall never consent to open the house to a single guest while she remains in it. I should die of mortification."

"Any guest who entered my house unwilling to recognize my adopted daughter would be shown the door. What authority have you for these insinuations?"

"I make no insinuations. I only tell you the truth."

"Who is your authority?"

Mrs. Gearing, shallow and narrow-minded woman that she was, recognized that her husband was an upright and honorable man, judge among men, and one who would be master of his household. Being weak and shifty, she evaded the question.

"I had it from one who had it from the people who lived at the light."

"Who is it?"

"Why, how persistent you are, my dear! It was Mademoiselle Rochet who told me."

"Mademoiselle Rochet!"

"Yes. Didn't you see how the girl behaved when she met her? On deck this morning she was confused and frightened; and now at lunch she refused to sit with her at table."

"There's nothing surprising in that. Mademoiselle is not the person whose society I should seek. Singular she should be crossing the ocean and her name not on the list of passengers!"

"She told me about that herself when I first met her this morning. She arrived on board just at the last moment, too late to be entered on the list."

The judge made no reply, but rose and touched the electric bell.

"Mercy, judge! Why do you call a servant?"

"I'll show you presently. What is the number of Mademoiselle's state-room?"

"I think it is 69. Yes, it is 69. I asked her, so that I could call her by and by to look at one of my dresses."

At this instant there was a knock at the door, and a steward appeared.

"John, will you please find out from the head steward who occupies No. 69? I think we have an old acquaintance in that room, but we are not sure of the name."

The man withdrew, and for a moment or two neither said a word, each busy with their own thoughts. Presently the man returned, and said,—

"Simpkins says he thinks it is a Madame Potard. The lady's been quite ill all the way, the stewardess says. Only left her room for the first time to-day."

"Thank you, John. Sorry to hear the lady has been ill. We shall call on her."

Mrs. Gearing had nothing to say. The discovery of the duplicity of her petted dress-maker mortified her beyond expression. She had taken the woman to her home and almost to her heart, and now she was travelling under an assumed name. Might not Madame Potard be her real name? Might she not be some dreadful creature with a French husband and French babies?

"Your witness, my dear, has no standing in court."

"I'll never speak to the upstart creature again."

"Who?—Mai?"

"No; this Potard. A married woman, too, and dining with us, and Royal so attentive to her!"

"Glad to hear it, my love. The Potard's prices have always been a source of wonder to me."

"And the creature was as polite and pleasant to Royal as if she had known him for years."

"Dare say she has."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing: only a little circumstance I recall that took place last summer at the Holl. Remember that night Royal came home? You sent him to escort this Mademoiselle Rochet-Potard to her hotel. I happened to take a little turn that night on the beach, about nine

o'clock, and I chanced upon them both arm in arm, and I heard him call her by still another name."

"What was it?"

"Oh, only 'Julie.' Struck me as rather familiar; but I passed on in the darkness, thinking perhaps I had been mistaken. Still, taken in connection with the evident fact that they had made wonderful progress in getting acquainted, it seemed, to say the least, just a little odd. The world is very small, my love. This Madame Potard may have been Royal's landlady when he was boarding in Paris,—or his washlady: who knows? It's a queer world; and the longer I live the less am I surprised at anything."

Quite unconsciously to the good woman, the judge had led her mind away from Mai Johnson, and he now left her to her own meditations. Closing the door softly behind him, he walked along the passage-way towards Mai's state-room.

What motive had this woman in making such an accusation? Did Mai know her? What relation did this woman with an *alias* bear to his step-son?

These questions were disquieting. He must settle them at once.

Through all these events the screw churned up the water, and the ship sailed west towards the inevitable. The fog still hung thick over the water, and the men at the bows had twice signalled to the bridge that danger lay ahead, and twice the steamer turned aside and vague shadowy forms of fishing-boats drifted past in the mist.

Very few passengers ventured out of the saloons. Only here and there a rubber-clad passenger braved the cold, raw wind and the wet decks and murky air. Among these, one man, in an absurd ulster dragging his heels after the manner of the feminine-looking footmen at the doors of Fifth Avenue carriages, slowly paced the deck, silent and bitter with himself and all the world. His luck had turned. The smoking-room bets were declared off,—that was something,—but at what a fearful cost! He had saved his money and met the one man in the world whom he held in mortal dread,—on shipboard, too, and an officer of the ship, in whose hand all their lives were held,—shut up on a ship with a man who he felt sure in his cowardly little soul would not hesitate to throw him into the sea. The situation was more horrible than any he had read in the wildest French novel. That nothing of the kind could happen never entered his head. His mind was completely unstrung by terror and remorse. At any moment his wife Julie might come upon deck and insist upon her rights. He felt sure she had gone to Paris and was now returning to New York for no purpose except to establish in some way her position as his wife.

He walked to and fro on the deck, not far from the bows. It was not the best place, but since he came up from the saloon the pilot, dressed in oilcloth the color of old gold, had come out upon the bridge, and he dared not now pass under the bridge to reach a pleasanter part of the deck. Nor did he dare to go below and pass through the saloon, for he must in so doing pass his wife's state-room door, and he dared not meet her alone. He was practically in a trap, and he must keep to the farther end, nearest the bow, and stay there till chilled to the bone

in the bitter wind and searching fog. Seeing a man at the extreme end of the bows standing like an old-gold statue and dripping at every angle, he went towards him and stood at the rail, looking down at the curling foam above the ship's forefoot.

How swiftly the enormous mass swept through the water!—nearer and yet nearer, every second, to the land,—to exposure and misery. Even as he stood there the ship was a mile nearer her port, a mile nearer to his disgrace.

Suddenly there came over the gray water a faint moan.

The oilcloth-clad figure beside him started and leaned forward, as if to listen. Again that moan,—far away, blood-chilling in its mystery. To the young man it seemed the despairing cry of some lost soul.

Again it spoke. To his fevered imagination it was as the cry of a child perishing of neglect,—the moan of starvation, misery, and despair. His heart seemed to freeze, and he slipped on the wet deck and fell down, a limp mass, by the rail. The yellow mariner kicked him aside with an oath, and shouted some strange words backward towards the affrighted sailors on deck and officers on the bridge.

Below, the big bell clanged, and the engineers sprang up and with tremendous efforts pulled at the valves, that the mighty engine stop, lest all be lost. An instant's silence in the engine-room, and then the bell clanged twice. Reverse! reverse, for dear life! The ponderous link motion strained under the stress of the small engine that puffed and roared to force it over. It was done, and then through the mighty cylinders rushed again the insistent steam. Every eccentric turned to guide the power in a new direction, and the whole awful force of the engine, two thousand horses straining as one frantic beast, was bent to resist the terrific momentum of the ship, lest disaster overwhelm all.

The ship shook in the sea, and every heart on board seemed to stop with chilling suspense.

On the bridge the captain stood with blanched face, expectant, resolute, fearful, yet confident in his immense machine. His heart seemed to keep time with the revolutions of the straining screw.

She slowed—stopped.

By his side stood his pilot, confounded with alarm and astonishment.

"Thought you said, Johnson, we were twenty miles south of Nantucket; and here we are right on the land."

"I dunno! I give it up. I must be breakin' all up. Lemme get down. I'll never take tiller again. I don't know what it means. I don't know where we be. Hark! What's that?"

"It's the buoy. We have passed to starboard of it."

"No. Listen. It's a fish-horn."

A number of passengers had come out of the saloon and were talking loudly on the deck.

"Keep quiet below."

The people meekly obeyed, and then through the awesome stillness of a steamer at rest at sea there came a faint note over the water through the blinding mist, then another note on the other side.

"Why, we've run into a fleet o' boats! Call 'em, captain."

No need to suggest this, for the captain had his hand on the rope,

and the great whistle roared in short, blatant notes. A moment later the safety-valve moved, and the dull roar of escaping steam drowned all other sounds.

"That's signal enough. The fishermen will know we have stopped, and will come aboard. Mr. Ruthers, see that soundings are taken at once, and keep your men on the lookout for boats."

The officer addressed went down to the deck and prepared to take soundings. More passengers came on deck, looking white and scared, and talking together in whispers. Presently the boilers were relieved, and the escaping steam stopped. Then through the silence came the sound of oars.

XVIII.

Some people are like a camera: they see only what is directly before them, without regard to its focus, and the dry plates they call their minds are capable only of reporting one fact at a time. Mademoiselle recognized that Mai Johnson was in a sense her rival. She saw through the device her husband had used to bring the girl into his mother's family that he might win her for himself. That he had no moral right to do this she felt sure; that he had no legal right she hoped to prove the moment they reached New York. On board ship she had no legal rights,—at least, she could not prove them,—and, enraged at what she considered an affront put upon her by the girl, she went directly to the one wish that was uppermost in her heated brain. She would be revenged on the woman who had lured away her husband. She had already stabbed her through the judge's wife. She would attack the girl herself, let the consequences be what they might.

The judge knocked at Miss Johnson's state-room door. No response. He knocked again. Still no answer. Becoming alarmed, he tried the handle of the door. There was a faint moan within, and he boldly opened the door.

On the lounge lay the girl, white and still, her wavy black hair streaming on the floor.

"Mai! Mai! Are you ill?"

She opened her eyes slowly and smiled in a pained, wan way, and then closed them again.

"What is it, my child? Are you sick? Shall I call the doctor?"

She neither opened her eyes nor spoke, but slowly shook her head.

The judge opened the port, and the raw, cold mist drifted in and the sounds of the sea filled the room. Again by the sea his heart was wrenched. This child, who had become so dear to him, was stricken grievously. He knelt upon the floor by her side and took one of her hands in his.

"Are you sick, my child?"

She looked at him for an instant, and then shook her head.

"Are you hurt? Let me call the surgeon."

"He could do nothing."

"What has happened? Tell me what has happened."

She hesitated for a few moments, and he waited for her to speak. Then she said, slowly,—

"I wish I had died—with mother—on the ship!"

"What do you mean?"

"She came here."

"Who?"

"That woman. She hates me."

"Mademoiselle Rochet? Did she dare to come here too?"

"She forced herself in. I was frightened. I couldn't stop her. She—oh, why did I not die with my mother?"

"What did she say?"

"She said—oh, how can I tell you? Father knew it: she said he did. Sam knew it, too. I never knew; I never knew; and they were so cruel—oh, so cruel!—not to tell me. I could have gone away somewhere; and—oh, it is so hard to know it now!"

"You say your father knew it."

She turned away from him and began to cry softly to herself.

"What is it, my dear? What troubles you?"

"You——"

"I? What have I done? You know I love you."

"I know that; and yet—you—you believe it."

At this instant the screw stopped.

Neither spoke in the strange, terrifying silence that meant so much. Both listened intently. What new disaster was at hand?

Suddenly she started up, white, haggard, and trembling.

"Hark! I hear it! the buoy! It is the buoy that marks the grave of that ship."

The judge was fairly alarmed, and stood up by the port to listen.

Then came faint and far away through the breathless silence the clang of a bell.

"The ship is in trouble. They have reversed the engine to stop her."

"It is no matter. The sea is calling me again, as it does in my dreams. It's no matter now. Father—Sam—will never know how I died. I'm almost—almost glad it is so near. I can go home—to my mother—and my father."

A little glass on the marble wash-stand rattled. The ship was struggling, perhaps for her life.

Then, after a long, breathless pause, the distant bell clanged again. Then returned that freezing silence.

"The ship has stopped. Hark! they are signalling some other vessel. I think we have escaped the danger, whatever it is. Come, let us go on deck."

He saw that while she was in this excited state of mind it would not be wise to attempt to reason with her. It were better, for the time, to ignore her fears and try to divert her attention to other matters till she was calmer. As for this woman,—this Madame Potard-Rochet,—he would probe her acts and motives till he found the truth. That she had some motive in her cruelty he clearly recognized. What that motive might be he would find out the moment his family were safe at home in New York.

"Let us go up-stairs, Mai, and see what is going on."

"And you do not care, even if it is true?"

He stooped over her and gently raised her, and then, for the first time since he had known her, he gravely kissed her forehead. She snatched his hand and covered it with kisses and a flood of tears.

"There, there, my child! you are better now. Believe me if I tell you that perhaps I know more of this woman than you think. We will not care for her any more. The moment we reach New York I will set men at work on the marine records of every port in the world, and we will find the name of that ship if it takes from now to—to doomsday, whenever that legal holiday may be."

Her reply was to draw him down to her and to kiss him on the cheek and to say,—

"I—I thank you,—more than I can ever tell. Let me fix my hair, and I'll go with you. I'm not afraid of that woman now,—not if you are near me."

A friendly sailor, with an eye to a shilling, sprinkled some sea-water over young Mr. Royal Yardstickie, and the young man struggled back to an humiliating consciousness that he had fainted with superstitious fear, or from the prick of a guilty heart, or from both. As soon as he had recovered sufficiently to walk, he moved away from the bows, as if to go aft to the saloon. As he reached the first-deck engine he saw the people pouring out of the saloons and going to the ship's side, as if to see something on the water. He saw an officer clear the people away from the railing, while a sailor threw over a rope ladder. The officers on the bridge seemed to be expecting something, and as the crowd cut off his view he mounted the base of the little engine, where he could see all that passed on the deck and on the bridge. To his surprise, he found the ship had stopped, and there was a good deal of suppressed excitement among the throng of passengers.

Then, to his amazement, over the side of the ship from the rope ladder came Skipper Johnson of Mr. Manning's yacht. Young Mr. Yardstickie prided himself on his nerves. He had nerves once. They seemed to be quite gone now, for he trembled so much he could not stand on the edge of the engine, and was forced to step down on the deck and hide behind a crowd of sailors and firemen. Presently over the heads of those before him he saw the young skipper mount the steps to the bridge, where both pilot and captain seemed to welcome him heartily.

Mai and the judge experienced some difficulty in finding their way to the deck. They had stopped at Mrs. Gearing's room, and found her, poor lady, quite hysterical, and only Mai's calm confidence that no harm had come to the ship allayed her fears. She would not go on deck. "If it is safe," she said, "I'd rather stay here; and if we are all going to the bottom I'd rather keep in my room and be drowned in comfort than be pushed overboard by some frantic servant." The stairways were all crowded with people struggling to get on deck, some white, scared, and silent, others talking feverishly with all about them, both friends and strangers, others laughing hysterically, and all urged by the one motive of personal safety. By dint of a little patience, the judge found a place for Mai and himself behind the stern of a deck-

boat directly under the bridge. The people all about them were talking in whispers. It was evident the officers had commanded silence.

Just then an officer near the ship's side called up to some one on the bridge,—

"Thirty fathoms out, sir, and no bottom."

"All right. Go round to the other side and bring that fisherman to the bridge."

Mai had taken the judge's arm, and at the word "fisherman" she trembled slightly. He looked down upon her, and she smiled with an effort and endeavored to steady herself against the boat. Then there was some commotion on the other side of the ship, but, as the house was in the way, they could not see what was going on. They were not long in ignorance; for the voices of the officers on the bridge were painfully distinct in the hush that had fallen on all the people.

Just then a sudden burst of sunlight lit up the wet rigging till it sparkled as if hung with jewels. The sunlight passed, and a big rift of blue appeared in the gray mist overhead.

"By mighty! If that isn't my son Sam! Where on earth did you come from, Sam?"

"Been chasing the buoy."

"Chasing the buoy!"

This was Captain Floyd's voice.

"Yes, sir. It broke loose four days ago, and has been drifting round ever since. It's scared the officers of more'n a dozen ships half out of their wits already."

"And well it might. Why, when we heard it we thought we were right on the rocks."

"And what fetched you out here, Sam?"

"Chasing it for the salvage. Four boats started from the Holl to find it. They are all round here now, for a French steamer heard it last night,—'most scared 'em out of their senses,—and now you have run afoul of it. We'll come up with it as soon as the fog lifts. We heard you stop in the fog, and kinder guessed what was the matter."

This speech, distinctly heard by all on the deck below, produced a profound impression. The relief from the strain of fear and anxiety found expression in a sort of inarticulate murmur that broke into loud comments and laughter and ended in a rousing cheer, in which sailors, officers, firemen, and passengers joined. Then followed a scene of confusion, in which everything save gratitude was forgotten. Men swarmed up the steps to the bridge and fairly dragged the young man to the deck to shake his hand and cover him with thanks and congratulations. The officers made no attempt to stay the almost frantic enthusiasm. The people seemed to have but one instinct,—to make a hero of the man who had so instantly changed the tragedy that had seemed to impend over all their lives into almost farcical comedy. Men shook hands with entire strangers. Women kissed one another in tears and laughter. One big fellow—a Western man—poured a handful of gold into the young man's cap, and then threw another handful to the crew. Finding the little boat with one man on board still at the ship's side, he gave final vent to his enthusiasm by dropping his pocket-book

on the boatman's head, where it struck with a loud whack and bounced into the water amid shouts of laughter from the spectators. Below, corks flew in a sort of fusillade, and every one tried to be happy,—some in good ways, some in bad.

In the midst of the uproar of rejoicing the sun burst forth, and the mist melted away like a torn sail, and there on the sea were the four

"BEEN CHASING THE BUOY."

good boats from the Holl racing frantically for a black dot on the water a mile astern.

And through it all the steamer lay safe and silent on the water.

Captain Floyd put his hand on the bell to call his engineer to go ahead, and hesitated.

"Johnson, I owe you an apology. I blamed you for the danger

we thought we were in. I was mistaken, old friend; and you must let me reward your son for the news he brought."

"Guess Sam ain't the fellow to take a reward. Lor'! did you see those passengers drag him off to the saloon?"

"Where is he now?"

"I don't know. Guess he's below somewhere."

"Come into the chart-room. I'll send for your son. I want to see you both for a minute before we start."

During all the rejoicings one lay below in a state-room, almost heart-broken. She seemed to be trembling between life and death. The doctor bent over her, anxious and alarmed.

"How did it happen?"

"I hardly know, doctor," said the judge. "We were on deck when that man—that fisherman—arrived, when she suddenly fainted, and we brought her to her room."

Mrs. Gearing, poor lady, completely unstrung by the events of the day, sat beside the girl, bathing her face and wondering what had happened. Why faint in a moment of such rejoicing?

Just then there was a knock at the door. The judge opened it, expecting a servant who had been sent for water.

It was Captain Floyd.

"I beg pardon for intruding, but is there a Miss Johnson here?"

"Yes, captain, but she is very ill."

"Ah! Perhaps I understand why. You are her guardian, I think, sir?"

"She is travelling with us."

"You represent her?"

"Yes, I may say I do. What is wanted?"

"Just this, sir. Her father, Captain Johnson, is on this ship, and —you will excuse me for plain speaking—I fear there has been some misunderstanding between them. I am keeping the ship here that I may take the girl to her own father."

"He is not her own father."

"Who is?"

"We do not know; but if she wishes to see Captain Johnson she can. I will take her to him presently. Is he in the saloon?"

"No, sir: he is in my private room. I am keeping the ship——"

He paused, for the girl, seeming in some strange way to understand the vital importance of what was passing, recovered, sat up, and tried to rise.

"Keep quiet, my child," said the doctor. "You are very weak."

"I am not weak. Take me to him. I know. I understand. He has come to me at last."

Her spirit seemed to be equal to anything, and in spite of the doctor's protestations she insisted on going at once with Captain Floyd.

In the chart-room sat father and son, silent, each with his own grief.

At last the old man spoke:

"The ways o' Providence ain't for any man to find out. It may be a marcy, but I don't see it that way,—not just now."

"Not a letter, father, not a letter from her since you went away. I

was knocked overboard by the boom of the Polly B. the other day, and when I found myself in the water I was 'most tempted to give up the fight; but I kinder thought there must be something behind it all, and it would be disappointin' the ways o' heaven if I didn't swim back to the boat."

"And to think we should both be here on this steamer! What does it mean,—that buoy a-driftin' out to sea as if it were tired o' whistlin' for nothing all this time? It's mebby more than we can——"

At this moment the door leading from the deck opened, and, to their surprise, Captain Floyd entered the room, and upon his arm leaned Mai, pale, beautiful, and with a new and strange light in her eyes. Behind her came Judge Gearing.

The instant the door closed behind her she broke away from Captain Floyd.

"Father! Sam! I am here——"

She paused, bewildered, in the middle of the room. The younger man rose from his seat, gave one swift glance at her, and turned away with bent head and averted face. She turned to the elder man:

"Father! What does it mean? Don't you know me,—Mai?"

"You ain't no child o' mine."

"No! no! not really, but—oh, father! to think you do not—care for me. Oh, I see. It is true! It is true! You kept it back from me. You never told me all about the ship."

"And I never will: I promised mother I wouldn't. And you went back on us, and left us——"

He said no more, for an ashen pallor overspread her face. Nature is merciful in sore need.

They took her again to her room.

It was finished: her heart was broken.

A few moments later the bell spoke below:

"Full speed ahead."

XIX.

One bright December morning, four weeks after the whistling buoy had gone adrift, a strange schooner made the little port of Wilson's Holl. The truant buoy had been restored to its place by the light-house steamer, and the stranger evidently knew the way into port, for it steered directly for the buoy, and dropped anchor. The hotel and the cottages were closed, and the only life in the place clustered round the little wharf. The new keeper of the light saw the strange schooner first, and telephoned to the post-office. She might want a pilot, and there were plenty of venerable sea-captains who would be glad to pick up a little job like that.

Captain Breeze Johnson was at the little village store when the postmaster called to the telephone got the news of the arrival. The postmaster, being a just man, gave the news out freely to all present:

"Schooner making in. Guess she may want a pilot."

Six old chaps rose from the boxes whereon they had made themselves comfortable for the past two hours, and bolted in sudden haste for the door.

"Hard alee there! It's only Sam; and I guess if any feller can steer into Wilson's Holl he can. I got a letter yesterday sayin' if the wind held good he'd be here to-day."

The elderly parties returned to their boxes.

"Sam got a schooner? Goin' to winter here? Fishin' or freightin'?"

"Tain't either. It's explorin'."

"Explorin'! What's that?"

Just then a tow-headed youth put his head in the door, and said, in a shrill voice,—

"Schooner's come to anker nigh the whistler. Mother wants you, dad."

A gray old sea-captain who hadn't been to sea for fifteen years rose stiffly and remarked, gravely,—

"I forgot to split wood. Guess it's some loonitick if he's anchored 'longside that screechin' booey."

The others laughed in a friendly way at their neighbor as he trotted off after the boy, and then fell to discussing the strange schooner that could already be seen at anchor in the harbor through the dingy windows of the little store.

"I tell you it's Sam, and he's come down here a-wreckin'."

"A-wreckin'!"

This was too much for their marine belief, and the worthy Captain Breeze, nettled at their unbelief, said he "guessed he'd run out and see Sam on the wrecker."

That one trip on the steamer had been his last. On placing the steamer safe in dock on the North River he had resigned as a pilot and had gone home. His spirit was broken. His daughter had deserted him. He would go back to the little port and end his days in such peace as he could. His son, on the other hand, had shown a very different spirit. Just before the steamer started ahead he had a moment's interview with Judge Gearing on the deck, and then he descended to his boat, and the steamer left him to find his schooner, which had gone to find the truant buoy. The interview had been short, but it had given the young man new life, new hope. The very day the buoy was brought back to the Holl the young man had taken the boat for New London, saying to his father, as he departed,—

"I love her, father. I shall yet win her back."

"Unless she's married."

"Yes, unless—but I don't believe that of her, father."

So he had gone away on some mysterious errand that seemed to the old man "like flyin' in the face o' Providence."

He had come back armed with science, and resolved to solve the riddle of the whistling buoy.

As the old captain climbed out of his cat-boat to the deck of the strange schooner he was met by his son.

"Here we are, father. Everything's ready, and I'm going to work as soon as the men have had dinner."

"I don't know, Sam, I don't know anything 'bout such things, but it seems to me the foolishest thing I ever heard of."

"I love her, father."

"That's it. That's it. No tellin' what a feller won't do for love. Guess I'd done it myself for your mother; but it do look so awful foolish,—huntin' a wreck what's been buried under the sea nigh on to eighteen years. 'Sides all that, Sam, it's costin' all you've got in the world, and the girl's 'gaged to that whippersnapper."

"I don't care. I love her. I'm going to explore that wreck if it takes the last cent. Besides, I'm not alone in this job. I'm doing it for Mai, father; I'm doing it for Mai."

"And God bless you for it, my boy! and if I can help anyway, haulin' ropes or workin' tackle, I'll do it, 's long as my old bones hold together."

The two men shook hands on the deck of the schooner as it lazily rolled on the swells, and the big black buoy alongside gurgled and whispered to itself in a monotone of satisfaction and content.

"You shall work the pump, father, when I go down. I can trust you at the work better than any strangers."

The news that Sam Johnson had arrived from New Haven in a wrecking-schooner and that he intended to explore the wreck of the lost ship filled the Holl with wonder—and disappointment. It must be a treasure-ship. He had got hold of some clue as to the identity of the vessel, and intended to go fishing for lost money-chests, bars of gold, bags of diamonds, old metals, or other prizes. Why had they not grappled for these things years ago? Fortunes had been fished up from sunken vessels before this, and there were as good fish of that kind in the sea as ever were caught,—if you knew where to put down your grappling-irons. Dinners were forgotten, and the entire male population, with a good sprinkling of girls and women, was afloat in less than an hour, swarming round the schooner and bothering all on board with questions, some serious, some sarcastic, some ill-natured. Very few were in any mood to see a fellow-townsman pick up a fortune that had lain in reach of all for years.

The captain of the wrecking-schooner would not allow visitors to come on board. His deck was cumbered with steam-boilers and pumps, heavy tackle, and other machinery, and visitors would only be in the way and interrupt the work. So the good people had to content themselves with rowing round the schooner and commenting on her outfit and wondering how it was to be used. After dinner the captain of the wrecker, Sam Johnson, in whose service he and his men were enlisted, and Captain Breeze Johnson, had a consultation on deck.

"I take it," said the captain, "this wreck's pretty well kivered with mud by this time."

"Yes, there's some mud on her; though you can still make out her general shape from the keel and a few timbers that's there yet."

"All you expect is to see if there's a chist or anything like that left in the wreck."

"My idea," said Sam, "is to explore all the silt in and about the wreck with a long iron rod,—to spear the wreck, so to speak, like a man fishing for eels through the ice,—and, if the rod strikes anything hard, to grapple for it."

"Don't believe it's ever going to pay you. All you'll get up will be an old anchor."

"That's nothing to do with it. I pay you for the search. It's no matter what we find. Even an old rusty pot, if it has the ship's name on it, will be all I want."

"All right. I understand. It may take a week or more, but I'll do the best that man and machinery can do. Might 's well begin to once. Call the diver."

The sight of a professional diver climbing down a rope ladder into the sea afforded a certain amount of entertainment to the people in the boats, but, as there was nothing more to be seen, they gradually rowed away and left the schooner and its crew alone at their strange search. By dark the diver had roughly traced out the general direction in which the wreck lay. He reported that in three places in the soft ooze there were faint traces of something that might indicate the remains of the lost ship. The next day the schooner had out four anchors in different positions, and she had been secured directly over the dead ship, keel to keel. It was slow work, and it was nearly nightfall before everything was in readiness for a systematic exploration of the wreck.

Captain Breeze held several consultations with old men who remembered the wreck, and with their aid the exact spot where the bows of the ship might have been when she went to pieces was pretty clearly fixed. The diver would begin there and walk all over the bottom, thrusting a sharp iron rod deep into the ooze at every step. It was thought best to begin there, as it was possible one of the anchors could be found, or perhaps a part of the iron work of the capstan.

A whole day was spent in this way, and the diver reported—nothing. The iron bar sank easily into the mud and through the sand below. It could even be thrust through the rotting timbers without much trouble; and, though he had made out by this means the shape of one end of the keel and parts of two of the old ribs, he had found nothing more than fast-decaying wood and a fragment of an old china plate.

The next day was steamer-day. The New London boat came over to Wilson's Holl only twice a week in winter. Captain Breeze invariably went to the dock on these days, to see the few travellers who might arrive, and to get his *Weekly Tribune*, on which his mental stomach had been happily stayed all these years. This time he forgot his weekly and remained on the schooner.

Love had become impatient. It must do more than sit idle while others worked. The diver brought up a rusty hinge from an old chest, part of a door-knob, a piece of broken iron-work, and a mug, black and discolored, yet plainly a stone-ware mug, with handle intact. If the diver could recover such small things as these, there was hope of more valuable discoveries. He would himself go down and help explore the wreck.

The diver's dress fitted him well. He had no difficulty, after a few trials, in staying under water for half an hour at a time, and soon became quite expert in thrusting his iron rod—strange weapon to fight for love!—into the oozy bottom of the sea. Captain Breeze, with native gumption, learned the trick of working the air-pump that fed air to

the lover below, and insisted on doing all the work himself. So it was father and son searched together, one on deck, one in the sea, working with one heart for the love of a woman.

The New London steamer brought some passengers, young and old, to Wilson's Holl, and then departed. Old Captain Breeze, patiently at work on the air-pump, saw it depart, and wondered if it had left behind his weekly newspaper. Just as the steamer passed the buoy he heard a boat approaching from the shore. Thinking it only some of the crew of the schooner, he paid no heed, and went on with his work at the air-pump in dogged patience. Presently there were footsteps on the deck, and some one spoke.

"Father."

He looked up without stopping his work.

"Mai! Where did you come from?"

"I have come home, father. Can't you speak to me? Can't you give me your hand?"

"I can speak fast enough, but I can't give my hand to you."

"Oh, father!"

"I can't stop this machine. There's a feller below dependin' on it."

Behind Mai stood Judge Gearing and his wife, and by the edge of the deck were two others, one with a child in her arms and closely veiled.

"I don't wonder you are surprised, captain," said the judge. "We heard what your son was doing."

"Yes, Sam's at work now. Guess you'll have to excuse him for a little while."

"He's at work on a noble mission. I suppose he's at home?"

"Yes, Sam's at home. Take care, Mai. Don't step on that rubber hose. It's the air-pipe for the feller below."

"Who is it, father?"

"It's Sam. He's under water, 'splorin' that wreck. He hasn't found much yet,—nothing 'cept a few scraps o' old iron and other such wreckage."

A solitary wave, stronger than its fellows, passed beneath the vessel: it swayed slightly, and the black buoy swung round, and a single sighing note, plaintive, inarticulate, yet full of meaning to hearts that could hear, swept over the water.

She turned and looked off over the sea to the cold blue horizon. A tear sparkled on her cheek, and the judge, drawing nearer, said to her,—

"My child, few women have such love bestowed upon them without hope of reward."

"And I've lost it! I cannot tell him all the shame and misery I suffer. He isn't working down there for me. I know what he is looking for."

"Yes, dear, we all know; and I'm very glad I could help him."

"You helped him?"

"Yes; for your sake."

"Oh! I—I hope he will find nothing!"

"Why?"

"Because—oh, can't you see? He may trace my mother's name, or my father's name, and then I shall lose my second father."

He gravely kissed her forehead, and then they turned back to where the others stood near the side of the schooner, watching where two streams of bubbles were rising through the green water. The captain of the wrecker was explaining to Mrs. Gearing and the woman with the child something about the work below. This other woman was apparently a stranger, and stood looking on in silence. The man who had come with them was standing behind Mrs. Gearing, while the old captain was working hard at the air-pump.

Suddenly, with a scream, Mai Johnson sprang at this man and with a desperate push threw him in a confused heap upon the deck.

"You coward! You—oh! You meant to kill him!"

The creature tried to scramble up, but his glasses fell off, and his hat flew overboard, for the captain of the wrecker struck him a fearful blow on the head and stretched him senseless on a pile of ropes. The woman ran to his side, and Mrs. Gearing wrung her hands in terror.

"Oh! it is Royal! My son! my son! they have killed you!"

The woman placed the child on the deck, and, throwing aside her veil, knelt by the fallen man and began to chafe his hands.

"Heavens! Mademoiselle Rochet! What does this mean? Oh! my son! my son!"

"Lend a hand, men, lend a hand! Haul up the divers. Work the pump, man! work, for your son's life!"

It was wonderful how quickly the men gathered from every part of the vessel. With main strength they began to haul on two ropes that hung over the ship's side into the water. One rope slackened slightly, the other was strained taut.

"He's all right. He's coming up," cried one of the men.

"Pull on the other rope. Haul all—haul! There! his head's out. Quick! up with him. There! Lay him on the deck. Take off the helmet. Quick, man, quick! Lend a hand, captain."

Up from the green water came a giant figure, that sturdily climbed upon the deck. Behind this marine monster came another, dragged up, limp and lifeless. They laid him upon the deck, and the men unfastened the great helmet and took it off.

"Oh! my love! my love!"

It was Sam Johnson, back from the sea. His hair was wet, and his face was white.

"Take off the dress. Careful, men. That's right, miss: hold his head while we get him out o' the dress."

Judge Gearing looked in silence at the extraordinary scene before him. The young man seemed to be dead,—drowned while on love's mission. Away in a corner he saw his wife weeping over her son. Above the prostrate diver stood the figure of the old captain, his thin hair fluttering in the wind, his knotted hands clinched in righteous anger. Never in his seat in courts had he felt so heavily the weight of judicial duty. He recognized the entire case in all its bearings,—the strange man and woman who had begged to be permitted to come with them to the schooner, his step-son attempting murder.

"Curse that mis'able wretch! He stood on the pipe o' purpose. He's killed my son."

"Father! father! he's reviving. Oh, my love! my love! I'm here. I'm at your side. It's Mai. It's Mai, my darling."

The young diver opened his eyes, and, seeing Mai bending over him, looked at her for an instant and then with a sigh turned his head away.

"Oh, father! he doesn't know me! Sam, my darling, look at me. It is Mai."

"OH, FATHER! HE DOESN'T KNOW ME!"

He made a movement as if to push her away, and she struggled to her feet, tottered for a moment, and was caught by the judge before she could fall.

"Oh!"

The motion had been misunderstood. The young man thrust his hand into his coat and drew forth a crumpled newspaper. He seemed very weak, and let it fall at her very feet.

The old captain picked it up and offered it to Mai, saying,—

"It is better so. You must read it, Mai. It's broke his heart a-carryin' it round all these months."

"What is it, father? What must I read?"

"That—that 'ere marked place. It's marked plain enough o' him a-cryin' over it."

"Let me read it, Mai," said the judge, taking the paper from the captain.

"No, no. Let me read it myself. I will read it, if it kills me. He wishes it."

There was a hush, for every one, save the two women who were tending the fallen creature at the other side of the deck, had gathered near, and stood looking at the scene before them in silence. She read the paper slowly and carefully, half blinded by tears. Then there came a sudden tightening of her fingers, a hard cold look in the handsome eyes. She needed support no longer, and stood erect.

"What is it, Mai?" said the judge.

"Come and see."

She spoke in a constrained voice, and walked across the deck to where the terrified women knelt beside the disgraced and ruined creature just recovering his wretched senses.

"Husband," cried Mrs. Gearing, "have mercy! He is my son."

"Mercy, madam?" said Mai. "Had he any mercy on me? Look at that."

"What? What is it, Mai?"

"Read it. Ah! you have recovered, Royal Yardstickie! You had that lying paragraph printed. You sent it to—my—to him."

"Oh, mercy! husband, take her away! She will kill him. She tried to do it just now."

"No, madame: it was he that tried to take life. He stood upon the air-pipe, and I pushed him off."

"Mai," said the judge, gravely, "vengeance is not ours. He is punished already."

"The courts will settle that business, judge," said one of the men standing by. "He might have cut the air off for me. I was below there when I see him reelin' and the bubbles stop, and I knew something was wrong. If it hadn't been I'd just got the last hook fixed in that anker I'd rushed to help him; but the hook was fast, and the rope got twisted round my leg, and then I see they was a-haulin' him up. It's the narrerest escape I ever seen; and I'll have that skunk in jail 'fore sundown."

"Mai! Mai!"

There was a wild rush, and a big blond giant burst through the ring around the prostrate man and snatched her in his arms and covered her with kisses.

Happiness is contagious. The lovers' joy spread to all save two. Sailors and officers, visitors and workmen, shook hands in that half-tearful, half-joyful confusion that comes over all when the heart has once its way and love is crowned.

On the deck sat a child, laughing and crowing over the end of a rope that its chubby hands had found.

The judge shook hands with everybody, from captain to cook, and then went to his wife. The young man had by this time sufficiently recovered to sit up, and sat on an anchor, sullen and silent.

"Husband," cried Mrs. Gearing, "he is my son. He says he trod on the pipe by accident."

"I have no condemnation, Maria. He has brought his own punishment upon himself. I hope what he says is true; but it does not

matter now. It is only a wonder some of these sailors did not kill him on the spot. He is no son of mine, from this hour."

"Judge, be merciful, if you love me."

"I am merciful, but I will see justice done, too. Young man, who is this woman?"

Royal Yardstickie hesitated a moment.

"Who is this woman?"

"Oh, Royal, Royal," cried the woman by his side, "speak for me! I am here,—Julie,—your wife. See, there is your boy,—innocent of his father's deeds."

"You?" cried Mrs. Gearing. "You his wife? Oh, Royal!"

"Why don't you speak, sir? Who is this woman?"

"My wife."

"See, here is our boy, Royal,—our boy. I brought him from Paris with me. He was on the ship with you. Let me bring him. There, there, little one, let the man have the rope. Come to father."

The sailor gently took the rope away from the child, saying, in apology,—

"It's the rope to the tackle. The captain's give orders to h'ist the stuff, whatever it is."

"Hoist what?"

"We dunno, sir. Something the divers hitched on to just 'fore it —'fore it happened."

Slowly, with straining ropes and creaking blocks, the engine on the forward deck dragged up from the depths of the sea—something.

The curiosity to see what had been found drew all, save young Mr. Royal Yardstickie and his wife and child, to the edge of the deck. Slowly, dripping and straining, the ropes rose out of the water. Then through the green depths came a strange, crooked form, black and rusty, —a broken anchor.

At last it lay upon the deck, and they all gathered round it to examine it. Only a broken anchor.

"Get some cloths and wipe it dry. Wipe it very carefully, and look for marks," said Breeze Johnson.

Already the day was dying. The eastern sky was purple. The wind had fallen, and the sea was as glass. The schooner, heeled over by the strain in lifting the anchor, now rested on an even keel. The west was all a rosy glow, presaging pleasant days to come. The black buoy stood straight in the water, silent. Lanterns were procured, and they got down on the deck to search every inch of the rusty relic of the dead ship. For some time nothing was found; and then it was suggested that the anchor be turned over, to see the other side. The engine puffed again, and the anchor was soon dangling in the air. As it was gently laid down again, Captain Breeze Johnson's keen old eyes detected something close to the ragged end where a fluke had been broken off.

A name?

No. Only a few letters.

A little gentle rubbing away of the rust, and there were visible letters stamped or cast in the iron.

"I see a S and a O, yes, and a N and a E. One letter's missin'."

"A T. Is it a T, captain?"

"Mebby it is, judge. S, T, O, N, E,—Stone."

"Is that all?"

The judge's voice had a curious tremulous quaver, as if he were trying to repress some strong emotion.

"Yes. There was more once, but it's rusted off."

"Do you think it can be—Maidstone?"

The old man stood up and wiped his eyes with the back of his hand. Not a word was said for a moment. At last Sam broke the silence.

"Father, where is that name-board?"

"It's to hum, Sam. I've kept it all these years,—thank God. I can get it when we go ashore."

"Mai," said the judge, gravely, "how can I tell you? How can I ever thank this young man, who shall be my son? Listen."

A strange trembling was in the old man's voice. He bared his head, and his white hairs seemed a nimbus in the fading light. By some curious instinct the men all took off their hats, as if some religious rite were at hand. There was a brief pause, and then he went on:

"This ship was the Maidstone, of Liverpool. It was my wife's last home: she sailed in this ship years ago with her child, and the vessel was lost."

"Stop there, sir," said the old pilot. "Stop there. I was at that wreck, and I done a—a passenger a great injustice. When we found that passenger she was wrapped in a woman's night-dress, marked with a name that we knew from things in the state-room was the captain's name. Mother always said it would kill—the passenger—if she was to know her father left her to die in his own ship: she'd die o' shame in thinkin' of her father."

Somehow by stealth a beautiful girl, made doubly beautiful by love and happiness, her eyes shining with a new love just born, had crept closer to the two men. She stretched out her hands towards them both.

"Father,—both fathers,—hark!"

She stood between the two old men, erect, listening, beautiful.

The night had fallen in peace on the sea. No sound of surf or wave was anywhere. Yet by some mysterious sympathy there was a sound, soft, musical, vanishing. They all heard it; nor could any tell whether it was upon the air or only in their hearts.

"Listen, father. It is—my mother—singing in heaven."

And the buoy was dumb.

THE END.

HEREDITY.

I MEET upon the woodland ways
  At morn a lady fair:
Adown her slender shoulders strays
  Her raven hair;

And none who looks into her eyes
  Can fail to feel and know
That in this conscious clay there lies
  Some soul aglow.

But I, who meet her oft about
  The woods in morning song,
I see behind her far stretch out
  A ghostly throng,—

A priest, a prince, a lord, a maid,
  Faces of grief and sin,
A high-born lady and a jade,
  A harlequin,—

Two lines of ghosts in masquerade,
  Who push her where they will,
As if it were the wind that swayed
  A daffodil.

She sings, she weeps, she smiles, she sighs,
  Looks cruel, sweet, or base;
The features of her fathers rise
  And haunt her face.

As if it were the wind that swayed
  Some stately daffodil,
Upon her face they masquerade
  And work their will.

Frederick Peterson.

SOME RECORDS OF PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

BEFORE me lie two unanswered letters of the blind English poet, who has so suddenly and so recently passed away, in his early manhood, just as he was attaining the full use and control of all his mental powers. In one of these letters he says, "I have been very unwell for some time past, and enveloped in the clouds of *melancholia:* which is quite a different thing, you know, from being out of spirits; the ultimate word about melancholia was said about it in James Thompson's 'City of Dreadful Night,'—the City of Dreadful Night, to my mind, not representing the world as the author really conceived it to be, but the world as viewed in the state of melancholia." But this letter, and the one preceding it, although they were colored with an unusual sadness, gave no indication that the poet had any fear of a fatal result, and were no preparation for the painful tidings that so soon followed.

Of all the younger English poets, none, we think, has wound his way into the tender sympathies of his readers like Philip Marston. It is not enough to say that pity, "the twin sister of love," had everything to do with this; for from his poems it would never be gathered that he was blind; nor, indeed, was he ever willing that in the slightest degree any abatement in the judgment formed of his poems should be made in consequence of his terrible affliction. Nor would he have let it be known, could he have helped it, that he was blind; he was very averse to having his calamity alluded to, and in both his prose and poetical writings, and in all his letters, he constantly speaks like a man who had clear eyesight. His lofty, uncomplaining, and submissive spirit asked for no condolence, and almost turned aside from the offer of it. That his blindness clouded all his inner life, as it did his outer, there can be no doubt; but the manly way in which he submitted to his inevitable misfortune had something in it inspiring to the looker-on. He did not fold his hands in despairing apathy and let himself lie helplessly in the arms of his many devoted friends; but with persistent and proud resolution he took, as it were, strict account of his life-stock, weighed all its possibilities, and then addressed himself unflinchingly to self-support, and to the work for which he felt himself best fitted.

Philip Marston was a poet by inheritance. He was a lineal descendant of the old dramatist, John Marston, who was a boon companion of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, and was associated with the latter in some of his literary work. Most readers of the old dramatists will

remember that fine bit of satire about the old philosophers, in which we have the constant recurrence of the phrase "*still my spaniel slept.*"

> I wasted lamp-oil, baited all my flesh,
> Shrunk up my veins, conversed with Zabarell,
> Aquinas, Scotus, and the musty saw
> Of antick Donate: *Still my spaniel slept.*
> At length he waked and yawned. . . .
> For aught I know, he knew as much as I.

Dr. Marston, the father of our poet, is a well-known English dramatist, and in one of his recent letters his son expresses great interest in a drama then in course of preparation. The incidents of young Marston's life seem to be so generally known that it is hardly needful to reproduce them here. A sort of special interest gathered about him, as a child, because Miss Mulock, who was his godmother, addressed to him the best poem that ever came from her pen, so that as a boy he was singled out as "Philip, my King." The allusion in it to "the large brown eyes" is very touching, when we remember the "enshadowing" hand that was afterwards laid over them.

He lost an eye by an accident when he was only four years old, and gradually the other eye became affected, so that while still in his boyhood he was almost blind. He was so unwilling to allude to his calamity that in the many letters I have had from him he never wrote a line which would make me know that he had absolutely lost his eyesight. Most of these letters are written with a marvellously clear chirography in ink; and the nearest he comes to an allusion to his blindness is in speaking of the type-writer, with which he prepared much of his work for the press. His mother was the angel of his life, and to her beautiful, sensitive, and poetic boy she dedicated herself with that tireless devotion which only mothers know. She was his reader and amanuensis; and into her unwearied ear he poured all his aspirations, his longings, and his sorrows. But she was taken from him before he was twenty years old, and the blow would have been an irretrievable one, but that his younger sister, who was a second self, was left him, and she took his mother's place, with the same generous self-sacrifice, supplying as far as possible the sense denied him.

His first book of verse was published under the title of "Song-Tide," and he has perhaps written nothing since that has been received with so much enthusiasm by poets and critics. At this time he had made the acquaintance of most of the men distinguished in English literature. Browning, Tennyson, Dickens, Philip Bailey, the author of "Festus" (who was his godfather), Rossetti, Morris, Swinburne, and

hosts of others were associated with his daily life. His father's house in London was at this time a gathering-place for the best spirits of the day, and by these poet-friends this volume of the young aspirant was hailed as one of brilliant promise. Dante Rossetti, in particular, was delighted with it, and addressed him a sonnet which, in one of the letters before me, he says he sets great store by as being a sort of guarantee of his powers. Swinburne, too, at this time exercised a powerful influence over him, and he knew one of his volumes by heart; but this influence very much waned as his years went on. Not until after "Song-Tide" was published, and not until the light of his life was a second time quenched by the death of the lovely young girl to whom he was betrothed, did his natural sight utterly fail him. For up to this period he could indistinctly see the splendor of a brilliant sunset and enjoy the glory of a sunny day. But the grief incident upon so great a loss is supposed to have cost him the little sight he had left, so that henceforth to the end he walked his life-path in the "ever-during dark." But then he had in possession

> That inward eye which is the bliss of solitude,

which revealed to him a world of beauty, of fancy, and of spiritual imaginings which are denied to common eyes.

Marston was a long time in recovering from this staggering blow, but his sister's constant companionship nerved and strengthened him; for she was in so many respects the twin sister of his soul—his very *alter ego*—that their sympathy in taste and occupation was perfect. She read for him, wrote for him, shared, as it were, her senses with him, till all her life seeemed merged in his. No page of literature presents us with a more beautiful type of self-abnegation than Cicely Marston. They travelled together, wandered through Italy, visited Rome, Florence, Venice, and all the wonders of the Holy Land of Art,—he with scarcely less appreciation and enjoyment than the companion through whose power of mental photography love was able to stamp all bright impressions upon his receptive soul.

But, alas for what his friend Swinburne calls, in his pagan way, "the malice of circumstance"! only a few brief years elapsed before this sympathetic sister was snatched away by death, and for the third time the blind poet was left inconsolable. Yet not even here did his earthly bereavements cease. His only other sister, who was married to the English poet O'Shaughnessy, died, and was in a short time followed to the grave by her husband, who had been a bosom friend of her brother. So that of the brilliant household all were swept away save Philip Marston himself, and the father who still survives him.

There can be no greater proof of the noble courage of this brave soul than the fact that underneath these accumulations of earthly ills he did not wholly sink. For a period, indeed, the outward gloom clouded the inward vision; but the gift of Poesy had been to him a divine compensation, and he learned to find again comfort in the exercise of it. His second volume, "All in All," was dedicated to his mother's memory, and, though it did not meet with quite as eager praise as "Song-Tide," it was not because its literary quality was inferior, but because of the minor key to which its music was set. The tears had dropped too freely into the waters of his Helicon while he stooped to dip them up. It was, however, a book which the poets took to their hearts; and that is sufficient proof of the qualities which it possessed.

Gradually Marston returned to the world, came out of the shadow of his unexampled afflictions, and walked abroad in the sunlight again —a chastened sunlight, verily, but still one that buoyed him for endurance. Whittier's strong verse may well be applied to this resolute soul:

> Well, to suffer is divine:
> Pass the watchword down the line,
> Pass the countersign, "*Endure!*"
> Not to him who rashly dares,
> But to him who nobly bears,
> Is the victor's garland sure.

He wrote largely for the English magazines, both in poetry and prose, and became a frequent contributor to the American press. The April number of *Lippincott* published one of his latest sonnets,—one singularly touched with prophetic significance. His "Wind-Voices," brought out in 1884, was his last volume, and contains the ripest fruits of his genius. Its poems are marked by that rare subtilty and delicacy of expression which were always more or less characteristic of everything Marston wrote. Especially beautiful are the "New Garden Secrets." The dialogues and dreams of violet, rose, and other flowers have a bewitching aroma which reminds one of the lyrics of Herrick. The *London Saturday Review*, in speaking of this volume, says it "contains poems about the wind which have never been surpassed."

The appreciation which Marston met with from American readers was a matter of very positive pleasure to him; he alludes to this again and again in his letters, and says, in one of the last I had from him,—

"Thanks for telling me, my dear friend, all the kind things your charming Southern women found to say about my poems. It is very heart-warming to know that one's literary work has penetrated so far, and it is a great testimony to the really broad and genuine interest taken

by you in America in general literature. I think it is a much broader interest than is shown here, where most of us, unfortunately, are broken up into little cliques, with a few central figures, round whom the worshippers revolve and think it sacrilege to own any other allegiance. I myself greatly deplore this state of things, and cannot see why in my father's house there should not be many mansions."

Again he writes, "I wish I could come and see you in your American home. Well, don't you know it is a pet dream of mine to come to your country some day? and I hope I shall be able to carry it out." In another letter, speaking of American friends to whom he was writing, he says, "I must stop here to go and make a call upon my dear old friends the Hardys. I wonder if you have read Lady Hardy's 'Down South,' and Miss Hardy's book about America? Iza is one of my very oldest friends; she has purchased some land in Florida; so that she is even more of an American than I am, though I do possess an American flag, which, for the matter of that, she does too. So I fear I must concede to her supremacy."

Mr. Marston's letters abound in generous expressions of appreciation of and of pride in the genius of his fellow-laborers in the field of literature. His delight in Dante Rossetti was very great. To cull a few instances from his letters: he says in one, "I had a very pleasant visit yesterday to Swinburne and his friend Theodore Watts (they live together), who, I suppose, in time will come to be regarded as a pair like Lamb and Hazlitt. He is the man, you know, whom Rossetti called 'the prince of friends;' and certainly Swinburne has proved his friendship pretty well. Swinburne hadn't anything particular of his own to read, but he read some to me from the old dramatists. What a strange thing it is that each age has its own secret in literature, which no other age can learn! Where is the man now who can write an Elizabethan play? The greatness and the gloom of them belong to a past time, and can never be reproduced any more than can the old ballads. And who now could write like Herrick, Suckling, or Carew? I wonder sometimes what will be considered the prime characteristic of Victorian poetry when the next century shall judge us, as we have judged those who have gone before us! Swinburne was in great force. I suppose there is hardly a person of any distinction in literature or art who is not known to Watts. He speaks very enthusiastically of Tennyson as a man. . . . I see that Boston is affording a very warm reception to my friend Gosse, one of the most successful men I know.

"Last evening I went to the house of one of our most noted society people. William Morris was there, among multitudes of others. He

testified to having written *seven hundred and fifty lines* at one sitting, only stopping for meals. He began at half-past nine one day and ended at half-past three the next. I asked him if he was not much exhausted, but he said he was not. He is a man of immense force. Like myself, he is a diligent reader of the novels of the day. . . . This afternoon I had a letter from Philip Bailey, in which he says, 'Paul H. Hayne is a man of the right class, cultured, liberal, and I congratulate you on your acquaintance with him.'"

Marston's friendship with Rossetti was very close. He wrote me just after the latter's death that he and his father were making a call upon the poet painter, when he was seized with the attack that resulted in his death. He says in a letter, not long after,—

"I want you to see Sharp's book about Rossetti: his death leaves in the lives of those who knew him a void which can never be filled up. Great as a poet and painter, he was equally great as a man. The intense fascination of his personality has not in any way been thoroughly shown by Sharp's and Caine's books; and, indeed, it would be almost impossible to make one sensible of it. No man, I should think, ever had such a beautiful voice. It had in it such a wonderful, rich, inner music: it was a voice which thrilled you. But I have no ability to give you any real impression of him at all. Yes, his sister's poems are most lovely; they have a simple, clear, lyric sweetness which is matched by no one, unless it be by Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, who is a dear friend of mine. I spent last night with Swinburne, who is preparing a new volume for the press. It will not be a large one, though; only a hundred short poems, dedicated to Christina Rossetti. I am expecting to find much pleasure in the reading of Mr. Hayne's Collected Poems; though as yet I have not been able to do more than look in them. What a strong, true, sweet spirit is his! . . . Yes, indeed, it does give me pleasure to think that people in America like my poems. When the mood comes upon you, write to me from your far-away home, and I shall be delighted to send you any literary gossip that I may know of.

"Ah, to think that I should have missed you when in London! How can that be forgiven? Yes, five thousand people may pay me visits, but these don't atone for the one I missed!"

Mr. Marston never omitted an opportunity to speak kindly of American writers; occasionally he has a sharp criticism, but not often. He was exceedingly fond of Paul H. Hayne, and the latter has often sent me brilliant extracts from letters just received from Marston,—letters sometimes of thirty-six and forty-five pages, all written with his own hand! He had a great fancy for visiting Mr. Hayne, and

repeatedly said in his letters, "Coming to America means, for me, going to 'Copse Hill'" (Mr. Hayne's home). He had the highest opinion of Mr. Hayne's poetic powers, and the bond of sympathy was kept up for many years by the closest correspondence; scarcely a letter did he ever write without mentioning our Southern poet. In a letter of Mrs. Hayne's, which lies before me, she says, "Perhaps you may remember that the last message my husband sent was to Philip Marston. 'Tell Marston,' he said, 'to meet me,'—pointing with his finger to heaven.

"'Shall I tell him to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, who is the Resurrection and the Life?'

"'Yes, oh, yes!' he answered."

In reply Marston wrote, "I can say nothing, my dear Mrs. Hayne, except that my heart is with you in the dreadful night which has come upon you; I dare hardly think how black that night must be! Yet for you there shines through it the star of hope,—the future meeting,—which, alas! has not shone for me in similar hours of despair. But we know that to him faith was knowledge, so that for you there is, after all, some light."

In one of his letters, written a year and a half ago, he speaks of having what his friends called a fainting-fit, but said he was disposed to think it a sunstroke. In his next letter he mentioned that while asleep he left his bed, and, coming out of his chamber, turned towards the stairway instead of the library, fell down-stairs, and was picked up insensible. He added, "I don't know that I ever told you that I am a somnambulist, and have been since childhood."

He did not seem at first to be seriously injured by this fall, but, from the way he afterwards complained of pain and stiffness in the spine, it is evident that he had received the injury which probably culminated at last in his death.

We close these brief records of Marston with a reference to the poem of Mrs. Mulock-Craik which is so associated with his name, noting the vatic strain which indeed proved a prophecy, and joining her in the *plaudite* with which it ends:

> One day
> Thou too must tread, as we trod, a way
> Thorny and cruel, and cold and gray:
> Rebels within thee, and foes without,
> Will snatch at thy crown. But march on glorious,
> Martyr, yet monarch, till angels shout,
> As thou sitt'st at the feet of God victorious,
> "Philip the king!"

Margaret J. Preston.

THE PHILADELPHIA WISTAR PARTIES.

AS the Wistar Parties, for which Philadelphia was long famous, have been reorganized within a few months, it may be interesting to turn back to the time of their inception, and even further back into the past century, when Dr. Caspar Wistar held, at his own house, those informal gatherings to which the Wistar Parties of to-day owe their name. How large a place they filled in the social life of the period may be gathered from the fact that most Philadelphians of distinction, if not actual members, were frequent guests, while all strangers of note were introduced into this circle of choice spirits,—choice in the full sense of the word, because chosen for particular gifts or attainments, the original Wistar Club being composed of members of the American Philosophical Society, a close organization that has ever striven to keep its eye single to the interests of science, literature, art, history, and the promotion of all useful knowledge. Although Silas Deane, the Marquis de Chastellux, and John Adams grow quite enthusiastic when describing the luxurious living prevalent among "the nobles of Pennsylvania," the latter admits, with what in a New-Englander may be considered rare generosity, that there was something to be found here better than our high living, as he thus speaks of the "high thinking" of some of those old Philadelphians, in one of his charming letters to his wife which are only less charming than her own:

"Particular gentlemen here, who have improved upon their education by travel, shine; but in general old Massachusetts outshines her younger sisters. Still, in several particulars they have more wit than we. They have societies, the Philosophical Society particularly, which excites a scientific emulation and propagates their fame. If ever I get through this scene of politics and war, etc., etc., a Philosophical Society shall be established at Boston, if I have wit and address enough to accomplish it, some time or other."

That John Adams does not mention Dr. Wistar's hospitable house, and the company met there, is attributable to the fact that the seat of government, and with it John Adams as its head, removed from Philadelphia to Washington about the time that these receptions began. To account for their origin by saying that Dr. Wistar, on his return from Europe, attempted in his native city something modelled after the Italian *conversazione* or the French *soirée* seems unnecessary. The following explanation, given by Mr. Tyson, is much more reasonable: "Very soon after his marriage [with Miss Mifflin, in 1798], if not

before, several of his friends were in the constant habit of meeting at his house on Sunday evenings. At that time he was a Professor in the University of Pennsylvania, and a gentleman much admired and respected for many estimable qualities. He would necessarily have numerous visitors, and, being supposed or known to be more at leisure on Sundays than on other nights of the week, it came to be more usually selected by his guests. As his widow described these visits, they were rather voluntary than invited."

As the years rolled on, they, however, became a regular institution, the same friends meeting, week after week, in Dr. Wistar's house, at the southwest corner of Fourth and Prune Streets. We are also informed, Mrs. Caspar Wistar being the authority, that in 1811 the night of meeting was changed from Sunday to Saturday. It is presumable that Mrs. Wistar herself had something to do with this change in the evening, as those were days when well-regulated housekeepers were not inclined to favor Sunday entertainments. Certain it is that she smiled upon the Saturday Wistarians by providing for them a more generous fare, adding ice-creams and raisins and almonds (shades of our ancestors! was dyspepsia a later discovery?) to the Sunday regale of cakes and wine. Even then the name of Sybarite could not be applied to those early convives: the terrapin and oyster decadence was of much later date. A table was seldom spread. The number of guests varied from ten to fifty, but usually included between fifteen and twenty-five persons. The invitations were commenced in October or November, and continued to March or April. During this period Dr. Wistar welcomed to his home, each week, his old friends and colleagues, and any strangers whom they chose to bring with them.

In 1804 Dr. Wistar issued an invitation to his friends to meet Baron von Humboldt, the great naturalist, and his young friend the botanist Bonpland, who stopped in Philadelphia on their return from a scientific expedition through Mexico and the West Indies. Here also was introduced the latest sensation, in the form of Captain Riley, long a prisoner among the Arabs; also the learned and eccentric Dr. Mitchill, first Surgeon-General of New York, later satirized by Halleck and Drake in "The Croakers:"

> We hail thee!—mammoth of the State,
> Steam frigate on the waves of physic,
> Equal in practice or debate
> To cure the nation or the phthisic!

Dr. Hosack, of the same city, who was present at the fatal duel between Hamilton and Burr, was another early guest; while under the

formal organization of 1818, and in a time nearer our own, England's most brilliant novelist recalls an evening spent at what he is pleased to call a "Whister party."

It is not strange that Philadelphians were glad to take the guests of the city to these parties, where was gathered together, both in the last century and in this, the best that our New World civilization could produce, whether of talent and learning or of courtly grace and good breeding, and here down all the varied years has flashed that genial flow of wit without which no social gathering is complete. Here, in early days, came the learned and witty Abbé Correa de Serra, Portuguese minister to the United States, and Dr. John W. Francis, of New York, whose wit and social qualities were said to resemble those of the much-loved Lamb; and later came Robert Walsh and Joseph Hopkinson, both distinguished for their brilliant colloquial abilities, while Nicholas Biddle would save for the learned brotherhood his freshest *bon mot*, and Dr. Nathaniel Chapman would bring hither his most irresistible witticism.

If the older physicians, whose portraits were recently collected at the centenary of the College of Physicians, could step down from their frames, after the fashion of a scene in a well-known drama, we should have before us, *in propria persona*, a number of Dr. Wistar's guests of the medical fraternity. Prominent among these was Dr. Benjamin Rush, physician, philanthropist, and statesman, combining indeed so many gifts that, like some plants of various characteristics, it is almost impossible to classify him. Perhaps in a larger sense than it can be said of most men, even of the good doctor, he belonged to humanity.

Another frequent guest was Dr. Adam Kuhn, who studied in Edinburgh, and brought home treasures of learning as his contribution to this "feast of reason." Here were also the Shippens, father and son,—both Williams, both practising at the same time, and both so eminent that they have frequently been confused by the historian. An honorable line of Shippens, in different callings, but notably in law and medicine, has come from that Edward Shippen of whom Boston was not worthy, and who, after being lashed and driven through the town at the cart's tail, because, forsooth, good Puritans couldn't abide good Quakers, came to Philadelphia in 1693, to be its first mayor and the founder of a distinguished family. Here also shone the kindly face of Dr. Samuel Powel Griffitts, who seems to have brought with him, wherever he went, an atmosphere of "peace and good will to men." And here, these gatherings being formed of men of various callings and professions, came such lawyers as William Rawle, who was ready

to discuss theology as well as law,—perhaps a little readier to talk of the one than of the other. One day he is writing his notes on the Constitution of the United States, while again such subjects as Original Sin and the Evidences of Christianity engage his versatile pen.

Among these legal gentlemen who were frequent guests of Dr. Wistar were William Tilghman of Maryland, later Chief Justice of Pennsylvania, who in an interesting biographical sketch has embalmed the memory of his host; George Clymer, statesman and patriot, whose name is appended to the Declaration; and Peter Du Ponceau, who, although a Frenchman, had an ardent admiration for American institutions and the primitive simplicity that characterized the old Quaker *régime* in Philadelphia. These and many more, among them John Heckewelder, the Moravian missionary, a member of the Philosophical Society, an intimate of Wistar, and a correspondent of Du Ponceau, who later translated his interesting work on Indian manners and customs into the French. Here also was John Vaughan, the Unitarian philanthropist, of whom Dr. William H. Furness has said that "he represented this city as faithfully as its own name 'Brotherly Love.'" Did they meet and talk together, these two at the extreme poles of doctrine, the devout Moravian and the Arian whose life was consecrated to the service of his brother man? If they did, and they in their discourse fell upon such subjects as engage the characters in "Paradise Lost" and the "Divina Commedia," we may be sure that in their large mutual love for mankind they found abundant sympathy,

> Nor melted in the acid waters of a creed
> The Christian pearl of charity.

A goodly company, among whose members there is no one more worthy to be remembered than the host, generally known as Dr. Caspar Wistar, Jr., being descended from another Caspar Wistar, who came to this country in 1717. We are informed by a German scholar and a genealogist that all the Wisters, whether *ter* or *tar*, come from one common stock in Germany, where the name is written Wüster, and that Caspar, who came to Philadelphia in 1717, son of Hans Caspar and Anna Katerina Wüster or Wister, in having a deed of conveyance prepared was put down Wistar by the clerk. This mistake he did not take the trouble to correct, and from this first Caspar has come a line of *tars*, of which Dr. Caspar Wistar, Jr., was the most distinguished. A second son of old Hans Caspar Wister, of Hilsbach, Germany, coming over later, had his papers made out properly, according to the

German orthography of the name, and thus established the Philadelphia line of *ters*. We venture to give this rather lengthy explanation in view of the fact that the spelling of Wister has been a fertile subject of discussion in the Quaker City for some years, and because it is a most reasonable one, as will be admitted by all who have studied the records of past generations. In old letters and papers of the last century it is not unusual to find a surname variously spelled in the same letter, or even on the same page. This is notably the case in the voluminous "Penn and Logan Correspondence," where Jenings and Jennings, Ashton and Assheton, Blathwaite and Blathwayt, used interchangeably, hopelessly confuse the reader.

A student of the schools of Edinburgh, Professor in the College of Philadelphia, and later in the University, Dr. Wistar has the honor of being the author of the first American treatise on anatomy. Eminent as a physician, teacher, and man of science, this large-brained and busy man found life incomplete without a cultivation of its social side.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Vaughan, Mr. Du Ponceau, or the learned Dr. Benjamin Rush, who at times used a pen with a humorous nib, or some of the other *habitués* of these unique gatherings, have not left us some pleasant and gossiping reminiscences of the Wistar Club, that would make us as familiar with these old figures as contemporaneous writers have made us with the frequenters of the Kit-Cat Club, where the wits of Queen Anne's time gathered, or that later circle at the Turk's Head, dominated by the great burly figure of the dictionary-maker. Garrick, Reynolds, and all the rest are grouped about him; and Boswell is ever at hand, taking notes. Did humble Boswell realize that he was painting pictures for the future, as well as, even better than, the elegant Sir Joshua, who sat near him? Goldsmith was at it too, giving us life as it was, not some fanciful picture of it; and to them we owe it that these men live before us now. This is the nearest approach that we can find to such a picture, and this, from the pen of the late Chief-Justice Tilghman, gives us only one figure, when we would like to be presented to the whole company.

After dwelling upon the modest dignity and bland courtesy of Dr. Wistar's bearing as President of the Philosophical Society, and the ardor with which he excited its members to diligence in collecting, before it was too late, the perishing materials of American history, Mr. Tilghman says, "The meetings of this committee he [Dr. Wistar] regularly attended. It was their custom, after the business of the evening was concluded, to enter upon an unconstrained conversation on literary subjects. Then, without intending it, our lamented friend would insensibly take the lead; and so interesting were his anecdotes, and so

just his remarks, that, drawing close to the dying embers, we often forgot the lapse of time, until warned by the unwelcome clock that we had entered on another day."

Here is another, from a writer signing himself "Antiquary," which has a touch of life in it, and shows the good doctor's ready tact in setting a *gauche* stranger at his ease. Mr. John Vaughan introduced into the learned circle what the narrator is pleased to call "a living, live Yankee, a specimen of humanity more rare," he says, "forty or fifty years ago than now." It would appear that this compatriot was received into the company with emotions similar to those awakened, later, by the advent of the "American Cousin" in England. "He was," says the writer, "a man remarkable for his mechanical turn of mind, but entirely unused to society. No workshop could turn out a more uncouth individual. I was standing near the door when John Vaughan brought him in. Between the blaze of light, the hum of conversation, and the number of well-dressed men, he was completely overcome, and sank into the first chair he could reach. Mr. Vaughan could not coax him out of it, and I expected every minute the door opened that he would make a bolt for the street. Presently Dr. Wistar, who had the happy knack of suiting his conversation to all ages and classes, was introduced to the shy Yankee. Soon the ice was broken, and I saw the shy mechanic conversing freely with scientific men, explaining to them his views upon mechanism, etc."

When, in 1818, the good old doctor went out to join "the innumerable company," the little circle here, which he had drawn together, resolved to commemorate the pleasant meetings at his house, and to keep fresh his memory, by forming an organization called the Wistar Parties. This is, in brief, the *raison d'être* of the association, as given by a subsequent member, Mr. Job R. Tyson, in his interesting paper entitled "Sketch of the Wistar Party," read before that honorable society September 26, 1845. He says, "I have ascertained that the following gentlemen, in the autumn of the year 1818, formed themselves into an association and agreed to give three parties every year, during the season: William Tilghman, Robert M. Patterson, Peter S. Du Ponceau, John Vaughan, Reuben Haines, Robert Walsh, Jr., Zaccheus Collins, and Thomas C. James." There were only eight to begin with; in 1821 the number had increased to sixteen, and in 1828 to twenty-four.

Mr. Tyson tells us that two essential laws of the existence of the organization were, "*first*, that no one is eligible to membership who is not a member of the American Philosophical Society; and *second*, that unanimity is necessary to a choice." Numerous regulations were

added, "which," he says, "with some modifications, have since been observed."

The number of Philadelphians who could be invited to one party was twenty, and these it appears were picked citizens, selected rather for their attainments and attributes than for their "long descent." With regard to the number of strangers invited, no limit was set.

The members were pledged to attend themselves, and procure the attendance of strangers, punctually at the hour of eight o'clock; and "the sumptuary code enjoined, as consentaneous with the scheme and objects in view, that the entertainments should be marked by unexpensive, if not frugal, simplicity." No tea, coffee, cakes, or wine were to be served before supper. It was recommended that the collation consist of one course, and so prepared as to dispense with the use of knives at table. No ice-creams were allowed. This in 1828.

In 1835 Mr. Job R. Tyson bought Dr. Caspar Wistar's old house, at Fourth and Prune Streets, when once more it opened its doors to the learned and jovial brotherhood.

In 1840 the number of citizens who could be invited was raised to forty, while in the years succeeding their organization many guests from over the sea, and from the different States of the Union, had been welcomed to the Wistar Parties. One of the latter writes,—

"During my stay in Philadelphia I was present at several of these Wistar meetings, and always returned from them with increased conviction of their beneficial tendency.

"These meetings are held by rotation at the houses of the different members. The conversation is generally literary or scientific, and, as the party is usually very large, it can be varied at pleasure. Philosophers eat like other men, and the precaution of an excellent supper is by no means found to be superfluous. It acts, too, as a gentle emollient on the acrimony of debate. No man can say a harsh thing with his mouth full of turkey, and disputants forget their differences in unity of enjoyment."

Better known abroad in the early part of the century than any other American city, all travellers of consequence came to Philadelphia. Among these we find such men as General Moreau, counted after Bonaparte the greatest general in the French Republic; the younger Murat, who married Miss Fraser, of Philadelphia; the Marquis de Grouchy, whose name will be forever associated with the defeat of Waterloo; the poet Moore, whose singing drew tears from the eyes of Mrs. Joseph Hopkinson; the Prince de Canino, son-in-law of Joseph Bonaparte, ex-king of Spain, who, himself residing at Bordentown until 1830, was doubtless a guest of the Wistar Association, although, after

the fashion of princes, it was his pleasure to entertain rather than to be entertained. These and many more, including President Madison, and the witty and able Virginia gentleman William Short, who, as secretary of legation under Thomas Jefferson, chargé-d'affaires to the French Republic, and minister to Spain and the Netherlands, had seen much of foreign official and social life. An acquaintance of Talleyrand, himself a diplomatist, life abroad offered Mr. Short many attractions, which a friend and contemporary assures us were more than balanced by the terrors of the sea, which menaced him in the form of sea-sickness. This gentleman, a surviving member of the Wistar Association of 1837, recalls no social intercourse in Old-World cities more delightful than that of this informal club. Of the conversational powers of William Short, and of Robert Walsh, editor of the *National Gazette*, he speaks with enthusiasm.

While on a visit to Philadelphia in 1825, the Duke of Saxe-Weimar makes the following entry in his journal: "At Mr. Walsh's I found a numerous assembly, mostly of scientific and literary gentlemen. This assembly is called 'Wistar Party.' . . . The conversation generally relates to literary and scientific topics. I unexpectedly met Mr. E. Livingston in this assembly. I was also introduced to the mayor of the city, Mr. Watson, as well as to most of the gentlemen present, whose interesting conversation afforded me much entertainment."

This German nobleman, who was well "wined and dined" in old Philadelphia, seems to have possessed a happy faculty of replying aptly to the pretty compliments paid him and his country by Judge Peters, Mr. Ingersoll, and other social magnates of the period. To the toast "Weimar, the native country of letters," he replied, with ready wit, "Pennsylvania, the asylum of unfortunate Germans." Can we not hear the laughter and applause that greeted that toast? They were not allowed to subside, either, as the venerable Judge Peters followed the toast with a song which he had composed the previous evening, and which he sang with great vivacity and spirit. Are there any such gatherings now, and do our octogenarians sing songs of their own composing with vivacity?

The Duke of Saxe-Weimar describes another Wistar Party, this at the house of Colonel Biddle, at which John Quincy Adams, then President of the United States, was a guest. Of him he says, "The President is about sixty years old, of rather short stature, with a bald head, and of a very plain and worthy appearance. He speaks little, but what he does speak is to the purpose. I must confess that I seldom in my life felt so true and sincere a reverence as at the moment when this honorable gentleman, whom eleven millions of

people have thought worthy to elect as their chief magistrate, shook hands with me."

In the same year Chief-Justice Tilghman records a Wistar Party held at his house, at which were present such citizens as Roberts Vaux, Mathew Carey, the Irish protectionist, his son Henry C. Carey, political economist and writer, Joseph Hopkinson, the elder Peale, who had studied at the Royal Academy in London and came home to paint portraits of Washington and his generals, Dr. Frederick Beasley, and many more, with a sprinkling of foreigners,—Mr. Pedersen, minister from Denmark to the United States, the Prince de Canino, who was an enthusiastic ornithologist, Colonel Beckwith, who had left a leg upon the field of Waterloo, and several French chevaliers. The whole company, numbering about one hundred, was regaled with chicken salad, oysters, ices, wine, punch, and the like, at an expense of twenty-four dollars and eighty-nine cents. This moderate sum, the accurate transcriber tells us, included the whiskey for the punch, the spermaceti candles, oil for the lamps, and extra fire in one room.

Written invitations to the Wistar Parties seem to have been used up to 1835, when Mr. Vaughan first speaks of a printed invitation. This bore the quaint queued head of Dr. Wistar, and is in all respects similar to that issued by the Wistar Association *redivivus* of 1886.

In 1838 and 1839 printed lists appeared, naming the hosts of the season, and giving the dates of the several entertainments. To these were appended sumptuary regulations, which were of course born to die. Just when the terrapin, game, croquette, and like dainties replaced the original decanters, flanked with ices, cakes, and one substantial course, Mr. Tyson does not record. When the terrapin came, however, it came to stay, until the hot discussions incident to the disturbances of the late civil war routed it and the guests alike.

Thackeray carried away from Philadelphia such pleasant recollections of the Wistar Parties, and the mirth and good cheer there enjoyed, that he thus refers to them in a letter written to Mr. William B. Reed from Washington in 1853. He has just heard of the death of his friend Mr. William Peter, British Consul to Philadelphia. "Saturday I was to have dined with him, and Mrs. Peter wrote saying he was ill with influenza: he was in bed with his last illness, and there were to be no more Whister parties for him. Will Whister himself, hospitable pig-tailed shade, welcome him to Hades? And will they sit down—no, stand up—to a ghostly supper, devouring the ιφθιμους ψυχας of oysters and all sorts of birds?" Something else than the mighty oysters impressed the genial novelist, and that was the face and figure of John Irwin, a well-known head-waiter, who so resembled the terrapin over

which he presided that Thackeray has, in a few rapid pencil-strokes, put him down on paper as a fine specimen of a diamond-back. Those who still remember Irwin's great paunch and shining face will recognize his portrait in Mr. Thackeray's "Orphan of Pimlico." Thus, this latter-day Bogle, although there arose in his time no poet, like Nicholas Biddle, to embalm his virtues in humorous verse, has, like the "colorless colored man," been immortalized by the hand of genius.

The pleasing side of Philadelphia social life must have left its impress upon the receptive mind of Thackeray, as he writes from Switzerland in July of the same year, "Since my return from the West, it was flying from London to Paris, and *vice versa*, dinners right and left, parties every night. If I had been in Philadelphia I could scarcely have been more feasted. Oh, you unhappy Reed! I see you (after that little supper with McMichael) on Sunday at your own table, when we had that good Sherry-Madeira, turning aside from the wine-cup with your pale face! That cup has gone down this well so often (meaning my own private cavity) that I wonder the cup isn't broken, and the well as well as it is. . . . I always remember you and yours, and honest Mac, and Wharton, and Lewis, and kind fellows who have been kind to me and I hope will be kind to me again." The "Mac" is evidently Mr. Morton McMichael, to whose whiskey punch Mr. Thackeray alludes with tenderness in another letter, and who is described by all who knew him as the most genial of men, a very "king of good fellows." So great were his social talents that, like Shenstone's Frenchwoman who could "draw wit out of a stone," he possessed the power to redeem from stagnation the dullest of dinners by his happy faculty of giving his best and leading others to do the same.

The "Lewis" alluded to by Mr. Thackeray is Mr. William D. Lewis, more recently dead; another delightful dinner-talker. Possessed of rare *bonhommie*, and furnished with a fund of anecdotes of travel,—for he had lived some years in Russia,—he brought mirth and cheer into the circles to which he was welcomed, and was even known, on occasions, to sing some familiar household verses, as "Home, Sweet Home," in the Russian language, to the great amusement, if not to the edification, of his hearers.

In 1842, Mr. Tyson records, only two of the original members of 1818 survived, Dr. R. M. Patterson and Robert Walsh. The kindly face of Mr. Vaughan (Johnny Vaughan, as his intimates called him), first Dean of the Wistar Association, had only lately disappeared from the circle. Although death had sadly thinned the ranks of original membership, a number of honored names filled the blanks: among these, Horace Binney, William Meredith, John Sergeant, Joshua Francis

Fisher, Judge Kane, Langdon Cheves, from South Carolina, Thomas Isaac Wharton, Dr. Isaac Hays, physician and writer, Dr. Franklin Bache and his friend Dr. George B. Wood, closely associated in medical literature, Dr. Charles D. Meigs, and Moncure Robinson, Esq., who, among the many who have come and gone, still recalls delightful evenings spent at the Wistar Parties. Dr. Isaac Lea was in 1843 Dean of the association, which office he held until the stirring events of '60 and '61 scattered its members, not again to unite until 1886, within a few months of his death, when he was succeeded in this office by his son, Mr. Henry C. Lea.

Writing during this hiatus of many years, Dr. George B. Wood says,—

"I have always regarded the Wistar Club not merely as an ornamental feature of Philadelphia society, but as a very useful institution; bringing as it did persons together of various pursuits, who would not otherwise perhaps have met, thus removing prejudices and conciliating friendly feeling; and, by a regulation regarding strangers which gave each member the right to introduce one or more to the meetings, facilitating their intercourse with citizens, and contributing to the reputation of our city for hospitality." It may be that these words hold something of a prophecy for the future, as well as a *résumé* of the past; and now that the old-time invitation, bearing the "hospitable pig-tailed" head of the founder, has once more begun to circulate, an important influence may be exercised by it, in drawing together the best and ablest of the various professions and callings of this city, and in affording, as of old, a pleasant and informal means of entertaining stranger guests. Such a club as this forecasts a meeting-ground where British and Continental scientists and literati, professional men and men of affairs, may clasp hands with American workers on the same lines; where the large philanthropy of England may meet an even larger New-World philanthropy; where, under some hospitable roof, questions in social and political science, or the latest discovery in chemistry or physics, may be discussed over croquettes and oysters, and with a dash of hock or sherry (no sparkling wines are allowed) the seas that wash widely-separated shores shall be bridged in an instant, and, meeting on some congenial ground of knowledge, of thought, or of interest, Old and New World denizens shall feel the delightful thrill of a common brotherhood.

Anne H. Wharton.

THE EXCHANGED CRUSADER.

WHILE looking over my last year's diary, the other evening, my eye chanced to fall upon the following entry, under the date of May 14: "The fact that I have the misfortune to inhabit my ancestral halls is certainly no reason why I should be pestered half to death by the unruly spirits of my forefathers. Not only is it unkind, but also unjust, for a spectral Crusader to come gliding into my bedchamber at all sorts of unseemly hours in the night-time. I need rest, my nerves are easily unstrung, and I cannot but feel that the first duty of a man is towards himself. Mem.—Get rid of the Crusader."

This brief extract from my private book truthfully represents, I believe, my feelings, at the time of writing, with regard to all shadowy sojourners from another world. Just now, however, I look back with sorrow, with longing, even with self-accusation and bitter reproaches, to the time when Sir William Ashcourt stalked grimly through the long, lonesome halls of my castle in Wiltonshire during the dead waste and middle of the night.

As for myself, there is little to say. I am a quiet, studious young nobleman, leaving the management of my estate to agents and confidential servants. For the past six years I have devoted my time to the collection, examination, and classification of material which I desired to incorporate in the extensive "History of Rents and Wages," four vols. 8vo, published by me only two months ago. The subject is perfectly matter-of-fact, as I am myself. There need be no hesitation in confessing it. Of course it goes without saying that I have never paid any rents or earned any wages, and it might be suspected by the laity that I was scarcely qualified to undertake so extensive a discussion in what Carlyle has inappropriately termed the "dismal science."

But I digress. It is a failing of mine, arising, no doubt, from a habit of arduous and long-continued digression. I was about to give some attention to a certain shadowy Crusader who once clanked mysteriously up and down the halls and deserted rooms of my rambling half-house, half-castle, and who made regular visits to my sleeping-apartment at the hour of half-past two in the morning,—except on Fridays, when he came at a quarter before three.

Now, I feel sure that no one will object if I treat the subject of Sir William Ashcourt, my ancestor, the Crusader, in an unconventional and straightforward manner. I know it is customary for writers upon the supernatural to approach so peculiar and serious an affair as a

ghost with some degree of respectful solemnity. I cannot do this. Critics must remember that I was born and grew to manhood in the same house with this uneasy spirit; they must remember that the earliest recollections of my childhood are connected with clanking armor, midnight visitations, and doleful sobs and lamentations from empty apartments. At first it is possible that these weird occurrences may have annoyed me; in fact, I believe they *did* annoy me. But it soon became an old story, and I lost all interest in the restless Sir William. Rarely could I prevail upon him to enter into any conversation whatever, and when he did venture a word or two upon the weather or the price of consols it was with so cold and lugubrious an intonation that I derived but little comfort from his presence. It often struck me, after some particularly frozen commonplace of my deceased ancestor, that he would make a splendid appearance responding to toasts at a public dinner. Once I even tried to prevail upon him to attend, as my guest, a banquet given by the "Society for the Protection of Door-Bells and Plate-Glass Windows," of which I am a member. In declining this honor the manner and attitude of Sir William were so repellent, so painfully embarrassed, that I have always looked back to the rejection of my offer with the most poignant regret.

The unsociable nature, unseemly hours, and old-fashioned dress of the Crusader were, of course, a trial to me. I should have passed them by, however, had it not been for certain serious developments. The existence of Sir William as an *attaché* of the manor-house had been noised abroad, and a charming young woman of the neighborhood once flatly refused my proffered heart and hand because she was unwilling to live under the same roof with a spectral Crusader who fairly assassinated sleep with his uncanny groaning. Naturally enough, this episode caused me some chagrin.

The proverbial last straw was reserved for that breathless interval between the completion and the publication of my "History of Rents and Wages." I found that I was in need of funds with which to further the bringing out of my work, and, since my property was considerably tied up, I decided to sell a part of the manor-house to some quiet single gentleman or a middle-aged married couple without children. The house was larger than I had need of, and I had no doubt that some satisfactory arrangement could be made. But in entering upon negotiations I discovered that no one would consent to take up his abode anywhere near a restless, armored spirit. When I learned the state of things from my financial agent the accumulated indignation of years crystallized in a settled determination to be rid of my ancestor once for all.

I was but a short time in formulating a plan to accomplish my purpose. Not far away lived a friend of mine. He was a comparative stranger in the neighborhood, having moved in but recently. He was, like myself, a literary man, and he made a specialty of weird tales, something in the style, he said, of those Americans, Hawthorne and Poe. I called on this Bohemian novelist. He was glad to see me, and met me at the door with a delighted exclamation.

"Ah, Ashcourt," (I am named after my ancestor, William Ashcourt,) "you are just the man of all others that I wanted to see."

"Indeed!" I replied: "then our tastes are the same. I will come in; for I have some peculiar business to transact with you."

"Is that so? Step into the library, then, and we will sit and smoke while you unburden your mind." With these words my host ushered me into a cosey little back-parlor, where he kept his desk and books. He then produced a box of Maduros, and we puffed away for a few moments in silence. This silence I was the first to break.

"May I inquire, Frank Murchison," said I, "whether you will continue to write these fantastic and grotesque absurdities which at present you are affecting?"

"You may," he answered.

"Well, are you so intending?"

"I am so intending."

"Then," said I, "I have a proposition to make. Is your wife out of hearing?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Are the children out at play?"

"I can prove that by the logical rule of exclusions. They are always either eating, sleeping, or playing. As this chances to be neither eating-time nor sleeping-time, why, of course they are out at play. You have no children, Will. If they ever come to your home you will find that they have their pleasing little peculiarities."

"Is the door locked?" I inquired.

"It is now." He locked it as he spoke, and returned to his seat. "But why this air of impenetrable mystery?"

I drew my chair up close to his, and, placing one hand on his knee, commenced the relation of my plan for getting rid of the Crusader:

"The reason I am so secretive about this matter, Frank, is because I want you alone to partake of my confidence. What I am about to say is between us two. Let it go no further. You know something about my disembodied ancestor, Sir William Ashcourt, late aide-de-camp of Cœur-de-Lion and minister-plenipotentiary and envoy-extraordinary to Saladin, Prince of the Saracens, do you not?"

He nodded, and I continued:

"After mature deliberation, I have unwillingly come to the conclusion that I have no use for Sir William Ashcourt. He annoys me dreadfully with his groans and glidings and icy hands. I have no use for him at all in my line of studies. The only ghost in political economy that has to be exorcised with bead and ball is the ghost of the French Revolution. Sir William is considerably too archaic to be of any assistance to me. In short, he bores me horribly, with his clanking armor and crude mode of life."

I paused a moment, and said, musingly,—

"Still, the Crusader was a remarkable man,—a very remarkable man indeed." And I pretended to fall into a revery over the numerous admirable qualities of my long-since departed ancestor.

"When were you intending to come to the point?" asked Frank, in his matter-of-fact way. I dropped my voice to an impressive whisper.

"I have thought," said I,—"I have thought that he might be of considerable use to you. He is right in your line; and, if you had the opportunity to study him up, you could employ him as a central figure in countless tales and sketches. What do you say to taking him off my hands?"

He pondered a moment, and then answered, slowly,—

"I scarcely know what to say to so unusual a proposal. Are you not afraid he might frighten the children?"

"My dear fellow! what if he does, at first? They will soon become accustomed to him, and will learn to love him. I assure you, a family ghost is both broadening and elevating. Candidly speaking, I believe that I owe my success as a thinker and theorizer in political economy entirely to constant association with Sir William. His airy form, his power of vanishing into nothing when scrutinized too closely, his impenetrable cloak of unreality, his solemn speechlessness on leading questions, his atmosphere of omniscience,—all have inspired me, all have influenced and moulded the character of my mind."

Frank still demurred a little, and I played another trump-card:

"Then only think, for a moment, what an air of respectability and solidity is conferred upon a family that can boast of a 'household haunt.' I shall agree, of course, never to make public our little transaction, and your acquaintances will imagine that the Crusader is one of your own ancestors. In all kindness, Frank, your family is not so ancient as mine, and you cannot afford to let slip so generous an offer as I am now making. Imagine, if you please, a nervous old lady sleeping quietly in your spare bedroom. Enter the Crusader. He places

one cold hand upon her brow and with the other points upward. She wakes. She screams. The Crusader makes the sign of the cross and vanishes, leaving the visitor, you desire to impress, in an agony of terror. Hearing her outcry, you send up a carefully-trained maid, who assures the old lady—through the keyhole— that 'it is only Sir Conrad Murchison, our ancestor. Knight Templar, you know. Died fighting the Turks around Jerusalem. Don't be frightened. He won't hurt you.' I tell you, Frank, Sir William may be worth money in your pocket, merely as a social distinction. He will at once give you rank with the titled aristocracy. You cannot afford to let this chance pass by unheeded. Such an offer may never be repeated."

At this Frank Murchison visibly wavered. I watched his mobile countenance with ill-concealed delight at what I had discovered there.

"Ashcourt," said he, "I would take the Crusader off your hands, if I thought he would stay with me. Perhaps he might object."

"No trouble about that," I exclaimed. "I shall see to it that you get him and that he stays with you."

"It is a bargain," said Frank. "What is the consideration?"

"Very moderate. Give me that two-volume folio edition of Hill's 'Encyclopædia of Social Statics and Comparative Philology.' You do not need such a book."

"Done!" he cried. I took one volume of the encyclopædia under each arm, and rose to go. Frank kindly put on my hat for me.

"My dear Murchison," I remarked, in parting, "I congratulate you on the treasure you have secured. The Crusader is docile, affectionate, harmless. He is all that a self-respecting ghost should be. You will find the *technique* of his groan admirable; and as for his felicitous rendition of the armor-clank and spectral glide, I cannot speak for emotion: whenever I think of the faultless *aplomb* with which Sir William executes those difficult passages, my eyes grow wet with tears. Yes, he has had years of practice, and by this time ought to have acquired a delicate interpretation of the ghost-character. He is far superior to an eighteenth-century 'haunt.' I will send him around this evening shortly after midnight. Await his coming in this room. Good-afternoon." And I bowed myself out.

As for persuading the Crusader to go, I had attended to that at least seven years before. I had the spirit of my great-great-great- etc. grandfather completely in my power. He did not know this; nevertheless it was true, and on that very night I meant to break the news to him as gently as possible.

At precisely twelve o'clock, midnight, the Crusader clanked gloomily into the donjon-keep of the castle end of my manor-house. It was his

custom to clank in at that hour. I was there before him, had built a cheerful fire, and was sitting comfortably back in an easy-chair when the spectre entered. Another chair, with plush seat and patent rockers, was placed opposite my owh for the convenience of the ghostly visitor. When Sir William glided and clanked into the warm firelight, I noticed that he was surprised to see me, but, on the whole, pleased with my preparations for his reception. He sank noiselessly into the arm-chair provided for him, and, pushing up his visor, fixed his eyes on mine. I could see right through his shadowy armor, but was not specially disconcerted by the fact. As he sat there, motionless and silent, I half pitied him, and regretted that I was compelled to take such a course with him. I poked the fire with the tongs and watched the red sparks fly up the chimney. It was a great, black cavern of a chimney, and sparks had no trouble in losing themselves in its immensity. Finally, without looking directly at my *vis-à-vis*, I said, melodramatically,—

"Sir William, I have discovered the secret of your life."

From the corners of my eyes I observed the mail-clad figure, and thought that it started perceptibly at this remark. I then placed one foot upon a large black stone in the floor of the cell, and, gazing full into the burning eyes of the Crusader, whispered, distinctly,—

"Under this stone lies the treasure which you concealed."

He gave a cry of rage, and asked, in what a novelist would probably call "blood-curdling tones,"—

"Base mortal, how know'st thou that?"

"It does not matter," said I, in reply to the impertinent question of Sir William. "That I know, is enough. Now listen to what I am about to say. I am unable, Sir William Ashcourt, to appreciate your presence in this house. I have borne with you long. I find you to be a character in whom I can repose no confidence, from whom I can derive no benefit. I have made up my mind that you must go. I am heartily sorry to sever you from your accustomed haunts. Had you been more retiring in disposition, this might never have happened. As it is, I have disposed of you to my friend Frank Murchison, who lives in the fourteenth house due south of this. It is on the same side of the road, and you cannot miss it. I have promised Mr. Murchison that you will appear in his library between now and one o'clock. I hope you will go peaceably, and not force me to resort to extreme measures."

During my speech, Sir William had been showing signs of the greatest agitation. He broke out in a terrified, discordant voice, one that quavered and trembled,—

"What then, minion, if I refuse to go?"

"I will tell you," said I, with stern decisiveness. "If you refuse to go, I shall dig up this treasure and place it in circulation." Sir William, interrupting at this point, gave an agonized groan. I continued, "You know what is written in Froissart about you. I have learned that you were a murderous villain when upon earth, in your mortal body. This treasure was extorted by the most cold-blooded robbery of the poor. You would long since have been writhing on hot coals in Hades, had you not been permitted, according to a well-established custom, to remain as a 'haunt' of the spot where your ill-gotten gains are concealed. I chanced to find this treasure, and have you in my power. Now, I swear to you, unless you accede to my demands I shall dig up this gold and these jewels and *spend them!* Then your disembodied spirit will go down to its heated apartments below. That is the rule, as you are aware, in the case of every treasure-guarding ghost. As soon as the treasure is gone the ghost is called in as quickly as a 'call loan' when the creditor fears that the debtor is unable to pay. But if you do accede to what I demand, I swear that I will never disturb this treasure. Were it not for our long acquaintance and my filial interest in you, I should exhume the chest and leave you to your doom. But I am not so heartless, and now give you a free choice between pleasant quarters with Frank Murchison or a bed of coals with the Old Nick. Which will you take? I am immovable in this matter."

I never saw a human being in greater mental distress than this ghostly Crusader. He sobbed, groaned, raved and tore up and down the cell, now clanking, now gliding, in the transport of his misery. He begged me on his bended knees to spare him. He pleaded his love for the old castle, his relationship to me, our old acquaintance, and a host of other things; but I paid no attention. Looking at my watch, I said,—

"You have four minutes more. I shall see Frank to-morrow. If he reports that you failed to put in an appearance on time, up comes the treasure and down goes the Crusader."

With that my ancestor vanished.

The next day, at about half-past four in the afternoon, I sauntered over to see Frank. Gathered in the front yard I found a large concourse of gigs and saddle-horses, and upon going into the house I discovered that it was thronged with doctors of all the "opathies," besides two disciples of faith-cure, a clairvoyant, and an old woman who had a strong belief in the efficacy of herbs. Mrs. Murchison was in strong convulsions, each of the five children was having a fit, and Frank was rushing to and fro like an escaped Bedlamite.

"What's all this?" said I, dragging my friend aside. "Wasn't the Crusader what I represented him to be?"

"Docile, affectionate, harmless!" he gasped. "Was he what you represented him to be? Great heavens, man! he came into the house at dead of night, entered our sleeping-rooms, awoke my wife and children with his ear-splitting, mediæval battle-cries, frightened them so that they will probably not recover, came down-stairs and cursed me in the most horrible language I ever conceived of, and then—and then—What do you think he did? Come into the library, here. I'll show you."

He shoved me into the darkened room. There, lying upon a divan, revealed by a single, dusty ray of half-excluded sunlight, lay the shadowy form of the Crusader. To my horror, the head seemed missing. Frank pointed in silence to his desk. There, perched placidly on an open copy of the Bible, was the missing member. The visor of the helmet was lifted, and I saw that the features were in a state of peaceful repose. The eyes were closed, and a quiet smile seemed playing over the silent lips. Between the body and the head, on the floor, lay a keen yataghan, or Persian sword, belonging to my host.

"Great heavens!" I echoed after Frank, "the Crusader has indeed committed suicide."

"Yes," said Frank, angrily, "he has indeed committed suicide. It is a singular thing for a ghost to do, but he has done it. We cannot revive him by any means known to the medical profession."

I waved my hand several times through the ethereal form upon the sofa. I could not destroy its shape, however, and when I desisted it was as if I had not disturbed it.

"I am glad of one thing," said I. "From the expression of the Crusader's face, and the position of the head upon the open Bible, I venture to hope that the old warrior has made his peace with heaven. That is certainly a consolation to us in our bereavement."

"Now, then, William Ashcourt," growled Frank, "I suppose, since the doubly deceased ancestor has eluded me, when you promised that he should do just the opposite, I suppose you will return the Hill's Encyclopædia."

There was something in the tone of my friend that jarred unpleasantly upon my sensibilities, and my resentment was immediately aroused.

"I shall do no such thing," said I, simply. "It is not my fault if the Crusader died on your hands. He was advanced in years, almost in his dotage, to tell the truth. You should have taken better care of him. You and some unknown turbaned Moslem are responsible for

the two deaths of this noble knight. I am indignant when I think of your criminal carelessness in leaving so dangerous a weapon where an excited ghost of suicidal disposition could get hold of it. His blood is on the head of the nameless Turk, but his subsequent decapitation must be laid at the door of Frank Murchison."

Frank said nothing. He beckoned one of the doctors, who was choking and pommelling a brother doctor of a different school in an adjoining room. The pugilistic man of pills desisted from his exertions and entered the library, leaving another doctor to take his place in the slight altercation in the cause of science. With the assistance of this medical adviser, Frank lifted the divan, carried it to the door, and let the wind of heaven strike the deceased spectre. It immediately vanished, like a wreath of morning mist before the sun. Frank then returned, took the head on the Bible, carried it to the same door, and watched it dissolve into thin air. He returned again and addressed himself once more to me:

"Now, Mr. Ashcourt, will you kindly follow your confounded ancestor?"

I bestowed one withering look upon the ingrate novelist and silently walked out.

I have since been sorry about the whole affair. I miss the clanking and gliding of Sir William, I have lost a friend, and the encyclopædia contains little meat and much trash. The most remarkable feature of all, however, about the suicide of Sir William's ghost is yet to be related.

Besides the Crusader, there had been for some time in my house the spirit of my paternal great-grandmother's youngest sister. She was a lady of much beauty of face and character, intelligent and attractive, and I had learned to enjoy her society and conversation more than would be thought possible. This lady swept into my study the night after my quarrel with Mr. Murchison, and I noted with surprise that she was in a state of great agitation. In a few moments she collected herself sufficiently to tell me that she had seen the ghost of the Crusader. "There he is now!" she cried, and pointed tremblingly to the door. I looked, but saw nothing.

This was a revelation to me. It appears that ghosts have other ghosts to haunt them. Wonderful! Of course the ghost of Sir William's ghost was invisible to me, but to the ghost of my paternal great-grandmother's youngest sister it was not only visible but an object of terror. This was my first and only experience with the super-supernatural; but the "London Society for Psychical Research," at my suggestion, is giving the matter careful attention. This learned body

visited my manor-house, and managed, in some occult way, to entrap the ghost of Sir William's ghost. They now have this "spirit of the second degree," as they call it, safely caged in a glass jar of peculiar shape and construction. This jar is declared by experts to be impenetrable to ghosts of all degrees below the fifth; just as a common glass jar is impenetrable to water and other liquids. A very learned member of the learned society has discovered what he calls a "psycho-chemical reagent for resolving ghosts of the second and third degrees to ghosts of the first degree." Although I do not pretend to understand this mysterious fluid, I presume that in its effects it is similar to Horner's method of reducing cubic equations. I understand that there is a great anxiety on the part of the learned society to try this reagent on the ghost of the Crusader's ghost which they have in the jar. The trouble is that the stopper cannot be removed from the jar without danger of the ghost's escaping. I await developments with interest.

William Ashcourt.

A COIN OF LESBOS.

I THINK how long she held it with a smile
  (Her jealous lyre complaining on her breast),
Dust thick on everything, and she, the while,
  Forgetting it and Phaon and the rest.

With those great eyes, that had not longed as yet
  To lose their tears in kindred brine, ah me!
Fixed on its precious glimmer, "It will get——
  What will it get?" she murmured. "Let me see.

"Some jewel that will more become my head
  Than withering leaves of laurel? Nay, not so.
At least, I think, some lovelier robe," she said,
  "Than any woman weareth that I know!"

So, years ere that deep Glass wherein she gazed
  With her last look had flashed it to the sun,
So mused, I fancy, the most over-praised
  Of women who have ever sung on earth—save one!

Sarah M. B. Piatt.

PRIZE ESSAY No. 3.

SOCIAL LIFE AT CORNELL.

THE life of all students at Cornell is practically the same during their first term. Hence an account of my own entry into college will sum up the experiences of nine-tenths of the eight hundred students in the university.

My first acquaintance with Cornell was made one hot September day in 1884. As I started from my hotel, I was informed by my Sophomore guide that in going the one and a half miles to the university we should have a little hill to climb. I found this little hill an almost perpendicular rise of about five hundred feet. But every step was rewarded by a revelation of some fresh beauty in the scenery, and the summit was reached without fatigue.

After spending the afternoon in looking over the university museums, laboratories, and shops, I returned to my hotel, convinced that there was no better place in America for a man to get an education,—a conviction that has clung to me ever since.

On the following day a friend and I started in search of a room. With the exception of Sage College—a dormitory exclusively for lady students—and a few dozen rooms in the college buildings, no rooms are rented by the university. Most of the students lodge in private houses located in the eastern half of the town. We found prices for rooms ranging from one dollar and a half to five dollars, according to location, size, furniture, etc. Table board could be obtained for from two dollars and a half to six dollars. Our selection was soon made, and, thus settled, we were ready for work. Next day was registration-day. About noon I climbed the hill, and was duly enrolled as a member of Cornell University. I was enabled to register without examination, as I held a New York State Regent's pass-cards in all studies required for admission to my course.

On the morrow work began. I had to get to a recitation at eight A.M. But I awoke just as the university chimes began to ring at 7.45, and so lost my breakfast. Posted about the campus were notices calling a meeting of the Freshman class at one P.M. The first meeting of a class is always well attended; and at the appointed time a large number of Freshmen found themselves at the door of one of the lecture-rooms. This door was blockaded. Two or three dozen Sophomores had gotten into the room ahead of the Freshmen, and were

guarding the benches, which had been piled against the door. For a few moments the Freshmen were puzzled. Another room was tried, but this too had been occupied. Then some Juniors appeared, and by their advice the Freshmen determined to force the door of the room in which the meeting had been called. Back went the Freshmen, by this time rather excited. A panel of the door was kicked in, and the door forced open. The few Sophomores were hustled down-stairs, shut out, and the first meeting was held by the triumphant Freshmen.

After this meeting was over I went down town, accompanied by six or eight fellow-Freshmen. Near the post-office we came upon a half-dozen Sophomores, one of whom was carrying a cane. The cane was seized by some of our number, and immediately each student began calling the year of his class. These cries of "'88!" and "'87!" soon brought forty or fifty students to the spot, and a general *mêlée* ensued.

Our fun, however, was of short duration. Two policemen, also attracted by the class-calls, appeared, and, seizing two of the smallest of the combatants, dragged them towards the lock-up. The cane, a light one, had already been broken, and was now left unnoticed as the crowd followed the policemen. At the station-house the two offenders were fined three dollars each, and were then set at liberty, with the warning that another offence would be much more severely punished.

Later in the evening a crowd of Freshmen and Sophomores gathered in the park, where they would be free from police interference, for the purpose of "rushing" to a finish. The cane, a thick, stout stick, is placed between the two classes, and an equal number from each class face each other with their hands upon it. When all is ready, an upper-class man gives the word, and the struggle begins. Each class seeks, by pulling, pushing, and crowding, to get full possession of the cane. Coats, vests, shirts, are torn off; hats are tramped on; noses bleed; and every man's excitement is at its highest pitch.

After a long fight the Sophomores succeeded in placing the cane in the hands of a Senior, and the rush was ended. We Freshmen went home crestfallen, while the Sophomores, forming a column, the Seniors carrying the cane at the head, marched through the streets, making the town ring from time to time with the Cornell and class "yells."

These "scrub" rushes continue until a final struggle is arranged by representatives selected from the two classes. Formerly this consisted of a rush similar to the one just described, except that all members of the class were expected to be present. Now, however, owing to the exaggerated reports sent to the papers, the faculty have stopped final rushing, and a game (this year a game of foot-ball) is substituted. This is contested by a few men selected from each class, and is followed by a

demonstration of the successful class. The importance of this final contest arises from the fact that if the Freshmen are defeated they are forbidden, by an unwritten law of the student body, to carry canes until after Thanksgiving.

Every year rushing grows less and less frequent, and it is probably only a matter of time when it will wholly cease. Rough as these contests were, no one was ever seriously injured. They were fair and square contests between fairly-matched forces of volunteers, and were surely much more honorable than hazing, the attack of a body of men upon a single individual,—a feature of college life which I am glad to say is absolutely unknown at Cornell.

The final contest over, there is a cessation of class-hostilities until about the middle of the winter (January to March) term. Then come the class-banquets. Early in this term under-class-men meetings are held, at which officers and committees of arrangement are selected. The names of the officers and the dates of the banquets are kept secret as long as possible, but they usually leak out very soon. Then there is plotting and counterplotting on the part of members of each class to prevent the success of the other's banquet.

The escapades that have occurred in these attempts are many. In one case the officers of the Freshman class were kidnapped, transported to a city near by, and detained until after the time appointed for the banquet. In another, the Sophomores succeeded by skilful management in securing and eating a supper prepared for the Freshmen. In none of these struggles does class-spirit affect personal relations. Warm personal friendship may coexist with bitter class-enmity.

One other class-event occurs during the Freshman year. This is the "Cremation." Early in the spring term preparations for this event are begun. Priests, poets, pall-bearers, ghosts, and various other appendages to a first-class funeral are elected; a boat is chartered; a small coffin is secured; a keg or more of beer is often added; and some evening about dusk the class sets out for a place down the lake.

Arrived at the appointed spot, a procession is formed, and, with great solemnity and many touching remarks by the appointed speakers, the coffin, with its contents, is consigned to the flames. And what are its contents? Usually an O. W. J. algebra, always some text-book which by popular belief is exceedingly difficult to master. After these mournful ceremonies the jolly crowd betakes itself to the boat, and, calling perhaps to give the "Aurora Female Academy" a serenade, returns to Ithaca. The Sophomore "Excursion" occurs at about the same time, and is similar to the "Cremation," except that there is no cremation.

The only class-event of the Junior year is the Junior promenade,—a decidedly dress affair, occurring about the middle of the winter term, and attended not only by students and professors, but by towns-people and others. The Senior year of course brings to an end the college course with the usual graduating exercises.

In each class there is a society organized for social purposes, which is handed down from class to class. The outgoing members of each society elect a certain part of the members for the ensuing year from the next lower class. The members so elected choose the remaining members for the year from their own class. Banquets are held by these societies from time to time during the year, which serve to unite members of the same class into a closer friendship with one another.

These societies, however, have comparatively few members, and their influence upon the social life of the college is very slight. The student organization which undoubtedly exerts most influence upon Cornell life is the "Cornell University Christian Association,"—the C. U. C. A. With a membership of over three hundred, it claims to be the largest college Christian association in the world; and its zeal may be seen from the fact that nine thousand dollars have recently been subscribed by its members towards the erection of a club building. At present the society occupies a room in one of the college buildings. Though its aim is, of course, chiefly religious, it has great influence upon the social life of the university. At the gatherings which it occasionally holds, as well as at the regular religious services, acquaintances are formed between members of all classes more easily and more rapidly than they could be formed in any other way. The organization is strictly non-sectarian. Most of the prominent churches are, however, represented by smaller sectarian organizations, each exerting within its sphere an influence similar to that of the C. U. C. A.

Socially the "chapters" of the various Greek-letter fraternities are, next to the C. U. C. A., most important in Cornell life. Of the general organization of these societies it is sufficient to say that each "chapter" here is more or less closely connected with similar "chapters" existing in other colleges, and that all are under a parent society or governing body. To a certain extent, therefore, these societies serve to unite the student body throughout the country.

At Cornell each "chapter" either owns or rents a house in some part of the town, or, in two cases, on the campus, and at this a few of its members usually live, while all meet here for social purposes. In a majority of these club-houses the expense of living is from two hundred dollars to five hundred dollars more than the expense outside. Hence none but rather wealthy students can belong to these fraternities.

The chief advantage they offer the student is a close friendship with a number of liberal, obliging fellows who will as far as possible open to him any society to which they have access. Of course this carries with it disadvantages; for you are bound to your fellow-society men as closely as they are bound to you, and this loss of personal freedom detracts, in part at least, from the advantage gained. About one-fourth of the students at Cornell belong to one or another of the fourteen Greek-letter fraternities represented here. The social life, however, differs in no respect from the social life of non-society men, except in their frequent meetings at the society house.

Aside from the Greek-letter fraternities already referred to, there is also a society with a Greek-letter name which has for its object the control of class politics. Its membership comprises about one-eighth of the men in each of the three higher classes. The names of its members are, as far as possible, kept secret until the latter part of the Senior year, and at any class-election this society selects its man and supports him in a body. Three things aid them in securing his election: (1) their nominee is not usually known, and will receive some votes from the students at large; (2) he has the advantage of a solid vote from a large portion of the class; (3) the outside vote will be scattered among many competitors. Quite frequently, therefore, its candidate will be successful.

The other student organizations are—1. The various technical and literary "associations of Cornell University," composed of students and professors especially interested in some branch of study, who hold regular open meetings at which the subjects in which they are interested are discussed, either by their own members or by specialists from the outside world. 2. The mock Congress, modelled after the United States Congress, which meets regularly every week and aims to give its members training in Parliamentary practice and in debate upon living political questions. 3. Societies and clubs devoted to the cultivation of the fine arts. 4. A host of other less important societies, like the Gun Club, the Hare and Hounds Club, the Chess Club, etc.

One other organization ought to be noted. This is the "Students' Guild," designed to include all students. Money is raised by popular subscription and intrusted to the hands of a committee to be expended in the relief of students who through sickness are unable to meet their expenses. This organization has, of course, no effect upon social life, but it shows better than anything else could the willingness of one student to help another in all possible ways.

The entertainment and society arising from the social organizations among students form but a part of the social life of the student. Per-

haps the larger part comes from the towns-people. There are three ways by which the student may get an entrance into Ithaca society: 1, through the people with whom he rooms; 2, through student friends acquainted in the town; 3 (and chiefly), through social church gatherings.

Besides the female society of the town, there are, of course, the one hundred young ladies at Sage, with whom the student becomes acquainted at the various receptions and social entertainments that occur on the hill. These ladies, the "co-eds.," are allowed to entertain friends in the Sage parlors until ten P.M., and may obtain the special permission of the matron to attend any entertainment in the town. They thus take a prominent place in college society, though undoubtedly somewhat neglected for their town sisters, who are able to entertain better (and longer) the young gentlemen calling upon them.

Receptions are occasionally given by the faculty, military balls take place under the management of the officers of the Cornell Battalion, select parties are formed for a ride or a dance, excursions are made down the lake, etc., so that hardly a week passes without bringing an opportunity to squander an afternoon or an evening in the pleasure of general society.

Nor is society all the attraction that tempts the student to leave his books. During the spring and fall term there are games of lacrosse, tennis, foot-ball, and base-ball, which, either as participants or as spectators, all lovers of out-of-door sport may enjoy. There are athletic contests between men of our own college, and intercollegiate games, which may for a little time occupy the chief place in college thought and conversation. In general, however, athletics receive very little attention except from those directly engaged in them.

Then, too, there are the various public entertainments of the town. They are always sure to be well patronized by the students; and, though some unpopular lecturer may be greeted with a shower of beans or some unlucky star see roll away from her the bouquet for which she stoops, yet any really artistic performance is sure of an appreciative audience. One billiard-hall, one beer- and one liquor-saloon (both furnishing such substantial refreshments as Limburger cheese, pretzels, etc., in addition to their liquid exhilarants), and two or three well-kept restaurants, receive a certain amount of student patronage.

It will be seen, therefore, that no Cornell student is likely to want for amusement. I fancy, indeed, that the reader thinks that he is in danger of having too much rather than too little. There are, however, certain bounds which determine how much and partly what kind of pleasure he shall enjoy.

Of course lack of wealth, personal unpopularity, peculiarity of

taste, are among the accidental causes which may keep the student from any or all of the pleasures named above. But much more important than any of these things in determining his social life are the duties incidental upon a course here. It is a theory of the faculty at Cornell that men go to college chiefly to get an education. Hence any act that may appear to them to interfere with that purpose is subject to prompt punishment, varying in degree from a sharp reprimand to immediate expulsion.

Directly, they make very few rules with regard to the acts of students. In the eight- or ten-page pamphlet labelled "Rules for the Guidance of Students" you will find three short paragraphs devoted to "offences." One of these refers to the use of fire-arms on the campus, another to the responsibility of a voluntary witness to an offence committed by another, and the third reads as follows: "Students found guilty of intoxication, gambling, or other gross immorality, or of hazing in any form, will be removed from the university." Aside from this, perfect personal liberty is enjoyed by the student in the selection of his pleasures. Expulsions are exceedingly rare; for another and much more powerful check is imposed by the faculty, which usually causes a man guilty of any of these offences to leave the university before he has been detected in them. I refer to the examinations.

At the end of each term the professor or instructor prepares an examination which shall test the work done by the student during the term. Failure to pass a specified number of these permits the student to seek other fields of usefulness. Something of the severity of these examinations may be known from the fact that during the present year fifty-five men have been "dropped" from this cause alone. These failures occur chiefly among the Freshmen and Sophomores. Some of them are no doubt due to insufficient preparation or to natural inability, but a vast majority of them have been caused by a waste of time and opportunity. These examinations serve not only to remove from the university men addicted to vice, but also act as a reforming influence in leading men to drop practices which will otherwise "drop" them.

Of the offences named above, hazing is, as before noted, absolutely unknown. Gambling is known only in its mildest form,—*i.e.*, where pleasurable excitement and not money is the object of those engaging in it. Even in this form it is confined to a few men and occupies little of their time. There may be in any Freshman class some men who occasionally drink too much, but their stay at Cornell is usually short. By the end of the first year they have almost disappeared, and invariably the Sophomore year weeds out the remaining few. Among the upper-class men drunkenness is unknown.

It may be due to this indirect mode of controlling student life that the natural antagonism between student and professor has entirely disappeared from Cornell. Certain it is that it has disappeared. Meeting as equals in society, the friendly relations there formed are carried into the class-room. The professor shows no petty peevishness at the indiscretions of those under him, the student no rudeness towards the professor. Nevertheless, probably because of the independence of thought here, no professor's opinions are received as infallible. Truth and proof of truth is the quest of the Cornell student; and that professor whose mind is the most logical and whose statements are the most clearly and conclusively proved is sure to be the most popular, in spite of the fact that his examinations are commonly the hardest.

Looking upon his professor as a fellow-mortal, the student criticises those defects which he may fancy he sees in his character as fully as he would criticise the same defects in a fellow-student. Not only is this seen in the conversation of the students, but especially in *The Cornellian*, a yearly magazine published by the Junior class of the university. In this, written or pictorial caricatures hold up to ridicule fancied defects in the characters of professors of all grades. Occasionally some newly-attacked professor may feel disposed to punish those who have made so free with his majesty; but anything so hostile to the spirit of Cornell as an abridgment of the freedom of speech could not be successful.

Aside from this annual, the college press consists of—two monthlies, one devoted to and published by the C. U. C. A., the other devoted to the interests of the "Sibley College of Mechanical Engineering" and edited and published by men chosen from that department of the university; a weekly, published by the two upper classes, devoted to general college news and to essays, stories, poems, etc., contributed by students or professors; and, lastly, a daily, published and edited by men chosen from each class in the university. This paper gives the general news of our own and other colleges, furnishes an opportunity for student or professor to express publicly his views with regard to any subject connected with student life, and offers a convenient means of giving notices of any kind to the student body.

In the above we have followed through the influences which affect the social life of the Cornell student, and have seen the general lines along which that life moves. Let us now look at the daily life that is the outcome of these influences. At the two extremes of student life are the bookworms and the ultra fashionables. Of these two classes at Cornell nothing need be said. The members of both might be counted upon your fingers. Between them lie the great mass of students.

Recognizing that their purpose here is an education, they nevertheless look upon that education as a means, not an end: appreciating fully the value of books, they know that book-knowledge alone will not give them practical success in the world. To such students society is a pleasurable means of recreation, a vast reservoir from which to draw a knowledge of men and motives.

Recitation-hours at the university begin at eight A.M. and continue until one P.M. There are also a few lectures in the afternoon, and many of the men in the technical courses have work in the shops or laboratories which occupies them during a part of the afternoon. Three times each week also the Freshmen and Sophomores must appear at the gymnasium for military drill or for compulsory gymnasium exercise. The rest of the time is entirely at the students' disposal. They study, read, or amuse themselves as they feel disposed.

Sunday is most decidedly a day of rest. An hour or two extra sleep in the morning, the choice of church, reading, or a walk or talk with a friend (not always a male one) for the remainder of the day, and a book or a friend (same remark as above) for the evening,—such is the Sunday life of the student.

Of course in the above we have only shown the possible ways in which the student can occupy his time. The ways in which he does occupy it are as many as the number of students here. The one thing that you do not find at Cornell is idleness. It is a poor place for either lounging or dreaming. Linked with and perhaps partly causing this activity is an intense earnestness. Every man at Cornell has some distinct aim, and in choosing his studies he selects those that will be of practical use to him. He is therefore always interested in his work, and hence always earnest.

The one other characteristic of Cornell students is honesty. There are two causes that tend to make Cornell students thoroughly honest, in the broadest sense of the term: the vast majority of them come from the middle classes, and the policy of the university is to give to its students absolute freedom in thought, word, and deed.

Having nothing to hide, the student hides nothing; he enters no back doors, he develops no sneaking tendencies nor hypocritical actions; treated as a man, he is a man; and the spirit of manliness thus engendered he carries with him throughout his college career, and enters life not only with habits of thought which will help him in his struggle for subsistence, but also with habits of life which will make him a good citizen and a true man.

R. Spencer (*Class of* '88).

A PHYSICIAN'S VIEW OF EXERCISE AND ATHLETICS.

IN an Eastern fable of prehistoric antiquity, a learned physician is described as having cured the Prince of all the Faithful of a seemingly mortal malady by the use of a pair of clubs, the mysterious virtues of which diffused themselves from the palms of the patient throughout his body and brought renewed health and vigor.

Asclepiades, a Greek physician living in the second century before Christ, cured all ailments, if the account of Pliny may be believed, by the employment of physical exercise alone, and declared his willingness to forfeit all claim to the title of physician if he himself should ever fall sick except from violence or senility. He is said to have justified his assertion by living for more than a century and dying finally from the effects of an accident.

The association thus early recognized in both history and fable between health and longevity on the one hand and physical exercise on the other became a little later an integral part of the creed and the civilization of all the most powerful nations of the world, many of whom owed to its recognition their most brilliant successes in both warlike and artistic pursuits. In Greece, especially, the cultivation of the body by means of gymnastics begun in the earliest life of the individual, fostered and encouraged by the enormous rewards in both fame and riches accruing from success at the Olympic games, and aided by a rigid application of the principles of heredity, eliminating almost completely those persons unfit for the founding or propagating of families, resulted in the nearest approach to physical perfection in an entire people that the world has ever witnessed. Aristotle considered a commonwealth essentially defective if gymnastics were not an integral part of its code, while Plato called him a cripple who, cultivating his mind alone, suffered his body to "languish through sloth and inactivity." The labors of gymnastics, he very truthfully says, if excessive, may make men hard and brutal, but under proper restrictions they stimulate the spiritual element of their nature, make them courageous, and bring their passions under control.

The Greek gymnasia were not only schools for the cultivation of the body, but exerted the greatest influence upon the development of art and upon intellectual progress. The idea ever present to the minds of the Greeks that the first care of life should be the preservation of bodily health, without which all other advantages of mind, of rank, of fortune, became void and ineffective, resulted in the establishment of an

ideal of physical beauty and excellence which reacted upon their art, their manners, their entire civilization, and made them in certain directions pre-eminently superior to the rest of the world. Personal hygiene, and what we now call physical culture, had already attained with them the dignity of a science. The god of physicians was the presiding deity of the gymnasia, and none were considered so well qualified to regulate this branch of education as those best acquainted with the art of medicine. Their five favorite exercises,—constituting the *pentathlon*,—running, leaping, wrestling, hurling the lance, and casting the discus, were admirably adapted to supplement one another in developing the body and conferring a high degree of strength and vigor, together with grace, celerity, and accuracy of movement. Whatever was needed in addition was supplied by their games of ball, by their practice in lifting and carrying weights, and by swimming, pugilism, and other athletic sports. After a time, however, a class of professional athletes were developed, who gave their lives exclusively to training for the performance of these various feats of strength and endurance, which thenceforth became less popular, or, at least, less practised among the people at large; luxury and vice increased, and with them came a corresponding neglect of the requirements of health; the gymnasia declined in reputation and favor; the populace, to whom formerly no such road to fortune had been open as that offered by success in the public games, became spectators instead of participants; and it is no exaggeration to say that the downfall of Greece from her position of supremacy dates from the day when she abandoned her policy of making the health and strength of her people the principal object of governmental solicitude. It would be idle to trace the almost precise parallel afforded by the history of Rome: the relations of cause and effect are the same. We find again the period of prosperity, of riches, and of almost universal domination coinciding with that of rigorous observance of the rules of health and active cultivation of the physical virtues; we find also a similar period when athletics fell into the hands of a few who made it their life-work, the gladiators,—the "professionals" of those days,—and the people were transformed into a howling, often a blood-thirsty, mob of spectators; a period when the strength and skill and courage which Rome had formerly developed in and demanded of her own citizens were bought by her from hirelings, and when she began her uninterrupted descent in the scale of nations.

During the Middle Ages, gymnastic and athletic proficiency became the almost exclusive property of the nobility and the professional soldiery, and was displayed only at tournaments and in actual warfare. Among those comparatively small classes it was, however, brought to

a great degree of perfection, and it has been said that even after the middle of the fourteenth century the levy of a small German burgh could turn out more athletes than the combined armies of the Empire.

It was not until the beginning of the present century that gymnastics became systematized or popularized among modern nations. In Germany, Jahn established his gymnasium or Turnplatz at Berlin in 1811, introduced new apparatus, improved the defective system of exercises, published a celebrated essay on the principles of gymnastics, and organized the *Turnvereine*, gymnastic societies which, apart from their occasional connection with political movements, have been of the greatest practical benefit not only to their members, but, by force of example, to the community. As a system of exercises is now employed for all the armies of the German Empire, and as all able-bodied adult male citizens are required to give three years of personal military service, it is evident that nearly the whole male population of Germany enjoys the advantages of a systematic physical education at a period of life when training is most valuable and important. In Switzerland, Sweden, and France societies analogous to the Turnvereine were formed, and finally government action was taken making gymnastic exercises compulsory in most of the educational institutions as well as in the army. In England, directly after the Crimean war, a commission was appointed to consider the subject, and upon its report a code of instruction in physical exercises was prepared by Mr. MacLaren of Oxford, which is now in satisfactory operation at all the barracks of the British army.

In this country, although there are many excellent gymnasia in the large cities, it is only within the last decade, and then at but a few of the more important colleges, that gymnastics have been regarded as more than a pastime for the younger males, or a prescribed and unpleasant remedy for some of the ailments of the older members of society. In 1881, in the Northern and Middle States only three educational institutions in a thousand paid any official attention to gymnastics, athletics, or physical education. That this is not the proper position of athletics in an intelligent community has become evident to all thinking people; but there are comparatively few who realize the incalculable power for good which physical education, rightly understood, encouraged, and applied, could have upon the human race in years to come. And yet this power is clearly indicated in the foregoing brief historical outline, and its existence is just as clearly deducible from theoretical considerations.

It was not alone nor even chiefly by reason of the strength and endurance of her men and the vigor and fertility of her women that

Sparta first, and then all Greece with her, assumed a commanding and for years an impregnable position among the nations of antiquity. It was because in acquiring those qualities it was imperatively necessary to cultivate the kindred ones of sobriety, cleanliness, self-restraint, temperance, moderation and regularity in all things,—necessary to observe scrupulously all the rules of health as they were then understood. In other words, then, as now, the cultivation of the muscular power for certain purposes, even though the latter were in themselves trivial and unworthy, brought not only strength but health, and not only health but increased intellectual vigor and activity and augmented moral power. This association between physical, intellectual, and moral strength is a natural one, unchangeable in its essential principles, though subject, of course, to individual exception, and quite as applicable to our own community to-day as to that of any Grecian village two thousand years ago. It furnishes one of the strongest arguments for the assertion that we have in the wide-spread diffusion of physical culture one of the most potent factors at our command, even in these days of progressive sanitary science, for increasing the average of public health and longevity, diminishing disease, both by prevention and cure, augmenting the world's power for work by adding to the usefulness and activity of the individual, and promoting indirectly at the same time the material prosperity, the happiness, and even the morality of the race.

Dr. Hartwell, in an admirable essay on Physical Training, in tracing the origin of the modern doctrine of the interdependence of body and mind, which, he says, is but vaguely if at all apprehended by the majority of those who quote with unction the time-worn *mens sana in corpore sano* line of Juvenal, describes the differing types or ideals of manly excellence in past times: the Greek, or æsthetic, springing from a passion for beauty and harmony and a joyous sense of well-being; the monkish, or theological, conditioned on and determined by a profound ignorance of and a bitter contempt for the body; and the military, or chivalric, owing its peculiar features to a rude appreciation of bodily force or skill gained from experience in camp and field. Dr. Hartwell thinks that the modern ideal—the medical, or scientific—is not the descendant of any of these, but is the child of the scientific spirit embodied in the new physiology and psychology engendered through the labors of Harvey and Haller, Du Bois-Reymond, Müller, and Helmholtz, and voiced by Huxley when he begins his description of a man who has had a "liberal education" by saying that he is one "who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will and does with ease and pleasure all the work it is capable of." Rous-

seau, a century and a quarter ago, in his treatise on Education, recognized the essential relation between volitional energy and bodily power, expressing it tersely, though paradoxically, "The feebler the body, the more it commands; the stronger, the more it obeys," and furnishing in his own person one of the most conspicuous examples of the truth of his assertion. Unquestionably, as Dr. Ball has claimed, vigorous and systematic muscular exertion has a powerful influence in developing the entire character. It requires, when long sustained or when sufficiently active to cause fatigue, the corresponding exercise of the qualities of self-denial, perseverance, and endurance; it thus strengthens the will, confers a consciousness of increased power, "begets self-confidence, resolution, and courage," and through their influence, guided by proper moral and intellectual forces, aids in subduing the passions, and elevates the spiritual as well as the physical energies. Luther recommended athletic sports, not only because they "keep the limbs free and adroit and the body in health," but also for the reason that "with such bodily exercises one does not fall into carousing, debauchery, gambling, hard drinking, and other kinds of lawlessness; but these evils come to pass if such honest exercises and chivalrous games are despised and neglected." Dr. Sargent has found at Harvard that, as a rule, students take about the same rank in required gymnastics that they do in their regular studies. He thinks that mental characteristics always manifest themselves in physical exercises, and that those who fail in their studies from inattention or want of application will be likely to fail in their gymnastics for the same reason. He adds, "It is certainly true that brain- and nerve-substance are behind every well-controlled muscular movement. Indeed, the two are so closely connected that it is hard to tell which is due to the mind and which to the body." Dr. Beddoe, in his paper on "The Stature and Bulk of Man in the British Isles," remarks, "If we examine only a single race or reputed race at a time, we shall find that wherever that race attains its maximum of physical development it rises highest in energy and moral vigor."

Physical culture, therefore, or the cultivation of bodily strength by means of certain recreative and educational exercises, when properly conducted, adds at the same time to the general health and favors an equable and symmetrical development of all the faculties.

This statement, though more than justified by the facts, would probably not be widely accepted without criticism or disagreement. The question of late years has excited great and always increasing interest. It has been ably discussed and thoroughly examined, and at the present day has a voluminous literature of its own, the excellent

writings of MacLaren, Ralfe, Ball, Blaikie, Sargent, Oswald, Schaible, and others, covering the entire ground, and of course much more thoroughly than it is possible to do within the limits of a magazine article, where only the main points of their work can be recapitulated.

The two most common arguments urged by well-meaning people against athletics, or "physical culture," using the terms as synonymous, are—

1st. That the assiduous cultivation of bodily strength is not compatible with a proper degree of attention to the mental faculties;

2d. That athletics, as commonly practised, are frequently, or perhaps even usually, hurtful, and productive of disease.

The first of these objections, that of the opposition between physical and mental development, is as old as Plato, who described some of the athletes of his time as "sleeping away their lives," recognizing the evils as well as the benefits of athletics, or as Galen, who speaks of both Greek and Roman athletes as "heavy and stupid." Their words applied, however, then, as they would apply now in many instances to the "professional," to the man who gave up his life exclusively to the cultivation of his body, neglecting all mental discipline or acquirements, and exercising not for health, but solely for strength and proficiency in certain sports or games in which it was his ambition to excel. It may be admitted at once that in that sense and with such people athletics are far from exerting a beneficial influence; nor is it probable that they ever conduce to the avoidance of disease or the promotion of longevity unless the requirements of the mind are recognized as of more than equal importance with those of the body. We must not be misled, however, into believing the exception to be the type of the class. There may be such instances of mental and moral deterioration favored and fostered by athletics as are dramatically portrayed in the novel of "Man and Wife" by Wilkie Collins, one of the leaders in the crusade against the so-called abuse of athletics. There are unquestionably instances of men who, doubtless, from the start were incapable of much intellectual cultivation, but who are endowed with or have acquired enormous bodily strength, without at the same time developing the virtues which have been described as more or less closely associated with and brought out by physical culture. But, though we may always have occasional Geoffrey Delamaynes among gentlemen, and will never be without the Bill Sykes type among brutes, the records of art, of literature, of science, show an intimate association between brain-power and bodily vigor, which is of itself sufficient answer to all such hasty generalization. Samson, though he seems to have lacked discretion, was a judge in Israel. Pompey was the equal of any soldier in his

command in feats of strength: Sallust says of him, "Cum alacribus saltu, cum velocibus cursu, cum validis vecte certabat." Cæsar was naturally of a delicate constitution, suffering from severe headaches, and probably epileptic, but by continual exercise became an athlete, "admirable in all manly sports," and surpassed by none in enduring the fatigues and hardships of a military life. Lycurgus not only laid down the laws which for five hundred years made Lacedæmon the chief city of Greece, but was able to outrun all the mob who persecuted him and forced him to seek refuge in a sanctuary. Cicero is described by Plutarch as at one time thin, weak, and dyspeptic, but as having been so strengthened by gymnastic exercises at Athens as to become robust and vigorous. Coriolanus's successes were attributed by his enemies to his strength of body, he having so exercised and inured himself to all sorts of activity that he "combined the lightness of a racer with an extraordinary weight in close seizures and wrestlings." Alcibiades, according to Herodotus, became master of the Athenians, in spite of his excesses, by reason of his "force of eloquence, grace of person, and strength of body," and from the same authority we learn that Alexander had unusual endurance. Themistocles, Socrates, and Plato excelled in gymnastic exercises; Sertorius swam the Rhone in full armor; Marcellus was "of a strong body;" Pelopidas "delighted in exercise;" Marius never missed a day on the Campus Martius; Cato "maintained his character and persisted in his exercise to the very last;" and even the more mythological characters of Theseus, Romulus, and Remus are accredited with "strength of body and bravery equal to the quickness and force of their understanding."

Numberless similar instances might be adduced from the records of ancient and mediæval history, which, whatever their authenticity, serve to show the close relation believed by the chroniclers of those days to exist between great physical strength and those intellectual powers which lead men to positions of commanding authority among their fellows. This was, of course, due in part to the pre-eminence of physical force and of personal achievements in those ages; but in our own time we find that many of the most successful men in the various learned professions, in literature, and in statesmanship, have been life-long devotees of some form of athletics, or have at least in their younger days taken prominent part among the athletes of their schools or colleges. Dr. Morgan, in his excellent work on "University Oars," calls attention to the fact that of the one hundred and forty-seven Cambridge men who constituted the crews between 1829 and 1869, twenty-eight per cent. bore off honors in more important contests than those of the river, taking in some cases the very highest academical distinc-

tions, and proving, according to Dr. Morgan, that mind and muscle, provided only they be judiciously guided, are not unequal yoke-fellows, but are well able to work together with mutual and reciprocal advantage. Among the aquatic champions whom he mentions were three bishops, two judges, one learned and world-renowned historian, and many others filling posts of honor and intellectual distinction. The general average of class men at Oxford was about thirty per cent., while among cricketers it rose to forty-two, and among rowing men to forty-five per cent.

Du Bois-Reymond, some time ago, showed from the stand-point of a comparative zoölogist the necessary connection between brain and muscle, and that by far the most marked influence of physical exercise is upon the nerve-centres. Such bodily exercises as gymnastics, fencing, swimming, riding, dancing, and skating are as much exercises of the central nervous system, of the brain and spinal marrow, as of the muscles. Every movement of the body depends for its grace, accuracy, and force as much upon the proper co-ordination of the muscles as upon the strength of their contraction. Taking for example a composite motion, like a high leap, the muscles employed must begin to work in the proper order, and the energy of each of them must increase, reach its maximum, and diminish according to a certain law, so that the result shall be the desired position of the limbs and trunk and the proper velocity of the centre of gravity in the right direction. The gray matter of the brain is at work equally with the muscles in securing this result, is "exercised" at the same time, and is undoubtedly conforming to the undisputed law of self-improvement, that powers, faculties, functions, and organs grow and are strengthened by exercise and are weakened by disuse.

This fact is most noticeable perhaps in very early childhood. Professor Richards, of Yale, has well described it as "body brain-work," and says that it comes first in the order of brain-growth. The child develops brain every time it makes a well-directed effort to grasp the thing it wants. The movement of its hand is as necessary to the development of its brain as the integrity and health of its brain are to the growth of its hand; and this is true of the other portions of the body which move under the control of the will. "They and the brain are developed by reciprocal action."

The longevity of brain-workers as compared with that of muscle-workers has been investigated of recent years by a prominent American physician, and the advantage has been shown to be clearly in favor of the former. This at first sight might seem a weighty argument against the view advanced in this paper; but a little investigation shows the

fallacy of so considering it, for it should be understood that the so-called "muscle-workers" include all that unfortunate class of the community who are born, live, and die poor, who exist under the most imperfect sanitary conditions, who both from ignorance and powerlessness neglect even the most obvious of the laws of health, and who in all respects are at a stupendous physical disadvantage as compared with the classes from which the "brain-workers" are drawn. On the other hand, it can be shown just as clearly that a good constitution usually accompanies a good brain, and that the cerebral and muscular forces are correlated, a view which though hostile to the popular faith is sound and supportable. Dr. Beard claims that in all the animal realm there is a general, though not unvarying, relation between the brain and the body of which it is a part and to which it ministers, and that no one who has ever walked observingly through an asylum for the insane or the feeble-minded and seen the dwarfed, misshapen, immature, or stunted forms which surround him could doubt for a moment the general truth embodied in this statement. The rapidity with which such poor creatures grow physiologically old is very striking. The evidences of senility are noticeable in every organ and function,—in premature baldness and gray hair, in dulness of hearing and dimness of vision, in the wrinkled skin, the tottering step, the wasted limbs. In such cases the man of thirty by the record often seems to be on the other side of sixty. He adds that a hundred great geniuses chosen by chance will be larger than a hundred dunces anywhere,—will be broader, taller, and weightier. In all lands, he says, savage, semi-civilized, and enlightened, the ruling orders, chiefs, sheiks, princes by might or mind, scientists, authors, orators, great merchants, weigh more on the average than the persons over whom they rule or whom they employ, and even among a band of workmen on a railway you can four times out of five pick out the "boss" by his size alone. Herbert Spencer has shown in an essay on the origin of political headship how in early times among rude tribes the ability to lead, to command, and to control was associated with physical strength, as it is at the present day. In Homeric Greece, he says, even age did not compensate for decline of strength, and an old chief, such as Peleus or Laertes, could not retain his position; and he adds that throughout mediæval Europe maintenance of political headship largely depended on bodily prowess. The Esquimaux show deference to "seniors and strong men." Among the Bushmen "bodily strength alone procures distinction." The leaders of the Tasmanians were tall and powerful men, and supremacy among the Australians depended on the same factors. In Bedouin tribes "the fiercest, the strongest, and the craftiest obtains complete mastery over his fellows;"

and among the people on the Tapajos, we are told by Bates, "the foot-marks of the chief could be distinguished from the rest by their great size and the length of the stride." The average age at death at the present time of all classes of those who live over twenty years is about fifty. In a list of five hundred of the greatest men in history, prepared not to show the average longevity, but in order to determine at what time of life men do their best work, it was found that the average age at death was about sixty-two years. Madden, in his curious work on "The Infirmities of Genius," gives a list of two hundred and forty illustrious names, with their ages at death, the average being about sixty-six years. We see thus that, on the one hand, the great men of the past have been noted not only for their brains but for their bodies as well, and that, on the other, in the development of their bodies the time given to athletics and to exercise was productive at once of an increased tenure of life and of the highest and best intellectual power. Here again, were it desirable, examples might be indefinitely multiplied. It is easy to recall that Sir Walter Scott was unusually robust and physically active until overtaken by fatal disease; that Burns in his youth was an athlete of no mean prowess; that Byron, in spite of his deformity, excelled in feats of strength, and that he prided himself as much upon having swum the Hellespont as upon having written "Childe Harold;" that Dickens considered himself at a great intellectual disadvantage if compelled to forego his daily ten-mile walk at four miles an hour, regardless of weather; that George Sand preferred to work far into the night, so that she might have more hours of daylight for her walks in the country; that Goethe swam, skated, rode, and was passionately fond of all forms of exercise; that Humboldt prepared himself for his explorations by systematic exercise to the point of fatigue; that Leonardo da Vinci was a devoted equestrian; that Wordsworth was an indefatigable pedestrian; that Kant allowed nothing to interfere with his daily afternoon walk; that Gladstone has his private gymnasium, in addition to losing no opportunity for out-of-door exercise; that Bismarck has all his life been fond of sport and exercise, and as indefatigable in their pursuit as in his work as a diplomat; and that among living authors, orators, and statesmen we have many equally conspicuous examples of the same general truth.

We may dismiss, then, as not warranted by the facts, the assertion that mental and physical power are in any way antagonistic, and may proceed to consider the next argument against athletics,—which is that, as ordinarily carried on, they are prejudicial to health and productive of disease and early death. To understand the question at issue, it

becomes necessary here to know, in a general way, what is meant by health and strength and how they can be produced by exercise.

Health consists, in a comprehensive sense, in such a condition of growth and development of all the organs of the body as enables them to fulfil their functions easily and completely, respond promptly to occasional unusual demands upon them, and resist effectually the attacks of disease. These unusual demands upon the energies of the body are continually occurring in every-day life, and should be of themselves sufficient inducement to all persons to aim at the highest attainable condition of health; but when we know that on a certain day or during a certain time such an exceptional demand will be made on the organism to put forth all its powers, we aim especially to prepare it to meet that demand, and such preparation, whether preliminary to the exploration of a continent, the vicissitudes of a campaign, the fatigue of a week's shooting, or the strain of a four-mile boat-race, we call "training." MacLaren has thus well defined training as "a method of putting the body with extreme and exceptional care under the influence of all the agents which promote its health and strength, in order to enable it to meet extreme and exceptional demands upon its energies." Ralfe defines it as "the art which aims at bringing the body into the most perfect condition of health, making muscular action more vigorous and enduring, and increasing the breathing-power." Dr. Parkes says, "Training is simply another word for healthy and vigorous living." This, then, is what we are interested in discovering. Is this process of training, or the subsequent exertion which is made in the various athletic sports or games, likely to be productive of injury?

Of the agents of health which are employed in the process of training, exercise is the most important, though food, drink, rest, sleep, air, bathing, and clothing are elements which must be carefully considered. To understand how exercise produces strength and health, we should remember that the life of the body as a whole depends upon the life of numberless atoms which constitute it, and which are continually dying, being cast off and replaced by others. The general health depends directly upon the activity of this process and the perfection with which it is performed. The pabulum or food which is needed by all the organs and tissues of the body for their repair or for their growth and development is carried to them by the blood. At every moment of our lives, whenever we make a movement, draw a breath, change a muscle of expression, conceive a passing fancy, certain cells die and are disintegrated, as a consequence. They become useless, and must be removed and carried to organs whose function it is to eliminate them from the body; new cells must be supplied to take their place. All

this is done by the blood, which in performing this work becomes loaded with effete and useless material, much of which in the shape of carbonic acid is thrown off by the lungs. Now, this process is going on incessantly at every imaginable point in the human organism. Whether sleeping or waking, sitting or standing, walking or running, the same successive causes and effects continue to follow one another in the same unbroken circle of physiological phenomena,—motion or activity, temporary and molecular loss of vitality, death of certain cells or atoms, disintegration of those cells, their removal and ejection from the system by means of the lungs, the skin, and the kidneys, their replacement by others brought by the blood, renewed vital power, and then further motion or activity, with the same succession of events. Taken as a whole, these events make up "life," and, reducing the statement to the simplest possible terms, we may say that the health and strength of any individual are in direct proportion to the thoroughness and celerity with which these occurrences take place,—that is, to the speed and accuracy with which the cells or atoms are removed and replaced, or, as MacLaren says, to their "newness." Consequently, we are able to understand how an agent of any sort which influences these processes favorably must be one which will promote at the same time the destruction of the old cells and their rapid replacement by new ones; in other words, one which, while it hastens the molecular death of certain tissues, will at the same time send them an increased amount of material with which to repair damages, or which may even enable them to improve upon and add to the original structure. Now, when we look for such an agent, discarding drugs, of course, as inapplicable and injurious, and assigning food to its proper place as fuel which may be transformed into force but is useless alone and unassisted, we find that there is but one means within our reach for effecting this purpose safely, continuously, and healthfully, and that is exercise. By "exercise" is meant certain movements made by means of the contraction of the voluntary muscles, those muscles which are under the control of the will, and made with sufficient force and rapidity to quicken the breathing and the circulation of the blood, that is, to augment the action of the involuntary muscles concerned in those functions, chiefly the heart and the diaphragm. We have now begun to understand what exercise essentially means. The force which moves the muscles employed in exercising is derived from the death or burning up of some of the cells of the body; this creates a need for the introduction of more oxygen into the system to unite with the carbon of these cells and produce this combustion; this increased quantity of oxygen is supplied through the lungs, which consequently have to expand much oftener than usual

to meet the demand. This is the physiological and easily-understood explanation of the fact that exercise is accompanied by quickened breathing. The increase that takes place in the quantity of air inspired under a variety of movements has been estimated as follows. Taking the amount of air inhaled at each breath in the recumbent position, as when in bed, at 1, it rises on standing to 1⅛; on walking at the rate of one mile an hour, to 1.9; at four miles an hour, to 5; riding at a trot raises it to 4.05; and swimming, to 4.33. But it must be remembered that this oxygen thus brought to the lungs by the increased quantity of air inspired can be carried to the cells in the various tissues where it is needed, only by the blood, which must, therefore, itself be sent to the lungs in greater amount to receive the oxygen and to give up the carbonic acid with which it is laden. In other words, when we exercise we not only breathe more quickly, but the heart beats more rapidly and forcibly. To make a similar comparison, we may say that while lying down the heart will beat sixty-five or seventy times a minute; on standing, seventy-five to eighty times; on walking slowly, eighty to ninety times; during fast walking, ninety to one hundred times; and during or immediately after great physical exertion, as a boat-race or a running-match, from one hundred and fifteen to one hundred and twenty-five times a minute.

These, then, as Ralfe has pointed out, are the two important facts to be remembered about exercise: that it increases the breathing-power, rids us of carbonic acid, and purifies our blood; and that it increases the action of the heart, sending a larger quantity of this purified blood to all the tissues of the body, removing their waste, supplying the material for their renewal, and quickening all the vital processes.

Exercise thus fulfils all the conditions that we have seen to be necessary in an agent which is to increase strength and health. As soon as any act of exercise is begun, a number of the voluntary muscles are put into action; their contraction compresses the blood-vessels and impels the venous blood actively towards the heart, which, thus spurred, contracts vigorously and sends the blood in increased quantity to the lungs. The inspiratory muscles contract and lift the bony framework of the chest, the diaphragm pushes down the contents of the abdomen, and air rushes into the lungs to fill the space thus produced and supplies the oxygen needed for the purification of the blood. This is then returned to the heart, to be distributed anew throughout the system, carrying with it the materials to supply the waste caused by the muscular movement originally made. These materials are often deposited in larger quantities than are required to counterbalance the destruction which has taken place, and then we have the muscle growing

in size, or in hardness, or both. The involuntary muscles also, including the heart and diaphragm, grow stronger in the same manner, the pulsations of the heart during exercise becoming more forcible but at the same time slower and less obtrusive, showing that it does its work more easily; the increased activity of the circulation carries the blood in larger quantity not only to the muscles but also to *all* the organs of the body, and thus stimulates them to greater activity, strengthening the appetite, digestion, and nutrition, and causing a gain in weight; the larger amount of blood sent to the skin results in an increase in the quantity of perspiration, which carries with it much of the worn-out and useless or noxious material of the system, and thus adds to the resistive power of the economy against evil influences from without, such as bad air from ill-ventilated rooms or dirty streets; the bony framework of the chest, though elastic, does not quite go back to its original dimensions, but, increasing a little at a time, soon becomes noticeably augmented in size, giving additional room for the important organs which it contains and protects.

These, then, are the *effects* of exercise,—the most obvious but least useful being an increase in the size and power of the voluntary muscles, the more important being a strengthening of the involuntary muscles concerned in the processes of respiration and circulation, which enables us to use the increased power of the voluntary muscles with comfort and safety, and to influence through these processes not only the health and strength but also the growth and development of the whole body, and even the activity and force of the mental processes.

It must be admitted by the most captious that to exercise as thus described there can be no possible objection, but that, on the contrary, it is capable of being made a most beneficial agent.

It is beneficial, in the opinion of the writer, largely in proportion to what Hamerton calls the "faith" in exercise,—the firm conviction of its value and necessity which makes one go out in all weathers, or take time under all circumstances, for the discipline and hardening of the body, even leaving for that purpose the most urgent intellectual labors. When we hear that William Cullen Bryant, a most remarkable example of the preservation of undiminished mental and physical vigor to advanced years, attributed it to a habit formed in early life of devoting the first hour or two after leaving his bed in the morning to moderate gymnastic exercise, his allowance of which he had not reduced "the width of a thumb-nail" in his eighty-fourth year,—when we read that Mr. Gladstone, on the morning that he introduced his Home Rule Bill, while all England, indeed, the whole world, was to be his audience in a few hours, and while the fate of great parties and of an entire race was

involved in his presentment of his case, "spent an hour in his private gymnasium, after which he bathed and ate a light breakfast,"—we may believe that exercise has something to commend it to the thoughtful attention of other people than school-boys or college students.

It should be remembered, of course, that it is also capable of great abuse. Exercise is not invariably and necessarily a good thing. On the contrary, when a tired, overworked, or delicate man who has been for months engaged in the sedentary occupations of a profession, of literature, or of business, or an untrained immature student, suddenly plunges into some active or violent form of gymnastics, or takes up some one of the recreative sports, as running or boating, which makes the greatest possible demand on the heart, lungs, and muscles, such exercise does no good, but often serious harm. It should always be remembered that such important organs as the heart and lungs cannot pass from the quiet movements of ordinary life to great rapidity of action without having a certain amount of strain thrown on them. This should be kept in mind in all forms of exercise, but above everything else in training, the chief object of which is "to establish a reciprocal action between the heart and lungs, so that the increased supply of blood sent to the lungs by the heart may pass through them freely, so that there may be no blockage and consequently no strain." We should never lose sight of the fact that when we increase the rapidity of the breathing and of the circulation we are calling upon certain muscles to perform unaccustomed work. If one found to-day that he could with comfort lift a weight not exceeding two hundred pounds, he would hardly expect to-morrow safely and easily to lift four hundred. And yet a man whose heart for months has not been called upon to beat faster than seventy or eighty times a minute, and whose diaphragm has contracted on an average only sixteen or eighteen times during the same period, will go suddenly into a course of exercise which demands in the same time, perhaps, of the one, one hundred and twenty pulsations, of the other, thirty-five or forty contractions. These muscles are subject to precisely the same laws as those by which we lift weights: their strength is proportionate to their development, and their proper development is proportionate to their activity when that is cautiously and judiciously increased. Any one set of muscles may be cultivated separately. It has been shown by MacLaren that a man of good physical capacity may be trained so that the voluntary muscles of his arms and chest would be powerfully developed, and yet his respiratory power be so disproportionate that he could not run a hundred yards at speed without gasping; while the same individual may be trained to run a mile without the least distress, though the voluntary muscles of his arms and chest may

remain as they were, or even diminish in size. MacLaren explains in this way the result of the celebrated prize-fight between Heenan and King. The former, he says, came to the ground with his mighty muscular power unimpaired, but, to use his own words, had "scarcely begun the fight before he found his wind roaring." In other words, he had cultivated the voluntary muscles of the arms and shoulders and legs, but had neglected the involuntary muscles of respiration and circulation, by means of which the increased demand for air and for blood in the lungs and elsewhere is complied with.

What happens in such cases? Energetic exercise being undertaken by an untrained person, the contraction of the muscles accelerates the circulation of blood through the veins and sends an increased quantity to the heart, which contracts and sends it to the lungs. The inspiratory muscles, not having been educated to meet this demand upon them, fail sufficiently to enlarge the capacity of the chest, and the lungs are incapable of receiving and aërating the augmented quantity of blood, which is thus dammed back upon the heart. The latter, which is also asked suddenly to do unaccustomed work, fails to respond vigorously enough, and there is thus a block, a more or less serious disturbance of the circulation, which produces the gasping, feeble attempts at respiration and the hurried, irregular pulse which are found in the condition known as "loss of wind." Something approaching this may be felt, even by men who have been well trained, at the beginning of sudden and violent efforts, as in a boat- or foot-race; but there the result is entirely different. In a few moments the lungs expand to meet the emergency, having been taught to do so; the heart contracts with increased vigor; the equilibrium between the circulation through the system at large and that through the heart and lungs is re-established, and the individual is then said to have acquired his "second wind," and is able to continue the exertion up to the point of great muscular fatigue. The effect of exercise on the voluntary muscles—their increase in size and strength and hardness—is, as has been said, while the most obvious, altogether the least useful of its advantages, and quite subordinate to this very desirable development of the heart- and lung-power.

The cases of exhaustion which occur during training, or during races or athletic events of any kind, are rarely, if ever, due to general muscular fatigue, but almost always to the lack of development of the involuntary muscles of respiration and circulation.

Before leaving the subject of training it will be well briefly to run over the general principles involved, which are very seldom understood even by trainers themselves, and quite as seldom by those trained.

We can readily understand now that *time* is an important element in training. The increased force of the heart, which has to contract rapidly upon an unusually large volume of blood, the increased capacity of the vessels which have to carry that blood, the enlargement of the chest and of the lungs themselves, the improvement in the tone and strength of all the muscles, and, lastly, the acquirement of the necessary dexterity, all indicate the need for a long period in which to bring about these changes. Break-downs from what is known as "over-training" are usually the result of attempts to crowd this process into a few weeks. The theory of Franklin that for economy of time concentration of exercise was allowable, was fallacious: "violent exertion for minutes" is *not* "equivalent to moderate exercise for hours," and if the periods are made days and weeks the same law prevails.

The training should never be limited to the particular form of muscular movement to be finally employed. Dr. Parkes has shown that while the muscles grow and become harder from exercise, their growth has a limit. If single muscles or groups of muscles are exercised to too great an extent, they will, after growing to a large size, begin to waste. This does not seem to be the case when all the muscles of the body are exercised,—probably, as Ralfe suggests, because no one muscle can then be *over*-exercised. The rule, then, is that all muscles, so far as possible, should be brought into play, and that periods of exercise must be alternated, especially in early training, with long intervals of rest. The rowing man should alternate his work on the river or on the machine with other exercise, while the runner will find it greatly to his advantage to spend some time on the water or in a gymnasium.

The *diet* should be plain and sensible, and should not contain an excess of either animal or vegetable food. An ordinary farm-house table, with its mid-day dinner and early tea, will rarely (with the exception of coffee, hot cakes, pastry, and fried meats) offer anything which should be excluded from rational training diet as it is at present understood. Ordinary common sense, unassisted by any special or technical knowledge, should be a sufficient guide in the matter of diet, and we may agree with old Burton that in that matter "our own experience is the best physician; so great is the variety of palates, humors, and temperaments, that every man should observe and be a law unto himself." Tiberius, we are told by Tacitus, "did laugh at all those who, after thirty years of age, asked counsel of others concerning matters of diet." As we now comprehend what it is that produces good "wind," and what interferes with it, we will not be

misled by the absurd superstitions which attribute loss of wind to "internal fat," and endeavor to get rid of it by undue sweating, and by avoidance of certain articles of diet, often in themselves most desirable. For example, a prominent oarsman, now dead, who at one time trained many of the men who rowed on the Schuylkill, never allowed his crews to drink milk, because, he said, it was "fattening on the livers," which organ he evidently believed to be multiple and widely distributed throughout the economy.

Many of the old rules of training, and especially those referring to the avoidance of water, the use of "sweaters," and the reduction of weight generally, arose from the fact to which Dr. Ball has called attention, that those who originated them—the English watermen and pugilists of fifty years ago—were, as a class, free livers and heavy beer-drinkers when off training, and with them "the reduction of accumulated fat and fluids by active exercise and forced perspiration was often a necessary preliminary to getting into condition." In this country, and at the present day, unless a man is distinctly obese, the slight loss of weight first noticed in beginning training should be followed by a moderate gain. Any considerable and permanent reduction in weight may generally be regarded as evidence of faulty training. The only necessary caution as to the drinking of water is not to make the mistake of taking a dry, parched condition of the throat and mouth for a genuine thirst, which depends upon an actual need for fluids in the system. The former should be first relieved by rinsing out the mouth and holding water in it for some little time, and then the *true* thirst may be assuaged by frequent moderate draughts of water at short intervals.

Tobacco, which is a depressant and has a directly weakening effect upon the heart, should be positively interdicted. Alcohol, if used at all, should be taken in great moderation, and only at meal-time, in the shape of some very light beer or red wine. In the revulsion which has occurred against the useless restraints of the old system, too much laxity has existed as to the use of alcoholic beverages during training.

Certain symptoms may develop during training which indicate either that the man is primarily unfit for his work, that he is being overworked, or that the training is being pushed too rapidly. These are lassitude, loss of appetite, palpitation of the heart, sleeplessness, and the appearance of boils or abscesses. The cause must, of course, be sought out and removed. If the man has any organic trouble of heart or lungs, if he is very immature and with a small flat chest and little natural capacity, especially if that is associated with unusual height, if there is any marked family tendency to lung or heart disease, and if he is steadily losing instead of gaining weight, he had better be

taken out of the crew or off the team and advised to wait for a year or more, or to refrain from athletic contests altogether. The heart-troubles will generally be found to be due to neglect of the principle already laid down, that training should be begun slowly and mildly, as one of its chief functions is to educate the vascular system to transmit with great rapidity a much increased volume of blood. With a healthy heart this process of education is unattended with risk so long as the work is regulated according to the gradually developing power of the organ; but when an attempt is made to force the process by unduly increasing the labor, symptoms of irritability or exhaustion will certainly arise.

Finally, it must be remembered that as it is dangerous suddenly to call the heart and lungs from a state of repose into one of great activity at the beginning of training, so after they have been gradually educated to unusually powerful action it is correspondingly harmful (though much less so) suddenly to return to sedentary or indolent habits.

Dr. Ball, from whose excellent article on the subject many of these suggestions have been taken, believes that a large proportion of the cases of impaired health in adult life which are ascribed to overwork or to injudicious training are the result of excesses and of inattention to simple hygienic rules immediately after abandoning training.

It seems unnecessary to argue further to show that moderate systematic exercise, applicable to any one and at almost any age, is of almost universal advantage when judiciously selected to meet the special needs of the individual, nor need the point be further emphasized that even our most active athletic sports may be safely engaged in by perfectly healthy young persons if preceded by such a course of training as has been indicated. But I must say a few words more in answer to the often-urged argument that, putting theoretical considerations aside and leaving the future to decide its own problems, there are many undoubted instances in which the pursuit of athletics as they exist at the colleges of this country and of England has been productive of serious and incurable disease or of premature death. That it *has* done so in a few cases cannot be denied, nor that it *may* have done so in a few others, but that its general tendency has not been harmful, nor its average results anything but good, can be conclusively established.

Rowing probably makes as much strain upon the vital organs and powers as any other form of physical exercise,—probably more than any except long running at high speed. So true is this that all experienced and intelligent trainers in selecting a crew will look much more closely after the respiratory capacity of the candidates than after their mere

muscular power. In racing, the chief strain falls on the heart and lungs, and if by any form of athletics any organic disease were constantly or frequently developed we should find evidence of it among oarsmen.

Dr. Morgan in the work to which I have already referred has obtained the histories of the men composing the successive crews in the Oxford and Cambridge boat-races for twenty years,—from 1849 to 1869,—probably the hardest series of races of modern years, if not of all time. I have already mentioned the fact that training for these events and participation in them had not prevented the same men from taking far higher positions in the college and in subsequent life than the average of their classmates, and we find now from Dr. Morgan's essay, based on the very carefully collated testimony of themselves and their friends, that it exerted no more injurious effect upon their physical health. Assuming that the statements of the friends were true in the few cases where death from heart-disease or consumption had been attributed by them to boating (and we must not forget that the families in such cases are very apt to adopt the *post hoc ergo propter hoc* method of reasoning), we still find among the oarsmen a mortality of only thirty per cent., while during the same time among the outside population of corresponding ages the percentage was forty-six. The mortality was also considerably below that of the population generally, their average of life having been much beyond that computed by the life-insurance tables.

Much of the argument directed against athletic sports has been founded on isolated examples of sudden or early death among professional athletes; but Mr. Blaikie has called attention to the fallacy of this reasoning in an excellent and temperate article on "The Risks of Athletic Work." Dr. Richardson in his "Diseases of Modern Life" ventured the statement that there was not in England "a trained professional athlete of the age of thirty-five who has been ten years at his calling who is not disabled." Even if this startling assertion were true, it would be proper to consider carefully the concomitant circumstances before concluding that athleticism had any share in producing this condition. Selecting the pugilists and oarsmen as examples, Blaikie found that Heenan had received serious injuries in a railway-accident, that Hyer had lived a most irregular life, that Morrissey had a "complication of disorders," that Walter Brown died of acute disease produced by exposure while trying to save his floating boat-house, that Sullivan and Poole were shot, etc. On the other hand, he points to Captain Gulston, of the London Rowing Club, who had rowed two hundred races, and who at the age of forty-two pulled *the* oar of his

boat in the international races at the Centennial; to Bendigo, "Jem" Ward, "Jem" Mace, and "Ned" Price, professional prize-fighters, who lived to advanced years; to the Ward brothers, two of whom, at least, were hale, hearty men after many years of severe training and numerous races; to William B. Curtis, the athlete, Norvin Taylor, the runner, and others whose lives, distinguished as much for health and longevity as for athletic prominence, have established the falsity of Dr. Richardson's too sweeping assertion. The one instance to the contrary was the sudden death of Renforth, still remembered with regret by all oarsmen, which undoubtedly seems to have resulted from over-exertion. Here, however, there was no previous medical examination, and consequently no evidence that he was as "fit" as he appeared to be to stand the strain of an exciting race.

Of the one hundred and fifty men in Harvard University crews which rowed against Yale in the quarter of a century from 1852 to 1876, there were but seven deaths known to have resulted from disease; one of these being from nervous trouble, one from Bright's disease, and five from consumption. Another one of the oarsmen living was known to have pulmonary disease. In four of these six cases of consumption, however, there was distinct hereditary predisposition, and in the other two the habits of life had been most irregular. We know, too, that athletic sports and exercises have often had a marked and distinct curative effect upon already existent disease. Alexander Humboldt was extremely delicate in his youth, and attributed the wonderful power and endurance of his later life to physical exercise undertaken for the purpose of enabling him to carry on his explorations. Dr. Winship, who lifted three thousand pounds, has told us that he was a weak, puny lad, and only began his athletics for the purpose of fitting himself to thrash an offensive upper-class man in college; and Julian Hawthorne is authority for the statement that Blaikie, the celebrated oar and athlete, began his athletic career an apparently hopeless consumptive.

It would be easy for me to multiply testimony to this effect, but no fairer test of the truth or fallacy of the statements in question has been devised than this of Dr. Morgan's, and the conclusion is justifiable that rational physical culture is not prejudicial but is actually favorable to intellectual power, bodily health, and longevity, and that the customary athletic sports of our colleges and universities, when properly guided and restricted, may be included in this statement.

It is not necessary for the purpose of this paper to deny that the enormous increase in the public interest in athletics in this country and in England may furnish in some instances a stimulus which is rendered unhealthy by its very intensity. It would doubtless be better for some

reasons that the interest in the Yale-Harvard boat-race should be confined to the participants and their classmates, instead of reaching to the remotest parts of the country; that the foot-ball and base-ball games between a few of the leading colleges should be friendly contests, played quietly on college fields, rather than trials of skill before immense audiences and upon grounds in or near great cities; that the intercollegiate sports which take place each spring in New York should be events in which any ordinarily athletic undergraduate could make a fair showing, rather than trials of speed, of skill, or of strength in which professional records are not infrequently touched or broken.

Forty years ago the Oxford-Cambridge or Eton-Harrow cricket-matches were played in the presence of a few personally interested spectators, and the boat-races between the two great English universities were witnessed by a few keen partisans. Now Lord's cricket-ground will hardly hold the throngs who attend the matches, and their date affects the duration of the London season, while the condition of each oarsman of the University crews is thought of enough importance to be telegraphed to the Antipodes.

This does not, however, lessen the value of the preparatory training, the long periods of practice, of patient effort, with its necessary self-denial, which this very public interest leads much larger numbers of students to undergo than would otherwise be the case. It may be an evil,—it undoubtedly is in so far as it breeds a spirit of "professionalism,"—but it is not without its concomitant advantages, and, to some extent, carries with it its own remedy. At any rate, that remedy is not to be found in violent and stringent legislation on these subjects by those in authority.

Three years ago an effort was made to overcome some of the alleged difficulties associated with college athletics by a series of regulations which it was sought to have adopted by the colleges of the Eastern and Middle States. Two meetings of members of the faculties of those colleges were held at Columbia College, New York, at the last of which the writer was present. All the important colleges were represented, with the exception of Yale. Resolutions were adopted almost unanimously, prohibiting the employment of professional athletes, oarsmen, or ball-players either for instruction or for practice in preparation for any intercollegiate contest; forbidding college organizations to play base-ball, foot-ball, lacrosse, or cricket except with similar organizations from their own or other institutions of learning; providing that all such intercollegiate games should take place upon the home grounds of one or the other of the competing colleges; fixing the maximum length of the intercollegiate boat-races at three miles, etc. These reso-

lutions were earnestly opposed by a small minority (of one or at most of two), as being impracticable or injudicious. The danger of intrusting to numbers of young men animated by a strong spirit of rivalry, and without special technical or professional knowledge, the work of preparation for athletic contests, was pointed out. The advantages, both as to the acquirement of skill and as to morals, derived from practice with amateur teams and crews often made up of college graduates or of material as good socially as the undergraduate classes, were dwelt upon, and, as an example, the absurdity of preventing the cricket team of the University of Pennsylvania from practising with the Young America, Germantown, and Merion Clubs was shown. Other rules were still more strongly controverted, but all were adopted. A committee, representing the faculty, trustees, and undergraduates of the University of Pennsylvania, and consisting of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, Mr. Samuel Powel, Jr., and the writer, immediately prepared a circular setting forth the objections to the proposed regulations, which was sent to all the institutions concerned, and, with the exception of Harvard and Princeton, in every case, I believe, they were either rejected or permanently tabled. Professor Young, of Princeton, in a recent article in *The Forum*, revives the suggestions and again advocates them, but it was then made evident that such arbitrary and radical interference on the part of faculties or trustees was not approved of, either by the undergraduates or by the members of the governing boards.

Finally, no system of physical education is complete unless it recognizes the necessity which exists for attending to the symmetrical development of the body.

If, for example, you will carefully examine a typical rowing man, one who has been exclusively an oarsman, you will see that his hips and thighs are developed at the expense of his calves; that the muscles of his back and loins are far stronger than his chest-muscles; that his back arm and forearm somewhat exceed in development and hardness the front arm, though neither is noticeably developed.

This indicates also the proper exercises with which to supplement rowing in such a man,—which will round him out, complete his development, add to his symmetry, and increase his general health and efficiency. He needs, obviously, running for his legs, the parallel bars for his chest, the rings or ladder for his upper arm; and this would be the advice which he would receive from a careful and intelligent trainer, to his great advantage not only as a man or an athlete, but also as an oarsman. Blaikie tells how in 1879 he saw Hanlon, long the champion oarsman of the world, try to do a few "dips,"—*i.e.*, to let the body down between the arms so that the shoulders come to the level of the

hands. It is usually practised on parallel bars, but may be tried between two ordinary kitchen-chairs placed back to back. Hanlon let himself down in this way, and actually could not raise himself once, and a few months later could only do so twice, failing to get up on the third attempt. His upper arm drawn up measured only thirteen inches.

Further examples might be drawn from other of our athletic sports to illustrate the general and important truth that no one exercise (nor, indeed, any series of the recreative and competitive exercises alone) will give complete and symmetrical development, or enable the amateur athlete to "get the most out of himself," as the phrase goes, with ease, comfort, and safety.

It is with this fact in mind that the systems of physical education now in use at Harvard, the University of Pennsylvania, and other American colleges, and long used at Oxford, have been devised, the plan being approximately as follows:

Each student is stripped and carefully examined as to his weight, height, the circumference of his chest, and the size and condition of his legs, thighs, arms, and forearms. The sum of all these measurements, expressed in any convenient terms which may be selected,—centimetres or feet, for example,—is taken as an approximate indication of his *development.* It indicates, that is, with more or less accuracy (and particularly in men of immature years, in whom there is but little subcutaneous fat), the amount of working material which he possesses, though it fails to show the actual working value of that material.

Having recorded the development, the examiner proceeds to estimate the total available strength, and for this purpose applies a series of tests which show the strength and capacity of the lungs, and the strength respectively of the back, legs and thighs, arms and chest, forearms and abdominal muscles. The sum of these is expressed in the same terms as those indicating the development, and can readily be compared with it. If the strength is in excess of the development, the condition is good, and the figures representing it have a plus value; if the reverse is the case, the condition is poor, and the figures have a minus value. The personal and family history is also ascertained and recorded.

The examiner is now in position to give advice, if it is required, upon a number of important topics. He can point out, for example, to the man inclined to be pigeon-breasted the value of the parallel or upright bars; he can suggest to the man with weak legs the rowing-machine or the river; he can instruct the man with a feeble or irritable heart to moderate his work, or can advise him with flabby muscles, slow circulation, or undue accumulation of fat, to become more active in

his exercises; he can go further than this, if need be, and can point out the proper diet to those of gouty or rheumatic parentage, the proper clothing to those inheriting a tendency to pulmonary trouble, and in fact can apply the general rules of hygiene or of preventive medicine to each individual case, with the advantage derived from the previous thorough and scientific inspection. It would be well, indeed, if every person in the community submitted to a similar examination by his family physician and received similar instruction. The effect of such a course in warding off preventable disease could hardly be estimated.

These examinations are repeated from time to time, and the changes carefully noted. It has already been conclusively shown that not only are greater feats of strength accomplished when this system is properly followed, but that they are done with vastly greater ease and safety, owing to the symmetrical development of all parts. Tables made out at Harvard and extending over five years show, for instance, taking the average of ten men as to "condition," and expressing the result in figures, that whereas in 1880 their strength was in excess of their development as 126 to 100, in 1884 the proportion had risen to 476 to 100; in other words, their condition in 1880 being taken at 126, it had in the four years increased to 476, or nearly fourfold. The improvement may be made more readily comprehensible, perhaps, by taking a special example of physical exertion. In 1880 there was not a man among them who lifted over three hundred and ninety-three pounds: that was the maximum. In 1884 the maximum was six hundred and seventy-five pounds, while the minimum was four hundred and twenty-seven, or thirty-five pounds more than the maximum of the first year. The concomitant improvement in health and vitality cannot be expressed in figures, but was no less marked.

This, after all, is the sort of athletic work which it seems most worth while to preach or prescribe to the world. Competitive athletics, though, as we have seen, far less dangerous and much more beneficial than is generally supposed, cannot, for want of time or opportunity, be indulged in by the majority of men who have entered upon the real work of their lives. For college students their undue encouragement is objectionable on account of the one-sided and partial development which they bring, and because of the frequent distraction from college duties which they cause when the spirit of rivalry is allowed to become extreme. Let us by all means foster and preserve the manly games and sports in which for centuries it has been the pride of the Anglo-Saxon race to excel; let us encourage their spread not only among the students of our schools and colleges, but among the dyspeptic, nervous, and overworked professional and business men produced in such enor-

mous numbers by the strain and hurry and exciting competition of our modern life. But let us avoid, at the same time, the evils which surround these sports,—the risk of strain from lack of proper preparation,—*i.e.*, of rational "training;" the risk of developing the competitive element until all things are sacrificed for success in one particular direction or event; the danger—especially to be guarded against in our colleges—of introducing the spirit of "professionalism" which looks rather at the prize won than at the means by which it was obtained; which abounds in quibbles and wrangles and unkind feeling; which reduces the masses to the position of spectators and develops a few specialists instead of large numbers of general athletes. Let it be understood that the main object and idea of exercise is the acquirement or preservation of health; that it is by far the most important therapeutic and hygienic agency at the command of the physician of to-day; that it can be prescribed on as rational a basis with as distinct reference to the correction of existing troubles or the prevention of threatened ones as any of the drugs of the pharmacopœia; that it increases not only the muscular strength and general vitality, but also the activity and vigor of the brain; that it augments incalculably the working power of the individual, and that it enables him, by means of the health and strength which it confers, not only to do better work than his business or professional rival who lacks these attributes, but also to do it more easily and safely, with the greatest amount of comfort and pleasure and the highest degree of usefulness to mankind.

J. William White, M.D.

THE LONELY CZAR.

FANCY the fear with which a star might seek
  Grace of the sun, whose very glance may kill;
Then fancy, too, the sun's infuriate pique
  That equal love eludes his sovereign will;
And, fancying yet the cumulative woe
  Of wild suspicion's dread 'twixt sun and star,
Take comfort, ye of nether earth, and know
  The comfortless isolation of the Czar!

Mary B. Dodge.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

THERE is an old saying regarding the timidity of angels which may be quoted when a member of the laity rushes into subjects upon which the learned are not agreed. The advantage possessed by the layman is that he can speculate "without prejudice," because, unlike the scientist, he is not trammelled by either theory or school. The layman is a free-lance. Were this not so I should not venture to discourse of the germ theory or of brain-idiosyncrasies.

It has seemed possible to me that if we could put our mental processes under the microscope we might find reason for believing that the theory concerning germ-influences in our physical life might also apply to the mind; that what we call a "wave movement" is simply an epidemic of mental bacteria, and that our individual development is owing to the differences in our individual mental conditions, which invite and promote the growth of different species of these bacteria. I can advance no proof for these assertions, but the possibility that certain diseases were produced by living organisms was argued before the microscope discovered them. This, then, is my defence in pointing out a few of the coincidences which support such a conjecture.

As we understand them, the bacilli are living vegetable organisms so minute that nine thousand of them could stretch themselves end to end and not occupy the length of an inch. As many of the round ones could lie on the head of a pin and have room to turn over. They exist everywhere, yet they have the most decided opinions about their surroundings, and when they find a home that suits them the colony instantly grows by the million. What they ask is food. Give them what they like to eat, and the bacilli are satisfied. Palace or hovel, prince or beggar, it is all the same to them. Still, nothing that lives is more discriminating in its *menu*. The delicate, thorough-bred dog eats at its master's order, but not so with the bacilli. They must have what they like or nothing. And they do not all like the same food. The scientist who sets himself to raising them soon discovers this little obstinacy. The spirilli at once refuse to screw themselves into the banquet prepared for the micrococci, nor will the bacteria feed where their first-cousins the bacilli would be in clover. One likes beef-tea, another raw potatoes, and if a third fancies diphtheria, the best conditions for septicæmia will not divert him from his purpose of producing the diphtheria instead. The cholera bacillus adores impure water, but the germ which stirs up hydrophobia has no use for water, good or bad. This natural selection of nutrition explains why we have certain epidemics or certain diseases. We present the proper conditions, and the germ immediately and with vigor improves them. If you are ready for the cholera, you have it, and the germ which produces relapsing fever has no use for you. You have been the magnet to the cholera germ, to no other. This idiosyncrasy of the germs explains why some people escape a contagious disease, while others, apparently more healthy, or living more wisely, fall victims to it. Sometimes, however, the germ is deceived. A passing morbid sensitiveness on the part of some one deludes him, and he fastens himself on deceptive conditions. He may find food for himself, but his intention to establish a family fails, and his power dies with him. His victim will show

what we recognize in epidemic seasons as a "sympathetic fever." The patient sickens with all the premonitory symptoms of the prevalent disease, but recovers without farther disturbance.

What is more common than analogous mental conditions? We constantly meet people who have a "sympathetic fever" of ideas. They interest and excite our expectations, but we get nothing from them. It is evident that they have attracted the idea-bacillus, but failed to nourish it, and it has died without propagation. There is another class which takes the idea-bacillus at once. As the oak is to the acorn, so is the idea to their development of it. Just as some people take every disease that is going, from the influenza to the smallpox, so they take all ideas. There is no better example of this mental sensitiveness to the idea-bacilli than Benjamin Franklin. He seems to have presented extraordinarily fine conditions, and the variety and fertility of mental bacteria in his organization are surprising. Goethe and Humboldt also belonged to this class, and must have attracted and nourished a perfect crowd of bacilli, bacteria, spirilli, micrococci, and the mycelial fungus, or whatever answers to them all in the mental germs. There are many people of great power who are, however, much more limited in their development. They evidently offer inducements for but one variety of the mental germ. They follow one pursuit with energy and ability, and they know nothing else. Outside of their own departments they are as fish out of water. We call them "abstracted," "absorbed," because their perceptions are concentrated. Possibly they would prefer to have more than one set of ideas, but, even while living in an atmosphere filled with germs of mental activity, their brains offer soil to very few.

We might also find in the study of the germ a solution of some mental relationships which now seem eccentric. Why, for instance, should a composer be so often a fine mathematician, and why should doctors write novels? The study of harmony does not explain the one, nor does the wealth of material the other. A lawyer certainly comes into possession of romances, but a retired judge never amuses himself publishing serials. The doctor does. Just as soon as the latter makes money enough to be independent of the opinions of patients, he takes to pen, paper, and plots, as the sailor does to the farm. If we understood the idea-germ, we might find these tendencies related to each other, as the bacteria are to the bacilli.

Hereditary influences might also be explained. We inherit physical conditions predisposing us to gout or to consumption, and why not similar ones making tastes, peculiarities, inevitable? We see the inherited propensities crop out in members of a family separated by distance, subjected to different educational influences; we know them to reappear in different generations, and we vaguely explain the whole thing by some unknown law of inheritance. Perhaps they do not inherit the peculiarity, but the conditions necessary for it. A composer of music is almost invariably born of musical parents, and we generally find a marked love of color and form somewhere among the ancestors of great artists. Why are there not varieties of the literary spirilli, the dramatic micrococci, and the engineering bacilli? One family follow law in England and in America. They say it is "the tradition of the family." I say it is the "predisposition." No amount of local influence, of opportunity, of need, can make men successful in directions for which nature makes them unfit, because the law of germ-life will not admit growth in sterile conditions. The Rehoboams and Richard Cromwells of history had their paths made ready for them, but they evidently did not

inherit the peculiar susceptibility which distinguished their fathers, and the germ which will make a ruler out of a subject passed them by.

When we come to look at what we call the "wave movement," we find it especially interesting if we consider it as bacterian. What is it that determines the character of an age? Is it demand and supply? If so, why was not the age of discoveries also the age of locomotion? Surely the men who set sail over seas whose limits no chart could prophesy should have been glad of swifter, safer ships. But their eyes were fixed only on the lands to which they were going, and they cared little how long it took to go. In these days great fame and great fortune await the great poet, but out of the multitude of prophets no Saul is to be seen standing head and shoulders above the others. The crown of laurel waits, but the young head comes not. Yet, in an age when to be a poet was to lose vantage-ground, in distant lands, unknown one to the other, Tasso, Shakespeare or Bacon, Lopez de Vega, Corneille, Calderon, Molière, and how many others, were busy making the literature of their countries illustrious! There was also an age of religious enthusiasm. We busy ourselves to-day making creeds, but which of us will persuade fifty thousand children to go off on a crusade into even a civilized and known country? There was an age when great pictures were being painted in every country, and the age when great music was written, the age of revolutions, and the age of science. In certain years the writers produced history; in others, essays; in others, poems; in others, novels. I cannot find any law of demand and supply regulating these chronological developments. Why did not one of the Lake poets write a novel, and why did neither Dickens, Thackeray, Reade, Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot, George Sand, Balzac, Dumas, nor any of the great novelists just departing, write great plays? Certainly not for need of a market!

The reason is simply that we have epidemics of the idea-germ in different eras, just as we have of the physical germ. When these epidemics are prevalent, the individuals whose mental conditions are favorable to the growth of the germ develop them, some in greater, some in lesser degree. Other germs may exist and be developed at the same time, but one species will assume a violent epidemic form and give to each age the character which is afterwards recognized by history as peculiar to it.

In the mean time there are two other facts which govern the physical bacilli, which have their analogies in the mental forms. One is, that in morbid conditions they consume the oxygen in the blood, and the other, that the lower organization may fatally inoculate the higher, not *vice versa*. Thus, the sheep will give anthrax to the man, not the man to the sheep. This is the bacterian meaning of Tennyson's warning,—

> Thou shalt lower to his level day by day,
> What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathize with clay.

As man is educated and developed we will become capable of a higher infection by the idea-germ. The bacilli that fire the brain of prophet and seer will find their place with us, and we will see and hear.

I could suggest many other illustrations toward the proving of my conjectural position, such as the phenomena of crime, the laws governing murder and suicide, but I simply wish to propound the theory and then leave it for others to demonstrate.

Louise Stockton.

BOOK-TALK.

ANY cold-blooded man who has really attained the ideal which modern philosophy sets before us—who has learned to suspend his judgment on all disputed and disputable points—must look with infinite amusement upon the warmth and vehemence of controversy. Our most cherished faiths are the merest accidents of birth, of temperament, or of environment, yet we look upon them as vital and sacred. Our axioms, as some one has said, are things we have never heard questioned. Yet we would consider any who questioned them as fit candidates for an asylum. Our reasoning powers are unable to cope with any one real *fact* (noumenon as distinguished from phenomenon) in the universe, yet we all speak with the confidence of oracles. To the ideal being whom we have just imagined, human thought must present itself as a chaos of individual opinions, in which one set of fools squabble with another because the confusion of the one differs from the confusion of the other. The great Jones brays and is applauded by his fellow-donkeys. The great Robinson gabbles in opposition, to the delight of his fellow-geese. Jones and Robinson have their little day and go down into oblivion; their place is taken by a new set of geese and donkeys, and the eternal farce goes on.

The controversy as to the proper field of fiction, for instance,—who shall decide it? It is not a question of great public moment, and as a rule it has been kept within the limits of courtesy; yet some bad blood has been engendered. We have got over believing, with our ancestors, that a man must be wickedly and wilfully blind because he refuses to think as we do; we still cherish a conviction that his refusal comes from a limitation of intellect. We have sympathy for bodily infirmities. We have not even forgiveness for mental ones that offend our own vanity. Contempt is the anger we visit upon a man for having insufficiently cultivated the faculties by which he judges us, and no sort of anger is fiercer or more unrelenting.

But to return to the question of fiction. Here are a number of schools clamoring with noisy insistence for the recognition of their own canons of art. One says in substance, "Give us life as it is, not young people's ideals of life, —the commonplace, humdrum existence around us, without any false glamour thrown over it; but leave out of the picture what is base, impure, or unclean." Another, "Give us life as it is, and leave in the impurity, for that is a necessary part of the picture of life. Man in his present condition may not be a very noble animal; he is nobler than the waxwork ideal of the novelist. Flesh and blood have weaknesses that waxwork does not possess, but flesh and blood are superior to waxwork. God is a better artist than the novelist. The man who struggles and falls yet still struggles upward is a finer being than the flabby imitation of modern fiction, who keeps at a dead level of superiority without the need of struggling." A third says, "It is the province of fiction to idealize human life; to paint it only in its grander and higher manifesta-

tions; to seize upon the situations, the thoughts, and the feelings which are moving and elevating." A fourth (and the Reviewer confesses a kindness to this school) simply urges that, as the public will not tolerate the whole truth, it is just as well to fall back upon the old romantic traditions, and give them novels whose scenes are frankly and honestly laid in an ideal world and bathed in the light which never was on sea or land. After all, may not the Ideal be the higher Real, a dim prophetic premonition of what we are all struggling to reach? But among these conflicting theories who shall decide?

Thomas Hardy, although he cannot, when the bulk of his work is considered, be classed among the realists, certainly excels them all in the courage with which he looks in the face the unpleasant facts of life and paints them stripped of all conventional disguise. He has frequently brought down upon himself the censure of the public, and in his last book he probably deserves it. "The Woodlanders" is in fact what many others only pretend to be, a novel of real life, and a very unpleasant and depressing one,—as unpleasant and depressing in its way as would be a real conversation between any ordinary circle of men if jotted down by a stenographer. Fitzspiers, the hero, is a real being, selfish, clever, weak rather than wicked, a slave to his passions, a stranger to any high or noble impulse, just such a young man as we daily associate with on terms of perfect good feeling, without any of the revulsion that we feel when he is portrayed for us in fiction; and Grace is just the sort of girl with whom we have so often fallen in love, a nice, pliable, gentle being, with slender reasoning powers and little sense of justice, especially where her own claims are concerned, with weaker passions than the man, but governed by higher, though not very high, ideals. Her temporary love for another and a better man than her husband, after the latter has basely deceived and left her, her efforts to obtain a divorce, her wild grief over poor Winterborne when he sacrifices his life for her, her speedy forgetfulness of him, her renewed love-making with her husband, and her final capitulation, are true to life, though violating all the traditions of fiction. The only people in the book who excite respect are the rustics, and they are too stolid and stupid to know how to be wicked. These rustics are probably conventionalized, but you can accept the conventions and still acknowledge that they are admirably and skilfully painted.

The situation which is touched upon in Mr. Hardy's novel, the love of a married woman for another than her husband, is treated far more delicately and poetically, because more in accordance with literary precedent, in two new novels, "The Feud of Oakfield Creek," by Professor Josiah Joyce, a new name in fiction, and "Saracinesca," by F. Marion Crawford, the brilliant young author who has already won such enviable laurels. In both books the woman has that glamour thrown over her with which romance-writers are apt to invest their heroines, and which every man throws over the woman with whom he is in love. But both of them are substantially true to life, and are admirable studies of pure, proud, noble natures sorely tempted but never for a moment swerving from the line of duty. Both novelists, again, use the romancer's privilege of killing off the husband in due course; but, while Crawford wisely marries the lovers, Professor Joyce has respected one of the most artificial and puerile of all the conventions of fiction in leaving Margaret Eldon to her widowhood. There was no reason that she should not marry Harold, save that it might set wagging the

tongues of the gossips; and the cowardice which shrinks from gossip has nothing admirable in it. For the rest, Professor Joyce's novel is a vivid picture of life on the Pacific coast, as might be expected from an author who, though at present a professor at Harvard, is a native of California and an earnest student of its history. But he shows all the marks of a novice in story-telling; he handles his incidents clumsily, and the early part of the tale is so involved and complicated that it may frighten away the average reader. "Saracinesca," on the other hand, is the work of a trained artist, who knows how to make the most of his materials. It is a novel, or romance, of Rome under Pius IX.: cardinals, princes, noblemen, the Pope himself, move through its pages, while a malign circle of conspirators form a dark background for all this goodly company of aristocrats. Mr. Crawford is evidently a conservative, if not a reactionist. He is a good Catholic; he has a great reverence for the things that be; titles and position strongly affect his imagination. He is affected, not as a snob, but as an artist, and he makes us feel the charm that stirs him. We have a certain sense of breathing a more rarefied, a purer air than the common, of moving among beings of a higher order, of lying in a sort of aristocratic Olympus, careless of all mankind who have not inherited a title or a fortune. Some of the portraits are admirable. The hero, to be sure, is as poor a creature as most heroes of romance are, but his father, the old Prince Saracinesca, is a delightful sketch of the irascible, blundering, well-intentioned, clever, and noble-minded patrician. The faded old dandy, Astrardente, and the sly, scheming, silly young widow, Donna Tullia, are both well done, though they are old acquaintances in fiction. Cardinal Antonelli is painted admiringly, and is made to talk a great deal of sound common sense. But is Mr. Crawford right in speaking, as he does several times, of "his *small* and gleaming eyes"? On the boyish mind of the present writer, when years ago he caught a glimpse of Antonelli in the Vatican, the chief impression the great prelate left was of a pair of large, lustrous, piercing eyes glaring out of a face of splendid force and character, but sinister and even malicious in expression.

"A Child of the Century," by John T. Wheelwright (Scribner's), is bright and amusing. In his hero the author has succeeded in the difficult feat of painting a prig who is amiable and even interesting in spite of—or perhaps in consequence of—his nervelessness and want of force. Other characters are drawn in outline in a brisk, rapid, sketchy way, the only real failure being the artist Edmands, the conventional combination of *roué* and man of genius long familiar to fiction, who only needs the missionary influences of a pretty girl to raise him to the higher things of which he is capable. Mr. Wheelwright has made a mistake in introducing a serious purpose into a book that has only draught enough for a pleasant little trifle. Convictions on the subject of the tariff, however carefully thought out and ably argued, are out of place in a summer novel.

In "The Jesuit's Ring" (Scribner's) Mr. A. A. Hayes has aimed at connecting a seventeenth-century legend of Mount Desert with flirting at Bar Harbor and Knights of Labor strikes and uprisings in the West. The fancy is ingenious enough, but the modern part is too intensely modern, too glaring in its colors, too brisk and slangy in its conversations, too realistic, in short, to mingle readily with legendary mystery and romance.

"Sons and Daughters," by the author of "The Story of Margaret Kent"

(Ticknor), is an entertaining picture of fashionable society in a suburb of Philadelphia. The humor is genuine, though in the sketch of the Shakespeare Society it just borders upon caricature, and Mrs. Reese and the girls who surround her are drawn with a careful and loving hand and with considerable insight. The men are fairly good sketches of the average society man in his best clothes, though the talk is cleverer than that of the average society man's, even in Philadelphia, but no effort is made to get at the real man beneath the beautiful clothes. Even the hero's vacillating love for two girls which furnishes the plot of the book is treated only from the outside, is described and not explained.

As it is the duty of a reviewer to be omniscient, it would be immoral for him to disavow an acquaintance with the "Game of Draw Poker," which is the subject of a little book by John W. Keller (White, Stokes & Allen). The popularity of this most distinctive of all American inventions arises from the fact that it calls into play many of the noblest qualities of head and heart. Cool judgment, keen and ready wit, a deep insight into human nature, a calm and broad philosophy, an equable temper, boldness in emergency, fortitude in adversity, these are some of the conditions of success in the game. Further, its democracy is fully in keeping with the spirit of our institutions. Mr. Keller errs in speaking of poker as "a means of amusement to our better classes." It is a game for all classes. Gentleman and blackleg meet on even terms around the green baize table and learn respect for each other's higher selves. Mr. Keller's treatise is concise, practical, reliable. It is less elaborate than Blackbridge's "Complete Poker Player," which has hitherto been the standard authority, but on the other hand it is less fanciful (Mr. Blackbridge needs the corrective of Prof. Proctor's strictures before he can be intrusted with perfect safety to the unlearned and the unstable), and, being of more recent date, it has some notice of the latest developments in the game. Like most writers on the subject, Mr. Keller has only hard words for the jackpot, which somebody declares to be as irrelevant to poker as a raffle for a turkey injected into a game of whist. But in truth it is idle to quarrel with the results of human experience. Both the "age" and the "jackpot" are features of the game that have been evolved by thoughtful and progressive minds as a protection against that class of players who, in poker slang (tempered slightly for parlor use), "play too close to their stomachs." All authorities agree that if there were no compulsory feature in the game, the man who waited until he got a large hand before coming into a pot would be sure to win as against one who always came in on a pair. The innovations are simply a handicap upon the close player, who must occasionally forfeit his age, or the preliminary stake in a jackpot, as a tax upon his closeness.

One of the semi-intellectual "fads" of the present day is the study of palmistry. It is curious how many minds like to do their thinking in platoons. People are even reading Browning because it is the fashion to do so. Mr. Edward Heron-Allen by his recent lectures has assisted in reviving public interest in the pseudo-science of palmistry, and he has just given a popular summary of his larger books in "Practical Cheirosophy" (White, Stokes & Allen), an entertaining enough little work upon a thoroughly useless subject.

CURRENT NOTES.

JUST at present the South seems to be the land of literary promise. A surprising number of brilliant young writers are springing up below Mason and Dixon's Line. The July number of *Lippincott's Magazine* will contain contributions from many of the best known of these writers,—Julia Magruder, Amélie Rives, Thomas Nelson Page, Robert Burns Wilson, Charles W. Coleman, Jr., etc. Miss Magruder, whose "Across the Chasm" made her suddenly famous, will contribute the complete novel "At Anchor," and Miss Rives will have a story entitled "The Farrier Lass o' Piping Pebworth."

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE AS A NERVINE.—Dr. F. De V. Hoard, Concordia, Kansas, says, "I have used it personally, and am greatly pleased with its action as a nervine."

USING UP THE CAPITAL.—Every business man knows that if he carries on a business which constantly requires him to draw monthly or annually on his capital to keep his business going, that he will sooner or later come to the end and have to close up. So with the mental and physical powers of man. There is a certain amount of reserve force of mental and physical power in each individual, and by giving nature an opportunity to recuperate each twenty-four hours and restore that which has been used up during the day, he may be enabled to live out the usual span of life. The least overdraft, if persisted in, must eventually produce a "break-up."

The man of thought and study increases the vital nerve-power in that portion of the lobes of the brain he brings into the greater exercise. This development can go on well and healthfully so long as the proper opportunity is given for sufficient recuperation. But with many there are times that circumstances seem to require extra toil and extra exertion at the expense of such opportunities for renewal of strength as nature is capable of affording. And especially true is this of women. Hence thousands annually succumb, and nervous prostration is the result.

By the advancement of science a revitalizing agent has been discovered. It does not go through the process of digestion, but by a shorter process comes in contact with innumerable terminal nerves covering the countless air-cells of the lungs. Here, by the highest law of affinity, the nerve meeting with this element so congenial to its health and growth, seizes at once upon it as of right and necessity and appropriates it, thus becoming stronger, and with this renewed vitality nature commences anew its struggle for supremacy over all the enemies of life and health.

(3 B., 556.) "FULTON, OSWEGO COUNTY, NEW YORK, October 30, 1886.

"Compound Oxygen has greatly benefited me. Under God it has given me new life. I was induced to send for a Home Treatment when physically and nervously prostrated, and after taking Compound Oxygen for a few weeks began

to feel much better, and before the second Home Treatment had been exhausted was nearly able to lay it aside. The permanency of the beneficial effects of the Compound Oxygen was questioned, but several months have passed since the last treatment was taken, and I am still well. My confidence in Compound Oxygen as a remedial agency is such that I recommend it on all proper occasions. You are at liberty to use my *name* in connection with the above.

"REV. JOHN C. BREAKER,
"*Pastor First Baptist Church.*"

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MR. OTIS SKINNER'S allusion in the *Mail and Express* to Worcester's Small Dictionary as "perhaps the best for orthoepical purposes" quite tickles the publishers of the Worcester Series. Of course they knew it to be the best before, or thought they did; but the confirmation of their idea by an entire stranger in this unexpected way is where the neatness of the thing comes in.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE IN INDIGESTION AND AS A NERVE FOOD.—Dr. H. O. Hitchcock, Kalamazoo, Michigan, says, "I have used it in many cases of indigestion depending upon nervous exhaustion, with marked benefit. It appears to be a good nerve food."

THE following letter has given so much pleasure to the publishers of *Lippincott's Magazine* that they take the liberty of publishing it entire:

THE COLUMBIAN COLLEGE PREPARATORY SCHOOL, WASHINGTON, D.C., April 23, 1887.

MESSRS. J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY:

GENTLEMEN,—Fresh from the reading of "Miss Defarge," "Douglas Duane," and "The Deserter," delighted as I was with each of these novels, and eagerly awaiting your June issue, I cannot refrain from thanking you, for my own part, for the pleasure which you have given me in publishing these admirable stories, each so different from the other, yet each a gem.

In a sort of weary, half-hearted way I was dragging through some of the New York monthlies, pitying the authors who wrote the stories—though I could not do one-fiftieth as well myself—and the publishers who seem unable to appreciate the fact that when one reader professes himself pleased with "The Princess Casamassima" style ninety-nine others question his veracity or doubt his sanity, when I saw a notice in one of our papers of "Douglas Duane." Forthwith I bought the *Lippincott* containing it, and when I had finished this story I directed my bookseller here to stop my other magazines and consider me pledged without limit to *Lippincott.*

Permit me to congratulate you upon the *Lippincott* of to-day and to wish for you the amplest, fullest success. The stories, the "Monthly Gossip," the "Book-Talk," all are bright and delightful, exactly and happily meeting, in my opinion, the literary wants of thousands who *sometimes* tire of the oft-told battles of "The Rebellion" and endless, stale, unprofitable "jar and pottery articles" which cause

a long-suffering and wonderfully patient public to wish that the writers of these articles had lived and died in old Etruria.

Again congratulating you, I am, gentlemen,

Yours very truly,

A. P. MONTAGUE,

Principal and College Professor of Latin.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE IN NERVOUS DEPRESSION.—Dr. F. W. Lytle, Lebanon, Illinois, says, "I have personally used it with marked advantage when overworked and the nervous system much depressed."

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY have just issued an anonymous novel, "Wallingford," which rumor says is from the pen of an official of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. The author's desire, according to report, is to test, without the influence of name, the theory that popular taste is for the romantic, sentimental, pathetic, and broadly humorous in literature, as against the photographic realism of the day which seems to hold any approach to feeling or "sympathy with characters" as bad literary form. The author appears to have thrown down the gauntlet and entered upon this ambitious design very boldly. Those who have seen the proofs speak highly of the work. Romance, sentiment, pathos, and broad humor in literature are good, but whether the author of "Wallingford" has captured them remains to be seen.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE IN SICK HEADACHE.—Dr. W. W. Gray, Cave Spring, Georgia, says, "I have given it in several cases of habitual sick headache, with perfect success."

THE Book-Talk in the April number of *Lippincott's Magazine* reviewed a book of poems by James Gay, of Ontario, Canada. The Reviewer is pleased to know that his slight notice has been appreciated by the author, as the following letter will testify. As the work of a true genius, the compositor has been instructed not to tamper with any of its orthographical, rhythmic, or grammatical peculiarities, but to set up the "copy" exactly as it was received.

GUELPH, April 18th 87

To J B Lippincott And Co Philadelphia
Gentlemen when reading your Monthly
Magazine the other day behold I fell in with
The Elephant And Flea composed by the
Master of all Poets come from where the may
You have the names of many a bright Poet as
Long since passed away not one of those could
Compose with this Little Man James Gay
My composing with theirs is on a diferant stile
All together for the good of man makes all Heavens
Smile I was Born a Poeit Thousands on earth well
Know it all through my life understand Ive don my
Duty between God and Man always ready to do him
Good as far as I can this is the true Caractor of this fore
Said Little Man no novels or fary tales with James Gay
When ever I take my pen in hand to compose Christ tells
Me what to say all my books are composed on a solid

Rock never to cause any stumbling blocks rock
Of ages clift for me its where Ive found salvation free
From the first breath of life no malice or strife never
Enterd the Heart of James Gay this if spared will
Be caried out till he is called away to that happy
Home prepaird for all mankind where nothing can decay
I was 77 on the 24 of Last March Gladstone is four
Months older then Gay Curious for me to have this
To say My Brother Long Fellow died on my birth
Day on March 24th 1882 It appears the old poets are
Passing away only two Left Lord Tinnysan and
James Gay I am From the Parish of Brattan
Clovelly Devonshire And Alfred Tinnysan is
From the Isle of White I will asshure you my
Brother Americans as a Poet with me as no site, I have
Over two thousand five hundred pages all ready
Composèd and ready for the press I want to reap
Some benafits of My Beautiful Poemes before
I am callèd to rest Poor Robby Burns Lord Byran
William Cooper Shake Speer Tom Moor Milton
And my Brother John Gay A Devonshire Poet to
And my self to I say thousands and tens of thousands
Of Dolars will be Made by Book Publishers all over
This world after our Bodeys have returned to clay
Ive been a great traveller in my day So now I want
Published the Life and Travels of three years
In England Iriland and the Channal Islands and
United States and Canada To some of the best Books
Ever composed in Canada or in any other parts of
This world I have composed forty versis for Her
Majestyes Jubile I should say some of the fineist
You ever did see. * * *
I have been composing more or less
Since 61 I can never give it up till I am called away
My Heavenly Fathers will I must obay I sit and
Compose some nights till nine and ten some times
Till eleven I genarally take my happy repose about
Nine sleep in peace with all Mankind I am a Man
Above thousands this is so every ones friend and no
Ones foe Gentlemen this is all at preasent I have
To say Please send me a few lines by return
Of Post I shall feal as happy as the flowers in May
Gentlemen yours Ever truly in Christ what
More can a Poet say Address James Gay
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Ontario
N.B. my little Poemes through your
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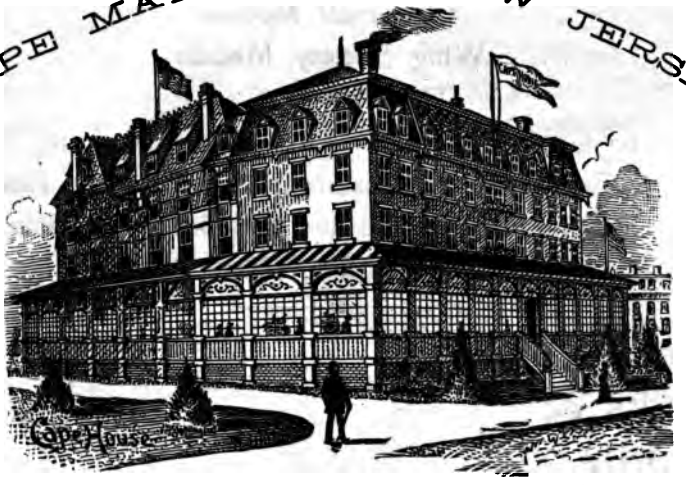

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JANE JANE

PHILADELPHIA, 1887.

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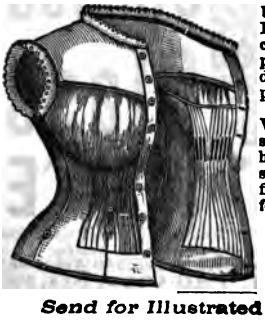

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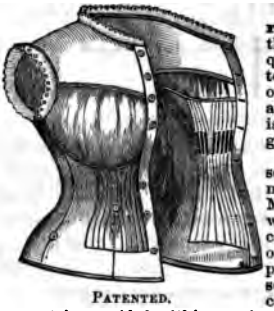

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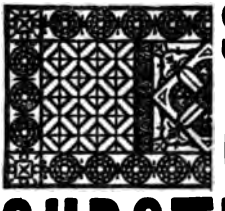

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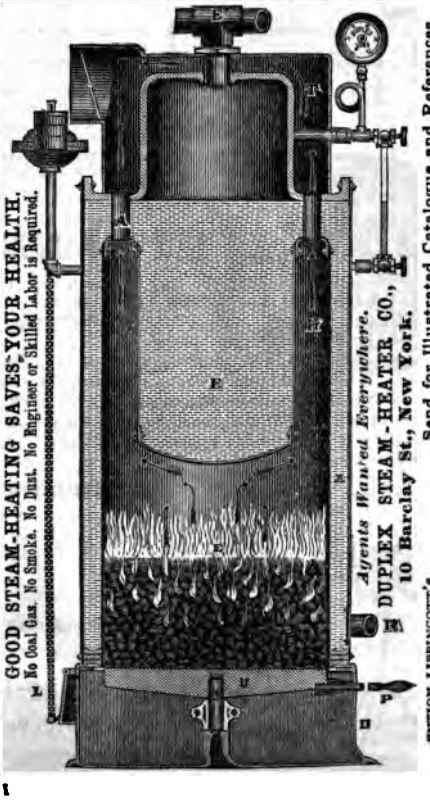

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FIG. 1.

FIG. 2.

FIG. 3.

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FIG. 4.

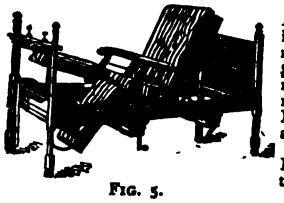

FIG. 5.

FIG. 6.

FIG. 7.

FIG. 8.

FIG. 9.

FIG. 10.

FIG. 11.

FIG. 12.

THE ORIGINAL
UTILITY
Adjustable-Folding Table.
PRICE, $6 UP.

FIG. 13.

FIG. 14.

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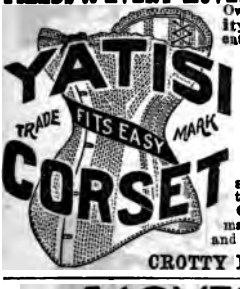

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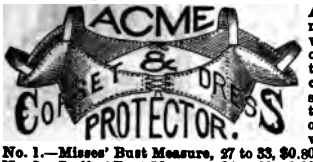

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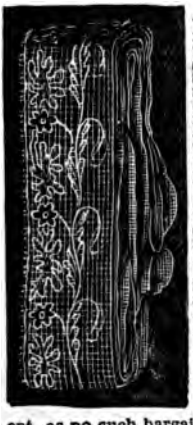

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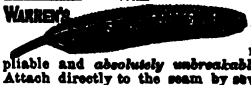

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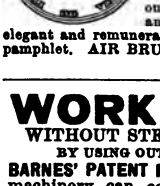

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